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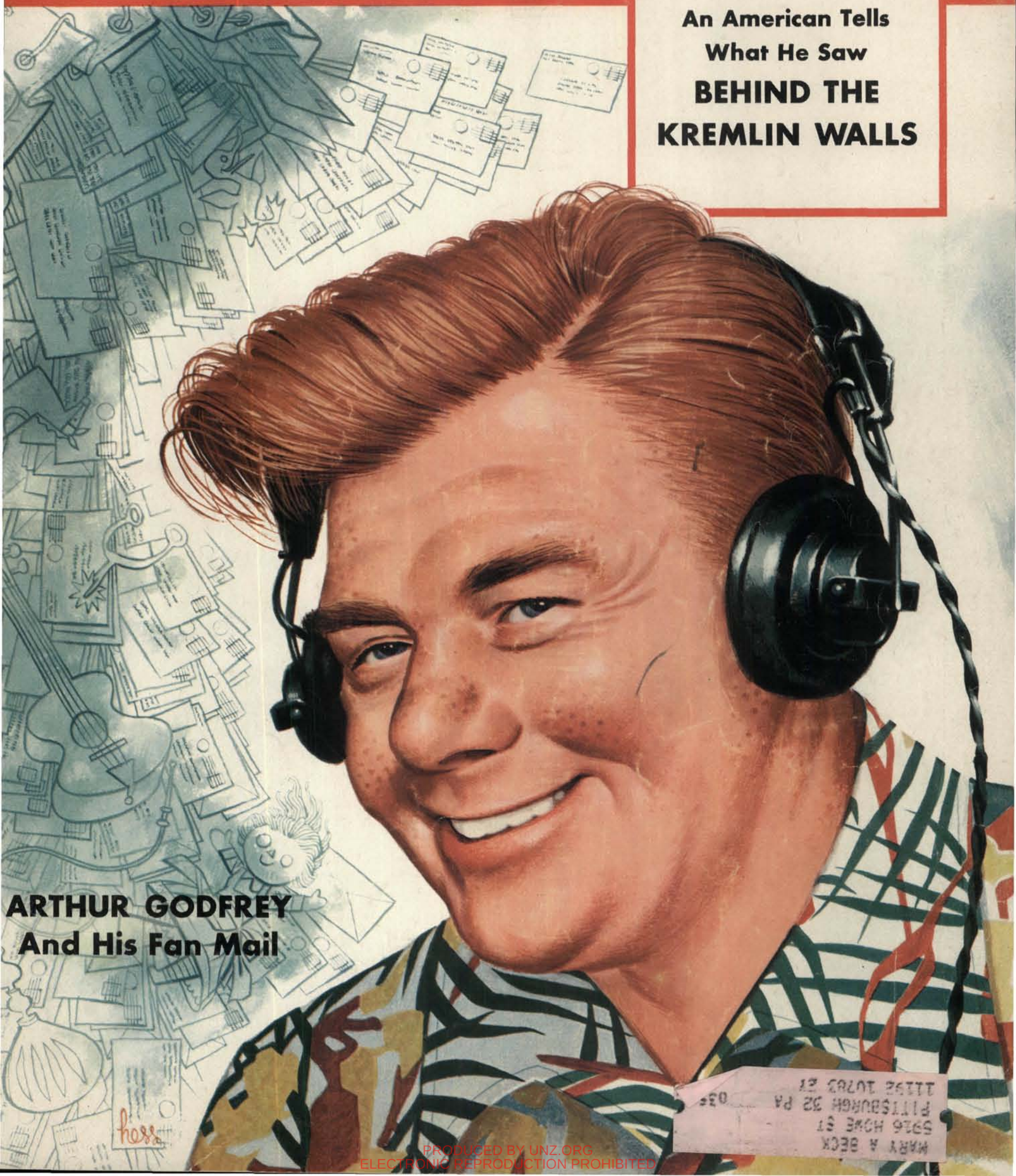
Collier's

MAY 2, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

How to Have Fun with 100 Million Dollars

An American Tells What He Saw

BEHIND THE KREMLIN WALLS



ARTHUR GODFREY And His Fan Mail

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA
11152 JUL 03 53 ET 03¢

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1953 Studebaker Commander V-8 Starliner hard-top convertible. White sidewall tires, chrome wheel discs—and glare-reducing tinted glass—optional at extra cost

Actual color photograp

the new American car with the European look!

It's the breath-taking new 1953 Studebaker!
Excitingly new in continental styling!
Impressively down to earth in price!

THIS dramatic new Studebaker comes to you straight out of the dream book.

It brings you the continental charm of Europe's most distinguished cars. But it's thoroughly American in deep-down comfort and in handling ease.

Long and racy and sparkling with drive appeal, every 1953 Studebaker gleams with an enormous expanse of glass for full vision. Every distinctive body style is completely and spectacularly new both inside and outside.

All this at a down-to-earth price—with Studebaker low operating cost!

Order your Studebaker now. Get a Champion in the lowest price field or a brilliant-performing Commander V-8.

Motoring's newest, finest Power Steering is available in Studebaker Commanders at moderate extra cost.

It's a startler! It's a Starliner—the new 1953 Studebaker hard-top
Truly a new flight into the future! Less than five feet high!

New 1953 Studebaker

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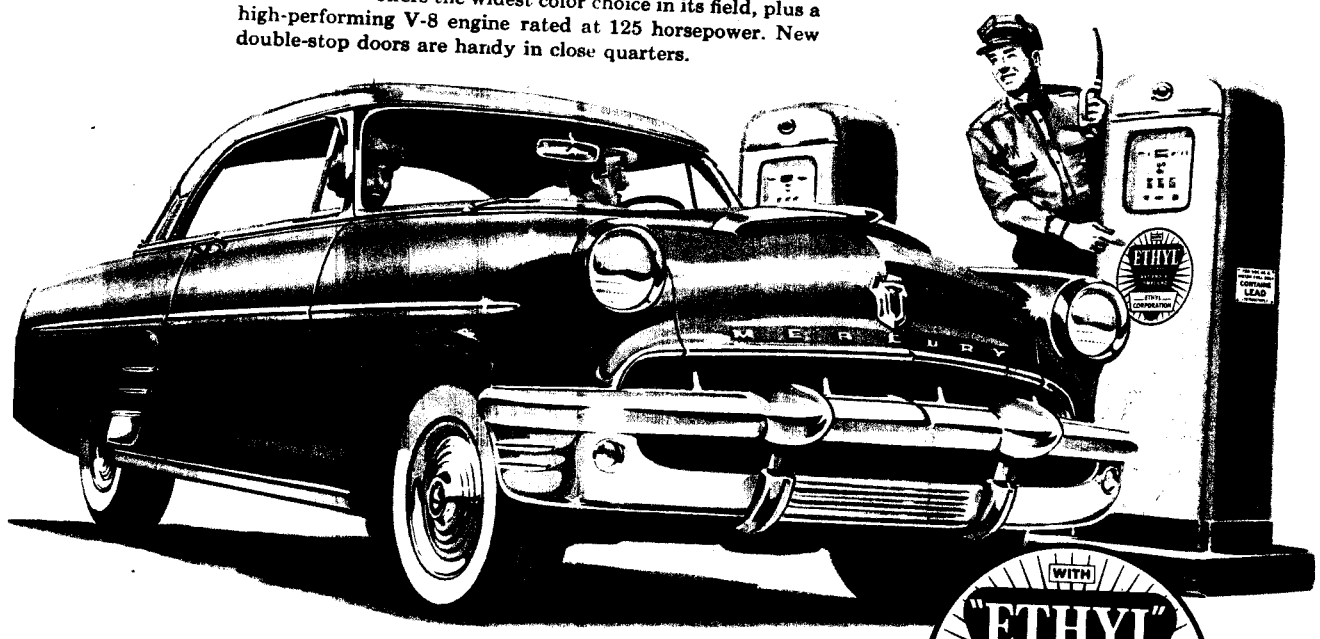
1906 ADAMS-FARWELL had an unusual rotary air-cooled engine rated at 45 hp. The control lever could be moved inside the car for driving in bad weather.

Today as Yesterday—

Cars run their best on the best gasoline

1953 MERCURY offers the widest color choice in its field, plus a high-performing V-8 engine rated at 125 horsepower. New double-stop doors are handy in close quarters.



In 1906—the year of the great earthquake and fire—only about a thousand cars roamed the streets of San Francisco. In fact, there were only about one hundred thousand cars in the entire country.

But car ownership quickly soared as steamers, electrics and gasoline buggies competed for public favor. The gasoline car finally won out because of its dependability and promise of greater power.

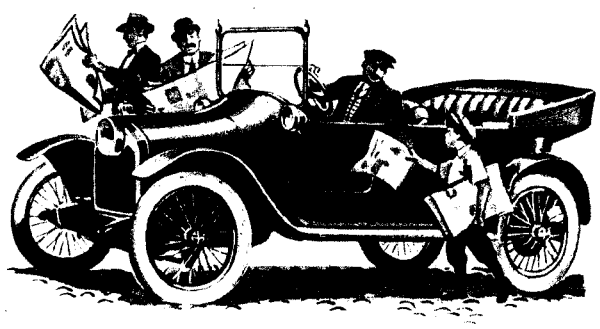
That promise has been more than fulfilled in today's automobiles. The combination of a modern high compression engine and today's high octane "Ethyl" gasoline delivers power and performance that weren't even dreamed of in the early 1900's. For the best performance of *your* car, stop at the pump with the "Ethyl" emblem.

1926 KISSEL was the first of this well-known line of cars featuring an eight-cylinder engine. It developed 63 horsepower to push this speedster along at eighty-five miles an hour.

WITH "ETHYL" TRADE MARK ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL CORPORATION

New York 17, New York
Ethyl Antiknock Ltd., in Canada



1915 BRISCOE was a "Cyclops" of the highway with its single headlight. It sold for $785, equipped with a 16-hp., four-cylinder engine.

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Tingling with a sense of timeliness and sparked by the always-topical motivation of a man's love for a beautiful girl, M-G-M has conceived a real excitement-exciter in "Never Let Me Go".

It's lusty, gusty adventure, Gable-style, with all the unexpected twists and sudden turns of a taut suspense thriller.

Clark Gable has never been more the man of action . . . sailing on a mission of danger . . . battling a storm at sea . . . and finally winding up with a breakneck climax in which to save himself and his sweetheart he drives his car off the pier into the sea!

So real it seems to be happening on top of you, "Never Let Me Go" introduces Gable, as a hardened, hard-hitting foreign correspondent. After his first tantalizing encounter with the bewitching ballerina, Gene Tierney, they both know love will never let them go.

They marry, honeymoon happily at a Baltic Sea resort, and then . . . Gable is ordered back to the U. S. His bride is wrenched from him at the airport and held captive in a maze of red tape and intrigue. From here on, it's Gable against a whole government. And he dedicates himself to a daring plan to get her back

Remembering an off-shore raft they used at the honeymoon resort, he cleverly arranges to meet Gene there on a night her ballet troupe is due to dance at the resort. His journey across the intervening expanse of sea is fraught with peril. At last, he reaches the rendezvous but the plan backfires. He must swim ashore after her. Thus begins a terror-taut sequence of suspense seldom matched for tenseness of pace and wildness of chase.

We can't tell you more about "Never Let Me Go" without taking the edge off a great adventure. We'd rather keep you on the edge of your seat.

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents CLARK GABLE and GENE TIERNEY in "NEVER LET ME GO" with Richard Haydn. Screen play by Ronald Millar and George Froeschel. Adapted from the novel "Came the Dawn" by Roger Bax. Directed by Delmer Daves. Produced by Clarence Brown.

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May 2, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Subscription Department, 204 W. High Street, Springfield, Ohio
Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY, Vol. 131, No. 18. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, Ralph G. Smith, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

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ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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The Cover

Besides owning one of the best-known faces—and voices—in the U.S., Arthur Godfrey probably makes more business for the Post Office, through his radio and TV shows, than any other private citizen of the U.S.: almost 800,000 pieces of mail a year. It comes in all shapes and sizes, as you can see from Lowell Hess's painting, and it explains as nothing else can why Godfrey is among the country's most popular entertainers. Bill Davidson tells all about it in his article beginning on page 11.

Week's Mail

No Slur Intended

EDITOR: After reading Act of Contrition, by James A. Maxwell (Mar. 14th), I'm not sure what point the author is driving at. Is he ridiculing Catholics, Protestants or "hillbillies"? I am sure of this—I don't like the story or, to be more exact, its subtle implications.

It left an unsavory taste in my mouth and an ache in my heart. I'm sure others who hold dear some of the phraseology, etc., used will feel the same as I.

MRS. PIERCE HISCOCK, Wheaton, Ill.

We feel sure that Mr. Maxwell had no intention of belittling any religious faith or sect, and Collier's certainly had no such intention in publishing the story. At the beginning of Act of Contrition, the boy David is intolerant of religious practices which he does not understand. At the end, he has undergone a strange but moving and chastening religious experience and has lost his intolerant feeling. Thus it seems to us that the story is a plea for charity and understanding and good will among the various denominations of our religious life. And that is the spirit in which we published it.

Louisiana Purchase

EDITOR: Your March 21st issue including The Louisiana Purchase article is the best issue of Collier's I have ever received.

DR. GEORGE E. MASON, Racine, Wis.

. . . I have always understood that we paid $15,000,000 for Louisiana, but Bernard De Voto says we paid $23,000,000. Upon examination of his figures I note he includes $8,000,000 of interest as part of the cost.

If you purchased an office building at a price of $15,000,000 with $3,750,000 cash and borrowed $11,250,000 repayable in 20 years with interest at 6 per cent, you would not place the cost at more than $15,000,000, because you would expect the property to produce income sufficient to pay the interest.

According to Mr. De Voto, just the receipts at the customhouse in New Orleans produced 7 per cent on the cost. I think that $15,000,000 is the proper sales price of Louisiana.

CLAY H. THOMAS, Omaha, Nebr.

. . . It is too bad that the photograph of the Louisiana Purchase Treaty, which appears at the head of the article, was captioned in such a way that (1) no credit line is given to the National Archives as the custodian of the origi-

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Telephone users benefit from new engineering triumph!

Shown here is part of a new process just developed by Western Electric engineers for producing one kind of telephone wire . . . the kind that connects your telephone to lines in the street. Now, for the first time, steel wire is coated with copper, lead and brass in one continuous operation on a mass production basis.

So what?

Well, the wire made this way is smaller, stronger, better . . . is less expensive both to produce and maintain. That's important when you consider that the Bell System uses over 300,000 miles of it in one year. It's a real saving, and another reason why the price of telephone service has gone up *so much less* than other things you buy.

Supplying dependable telephone equipment at the lowest possible cost is our job in the Bell System. We've been at it now for over 70 years.

Technically speaking, 25 strands of steel wire .033 inches in diameter travel together in parallel for 850 feet from supply spool to take-up reel. In tanks along the way, copper, lead and brass are deposited electrolytically in one uninterrupted operation. Now, machines like this can do a job that formerly required many separate operations.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

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Outdates Messy Oils!

"V-7,"
New Vitalis Grooming Agent, is Greaseless!

Indoors or out, your hair stays neat, well-groomed all day long—with new, finer Vitalis.

Keep Your Hair Neat All Day THIS NEW GREASELESS WAY!

No animal, mineral or vegetable oil in new Vitalis! If, like most men, you object to over-oily hair tonics—here's good news. Now you can keep your hair in place and easy to manage — *yet avoid gummy film or "oil-slick" look.*

The secret is a completely new *kind* of grooming agent. Called "V-7," it was developed in the laboratory especially to *overcome* the messiness and other disadvantages of various greasy oils.

That's why we think you'll agree—new Vitalis with "V-7" gives better-looking hair than *any* other hair tonic. Try it!

Kills dandruff germs on contact—feels tingling good!

New Vitalis gives you a combination of *active* ingredients found in no other leading tonic. Massaged onto scalp with the "60-Second Workout," it feels *tingling* good —far more refreshing than thick, heavy tonics! And laboratory tests prove it kills *on contact* germs many doctors associate with infectious dandruff...*as no mere oil or cream tonic can.*

New, Finer VITALIS® with "V-7"
HAIR TONIC
PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Week's Mail CONTINUED

nal document; and (2) the public is led to believe that the document itself will be exhibited in New Orleans this summer.

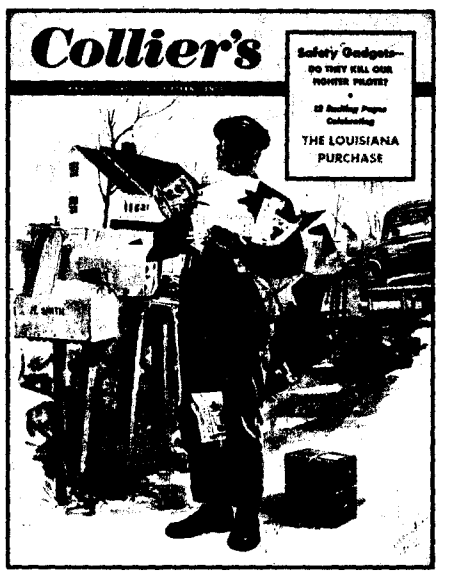
Both the American original, which was signed by Livingston, Monroe and Barbé-Marbois, and the exchange copy, which bears the signature of Bonaparte, are in the National Archives. Both documents are on display now in our Exhibition Hall, and there is no intention of loaning them to any institution in New Orleans for display purposes.

It is true that we are loaning the Louisiana State Museum several documents for their exhibit, and one of them will be a "French text copy of the American original," but the treaty pictured in the De Voto article will remain here. KARL L. TREVER, Chief, Exhibits and Publications Section, National Archives and Records Service, Washington, D.C.

. . . I cannot tell you how amazed I was to read undiluted praise of a Democratic President, one Thomas Jefferson, whose spending of government funds you so happily commend in The Louisiana Purchase.

PAIGE STRICKLAND, Atlanta, Ga.

Neither Snow Nor Rain . . .



EDITOR: We, the staff at this P.O., got a good laugh from the cover of your March 21st issue. It is so very true to life, but our carriers wondered why this one doesn't "case" his mail before leaving the office. He seemed to be in such a muddle.

One could step into the workroom of most any P.O. and tell what season of the year it was, if there were no calendars, just by the kind of mail that goes through. EULA PHELPS, Postmaster, Prescott, Wash.

. . . I certainly enjoyed your superb cover of the rural mail carrier sorting his mail in front of the assortment of rural mailboxes.

I was amazed to see the name M. Smith on one of the rural mailboxes. You see my name is Marvin Smith, and I am a letter (foot) carrier here in Denver.

MARVIN J. SMITH, Denver, Colo.

. . . Please don't let any of your March 21st issues get in the hands of the Inspection Service, as your postman is violating one of the rules outlined in the Postal Laws and Regulations by putting some of the mail in his pocket.

E. M. COX, Crestview, Fla

Wrong Giant?

EDITOR: All that you say is true about the splendid qualities and romance of redwoods, one of America's and the world's most remarkable and important commercial timbers (A Redwood Topples, March 21st). The trouble is, your handsome color-camera report shows the felling of a sequoia!

Though a California neighbor and botanical cousin of the coast redwood, the Sierra "big tree" is not a commercial species, nor is it considered so by the organized lumber industries of that state. (One reason is that it's brittle, as is illustrated by the photo of your subject tree breaking as it hit the ground.)

Californians respect both trees—the redwood for the jobs and the many useful products it can permanently provide because it sprouts again from the stump after cutting and reseeds well; the "big tree" for its gigantic size and age that make it unique among the world's living things. CHARLES A. GILLETT, Washington, D.C.

Correctly, both forms of trees are known as redwoods. Those used most often for commercial purposes are *Sequoia sempervirens,* known on the West Coast as redwoods. The so-called Sequoia to which reader Gillett refers, and which Collier's showed being felled, is a *Sequoia gigantea*—but nevertheless a redwood tree to its last sliver.

Gadgets vs. Safety

EDITOR: As a free-lance writer and former magazine editor in the field of aviation, I must lodge a complaint about Robert de Roos's article Safety Gadgets —Do They Kill Our Fighter Pilots? (March 21st).

There are two sides to the controversy over equipment in combat airplanes, but De Roos bore down too heavily on the testimony of those who are opposed to the increasing complexity of high-speed, high-performance jets.

I have the utmost respect for Colonel Gabreski and for the article's unidentified majors in Korea, but they make a sad mistake when they plead for a stripped-down fighter to cope with the MIGs. Such an airplane may have a shorter turning radius and better rate of climb, but it is not necessarily the best fighter. My point—and it is not always realized by pilots—is that complexity is not incompatible with performance.

Complexity of aircraft has never been the goal of anyone in aviation. Complexity is dictated by the ever-changing, exacting demands of performance and by the ever more noticeable limitations of the men who must fly these progressively more complex craft. FRANKLIN D. WALKER, New York, N.Y.

. . . Congratulations are due you and gratitude to Robert de Roos for his article. My military service ended before the airplane became an important factor in warfare and it is well known that armchair strategists are a dime a dozen, but it has long been my contention that complexity of equipment and terrific speed were destroying its usefulness in combat under modern conditions.

ALLAN G. BLAKER, Vancouver, Wash.

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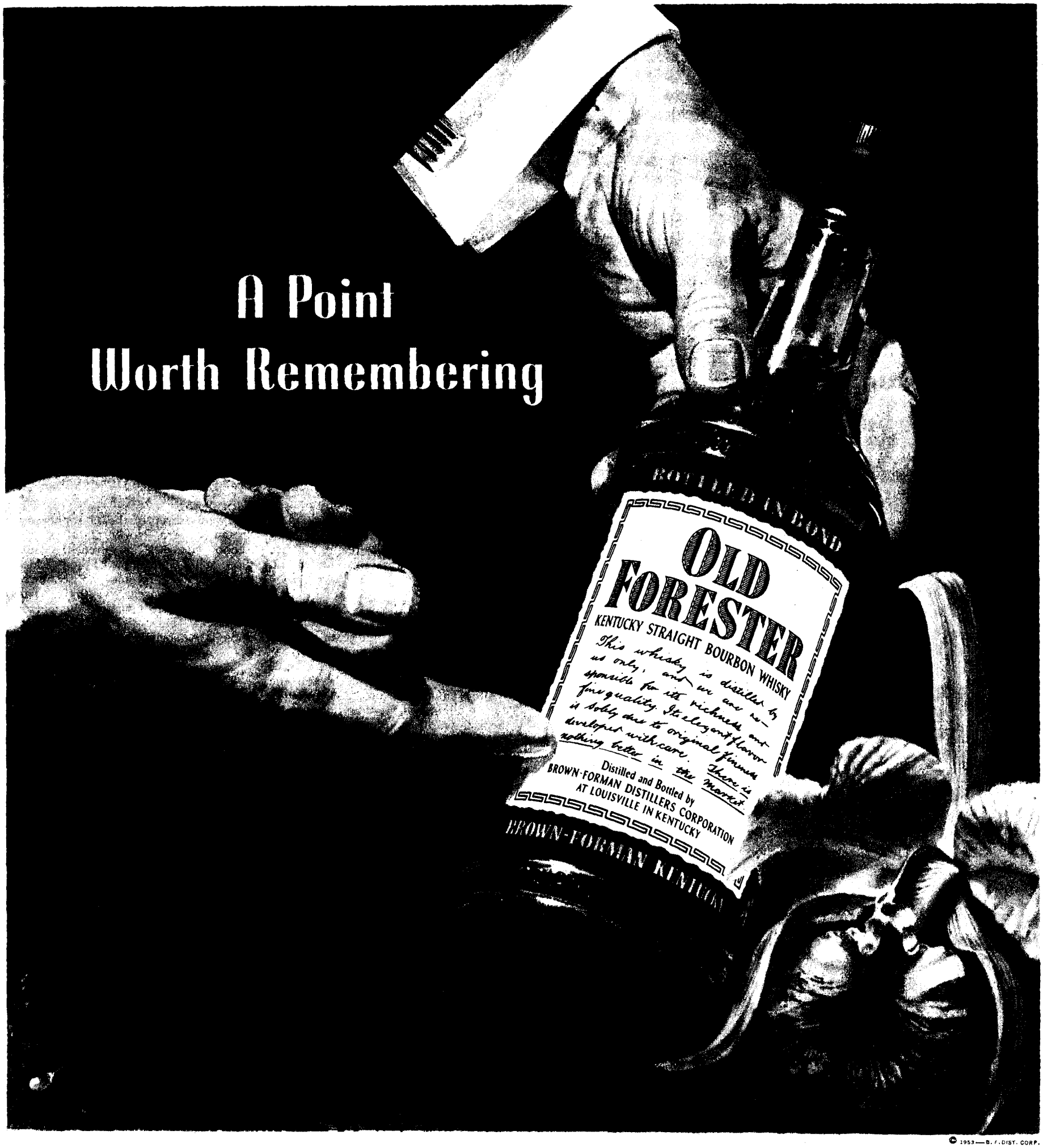
AS IT SAYS ON THE LABEL:

"There is nothing better in the market"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Worth Remembering
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OLD FORESTER
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This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
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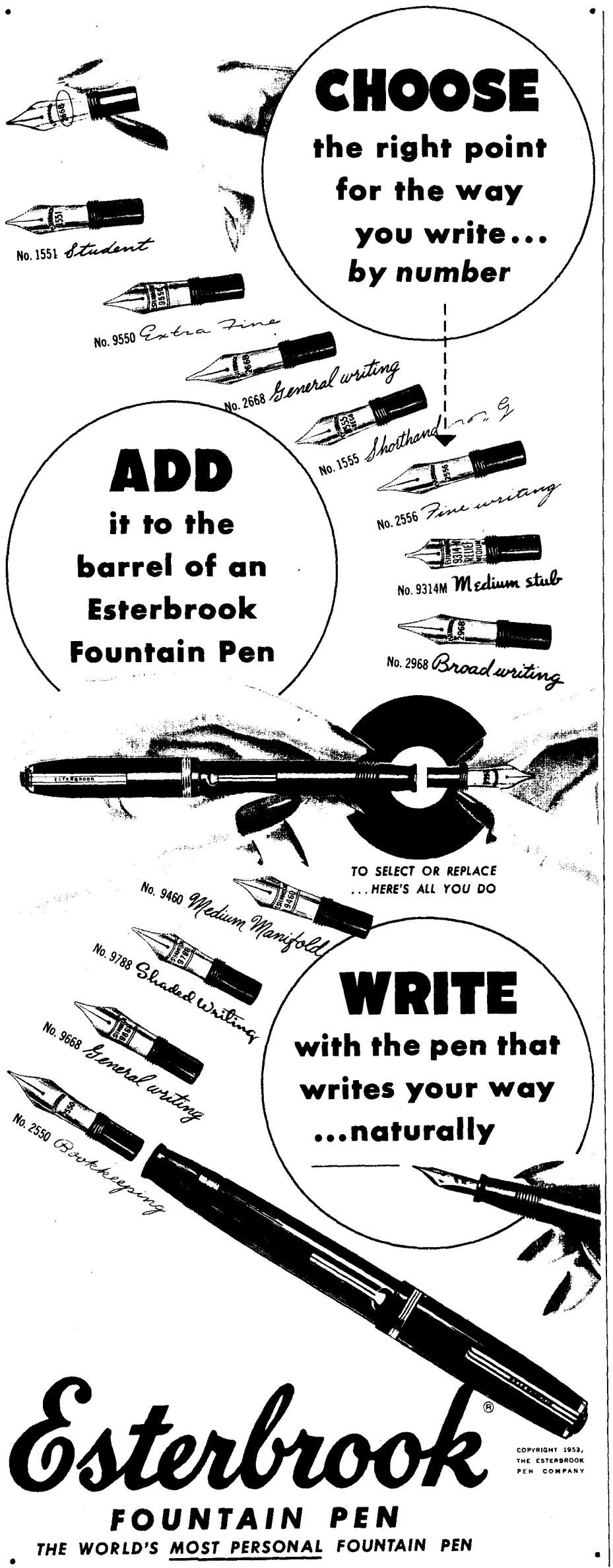

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

It was at a concert by the Minneapolis Symphony that a soulful lady purred into her companion's ear: "Have you ever tried listening to music with your eyes shut?" Irritated gentleman back of her leaned forward to say: "I know a better way. Try listening with your mouth shut."

★ ★ ★

While waiting impatiently for the title of this column to increase by one, signifying the admittance of Hawaii to statehood, Professor Simeon Polchaser, of Madawaska, Maine, has been taking lessons in proper pronunciation of such Hawaiian names as Kaauau, Kahoolawe and Honaunau. Says he's getting the hang of it while sustaining himself with lunches and dinners of hapuupuu, kawa-kawa, puaa and poi. Professor Polchaser was born in Poland, a native of Jedrzejow, which is pronounced as in Jersey Joe Walcott.

★ ★ ★

Assurance comes from Colorado that we may expect bombs to drop on us by May 10th, and certainly no later than early September. Prophecy made by the leader of the Brotherhood of the White Temple. To protect themselves a couple hundred brethren have tucked themselves away in a granite-walled valley 35 miles from Denver. They call it Western Shamballa. Say they get the dates of the invasion from studies of the measurements of the Pyramids and the works of Nostradamus, the sixteenth-century French astrologer. Anyway, there you are. So are they.

★ ★ ★

Editorial notice to the readers of the Allen (Oklahoma) Advocate: "You may always find a mistake in Allen's biggest newspaper. When you run across one, remember it may have been an error, or put there for a purpose. We print something for everyone—even some folks who are always on the lookout for mistakes."

★ ★ ★

Our persistent efforts have been rewarded. We have found out why Mr. Jim Frelinghuysen, of LaFayette, Indiana, stopped reading his newspaper, carefully wadded it into a ball and burned it. That newspaper had just told him that Dr. Earl L. Butz, head of agricultural economics at Purdue University, had said food is not expensive. The paper quoted Dr. Butz: "There is no country where the workingman spends so small a portion of his working day earning the food he eats. . . . Food is cheap and getting cheaper." Last we saw of Mr. Frelinghuysen he had Dr. Butz on the phone, but was having trouble making his words intelligible. Seemed disturbed.

★ ★ ★

Amazed were the students in a psychology class at Duke University when told that it is difficult to learn from a man's looks what he is thinking about. But it's true. In a lot of cases you can't tell even by listening to him.

★ ★ ★

We stopped off at a TV broadcasting station to admire the new Big Dish. Guide talked pure videoese. Said Big Dish meant the microwave antenna. He also told us that the Blizzard Head we saw on the screen was Bloon because the Flag should have been a Gobo. Perfectly simple. He meant that the Blonde Girl we saw was Light Struck because the Sheet that Screened Light from the Camera should have been a larger Dark Mat.

★ ★ ★

Twenty-seven of the 41 sophomores in an eastern North Carolina high school correctly answered the question: What is the name of the President immediately preceding Eisenhower? Pretty high average, we think. They did even better at naming our current President. Thirty-five had it right, although the spelling was a bit eccentric.

★ ★ ★

Try to imagine the astonishment of Mr. Jim Twombley, of Columbia, South Carolina. Mr. Twombley discovered that a scandalous number of Americans can't remember the algebraic equivalent of the Greek letter pi. Of course everyone knows that pi is

IRWIN CAPLAN

used to denote the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter, but somehow people have trouble remembering that the numerical equivalent is 3.1415926. All such unfortunates have to do, says Mr. Twombley, is remember this sentence: "May I have a large container of coffee?" The figures—3.1415926—correspond to the number of letters in the words of that sentence. This information is something every young man should have. ▲▲▲

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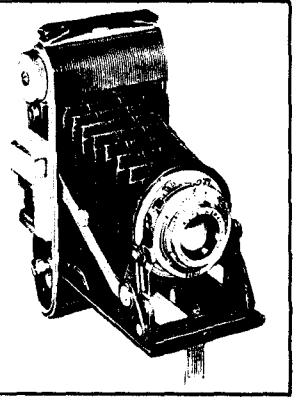

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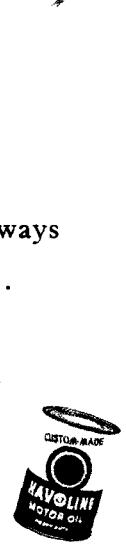

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Collier's, May 2, 1953

ARTHUR GODFREY And His Fan Mail

By BILL DAVIDSON

Here's an answer to the most amazing phenomenon on the air. Study his letters; cast an eye over those gifts—from homemade bread to a limousine. That's the best way to understand what makes Godfrey tick

WHAT'S Godfrey got? It's been eight years since the man once known as Red Godfrey, the Warbling Banjoist, became a major phenomenon of the air waves. In that time, studio executives, pollsters, soothsayers, rival performers, even psychiatrists have tried to fathom the enigma of his astonishing popularity. They still don't know the answer. But there are people who think they do—the tens of thousands of men and women who write to Arthur Godfrey every month, pouring out lavish superlatives like the statement I saw in a letter from E. M. Schreiber, of Buffalo, New York, that Godfrey is "the greatest person since Abe Lincoln."

Not all the Godfrey mail is adulatory, of course; occasionally he receives sentiments like those of Joseph C. Good, who wrote, "My wife feels it's unfortunate that we here in St. Louis receive your program late. I feel it's unfortunate that we receive it at all."

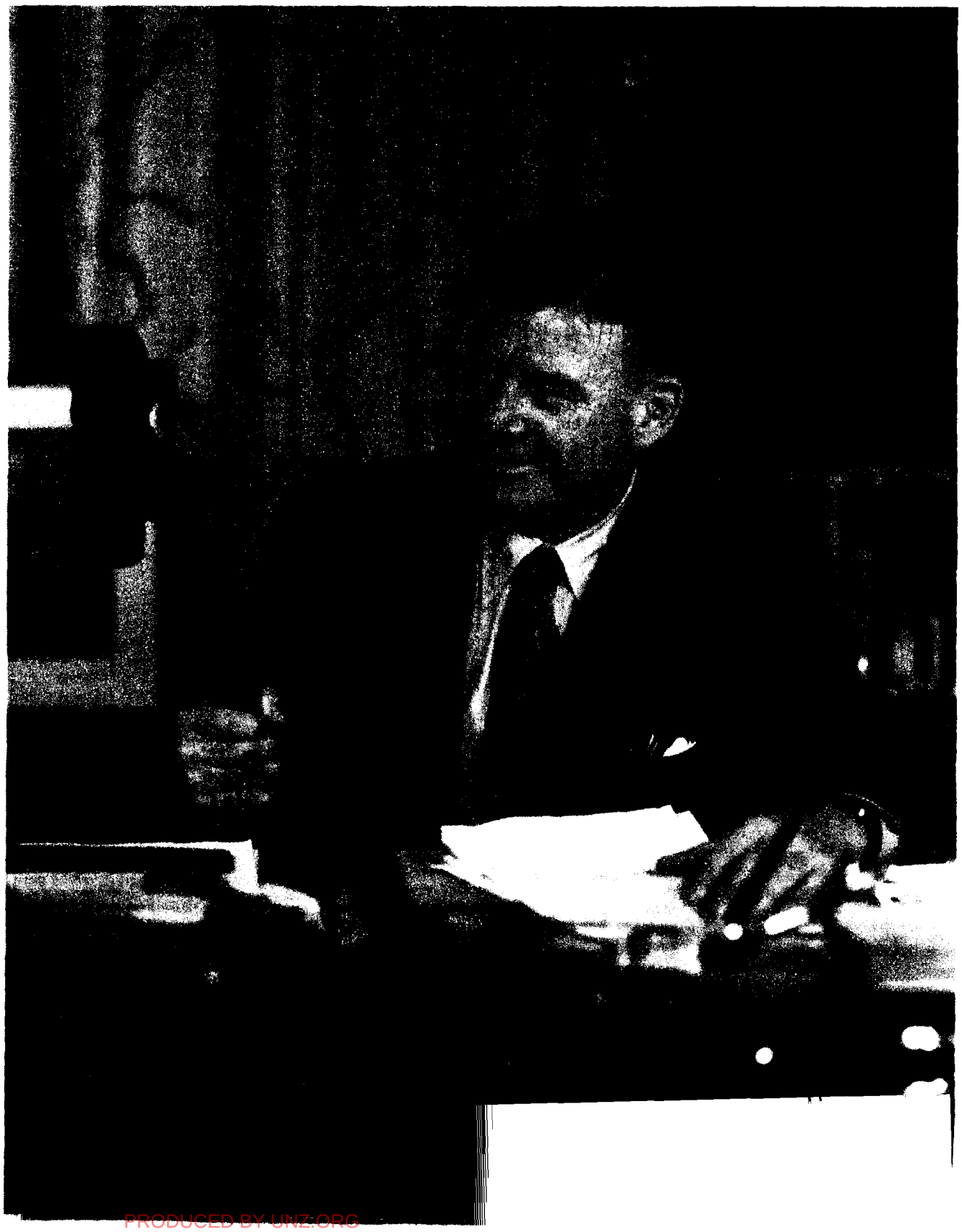
On the whole, though, at least 80 per cent of his correspondents adore him, and they tell him why in the most explicit terms. What sociologist bent on solving the Riddle of Godfrey could come up with a more succinct (and touching) answer than this letter from Mrs. G. Gillsland, of Ellisburg, Pennsylvania?

Mrs. Gillsland wrote: "I am an old lady with arthritis. I sit in a wheel chair. When I listen to your nonsense, I forget my miseries."

Godfrey receives more fan mail than any other personality in radio and TV—upward of 60,000 pieces of mail in an average month. (Garry Moore, CBS's second-best, gets 18,000 a month; and two outstanding mail-pullers on other networks, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen on Du Mont and ABC's Don McNeill, receive 32,000 and 10,000 respectively.)

Besides letters, more than two thousand gifts a month arrive in Godfrey's office on New York's East Fifty-second Street—vegetables, pies, hand-knitted socks, Turkish water pipes, bearskin rugs, fancy underwear, leopard-skin toilet seats, watches, pinball machines, baby chicks, hair driers, boiled lobsters, Navajo blankets, even live elk.

Godfrey has on his Virginia farm a valuable Irish cob hunting horse sent by a man on Long Island. "I have had a serious operation," the man wrote, "and though I love this horse, I cannot ride him or care for him any more. I have never met you, but from watching you on television, I have come to think of you as a trusted neighbor and friend. That's why I want you and no one else to have this horse. I know he will serve



An Irish shillelagh which came in the mail inspires a typical, quizzical Godfrey grin. Another day, he was sent a live rattlesnake

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY EHRLICH

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After hearing Godfrey defend military careers for women, 152 mothers wrote that

you well, and that in your care he will live to a healthy, happy old age."

The trust expressed by the Long Island man apparently is one key to Godfrey's success; the same thought crops up time after time in his fan mail. An analysis of thousands of letters shows that people think of him as the man next door, a neighbor and a friend. They may laugh at comedians and forget them until the next show, but their thoughts seem to remain with Godfrey all week. He's one of them, the average man who made good. They expect him to fluff and make amateurish mistakes on his programs, because that's the way they themselves would perform. They call him "Arthur" in their letters, seldom "Mr. Godfrey," and at least a thousand times a week they unself-consciously invite him to family weddings, christenings, *bar mizvahs,* graduations and home-cooked spaghetti dinners. (He never accepts; he hasn't time.)

Rural Grocers Stock European Foods

Most striking of all, a great many of his fans believe anything Godfrey tells them. Until recently, for example, few Americans outside of the big cities had ever savored the delights of yoghurt or kosher salami. Then Godfrey's friend Bernard Baruch introduced him to both European dishes, and Godfrey mentioned them approvingly on the air. Now his mail indicates that thousands of bewildered rural grocers have been beset with orders for the two foreign delicacies.

Godfrey once burned his lips in the sun at Sun Valley, Idaho, and used a cosmetic cream which immediately cleared up the condition. He told of his experience on the air, mentioning the name of the cream—and started a run on drugstores all over the country. A few days later, Elizabeth Arden, maker of the cream, wrote to Godfrey: "Ever since the nice things you said last week, stores have been besieged with requests. Without a doubt, you are the world's greatest natural press agent!"

Popular faith in Godfrey extends to more serious matters as well. When his friend Charles E. Wilson was asked by the Senate Armed Services Committee to sell his General Motors stock before becoming Secretary of Defense, Godfrey remarked on one of his shows that the committee's action was a shame and would keep successful businessmen out of government.

Congress was promptly swamped with the year's biggest deluge of protesting letters, and nearly a thousand missives poured into Godfrey's office. The tone of the Godfrey letters was revealing. Mrs. Richard C. Bonser, of Arlington Heights, Illinois, wrote, "*Now,* people will realize that Godfrey said it and they will sit up and take notice." C. W. Gibbons, of Mount Gretna, Pennsylvania, giving Godfrey precedence over the White House, declaimed, "I say to you, Arthur, and to President Eisenhower, and all of the men who I believe have proven themselves as statesmen in this great hour of trial and need, CARRY ON!"

Another time, when the Navy wanted to reassure worried parents that jet planes were safe for their sons, Vice-Admiral John Dale Price asked reserve Commander Godfrey, a long-time pilot, to learn to fly one of its new 600-mile-an-hour craft. Godfrey did, then reported on the air that if a creaky old character like himself could fly a jet, it was perfectly safe for highly trained youngsters.

Immediately the tide of letters came flooding in. Mrs. Anna Bernstein, of New York City, wrote, "I read it in the papers and I heard experts say it, but I never felt reassured about the safety of my son until you told me so this morning." The same happened when Godfrey demonstrated how Air Force emergency equipment saves lives, and how helicopters rescue wounded from the Korean battlefields.

The remarkable Godfrey influence extends far beyond the range of the average entertainer, as the following letter from a woman in East Paterson, New Jersey, illustrates: "I wonder if you could set a worried mother's heart at ease. It's this, Mr. Godfrey. Our daughter is nineteen, and she wishes so much to join the Air Force and was so excited and happy about it until she told her friends, who all advised her not to join up. They say the service is no place for a nice girl. Now I'm hesitant about her going. Maybe you can say something on your program and I will feel better about letting our daughter join the service."

Godfrey said plenty on his program. He excoriated people who say the service is no place for a nice girl, and glowingly described the educational and character-building advantages of the service. Afterward, no less than 152 other mothers wrote to say that he had convinced them; their daughters were on the way to join the colors. An elated WAC recruiting officer, Lieutenant Mary C. Walters, declared in a letter, "I know your approbation will be tangibly recorded in the recruiting stations throughout the country."

Much of the widespread trust in Godfrey apparently stems from the fact that he kids the commercials on his radio and TV shows. People feel that since he doesn't try to oversell his sponsors' products, he must be honest about the products and about everything else. Godfrey himself buttresses this theory. "They know that for twenty-three years I've never told them anything but the truth about the product," he says, "so they feel I'm on the level with them when I talk about other things."

As a result, numberless Americans seem to think Godfrey is an all-knowing combination of Mr. Anthony, the Answer Man and Information Please. Every day, Godfrey's mail is crammed with requests for advice on the most far-reaching subjects. Here's a sampling from a single day:

A New York woman asked, "What do I do with a pigeon with a broken wing that came in my window?" A heartbroken Philadelphia mother, who recently lost a child, wrote, "Perhaps you could send me the names of some orphanages where we might be able to find the little girl we so earnestly desire to adopt." From Mrs. Caroline N. Castner, of Upper Montclair, New Jersey: "What is your opinion of the Civil Air Patrol? My son wants to join." Mrs. John De May, of Annawan, Illinois: "Perhaps you could send me some information as to where Fiberglas curtains can be purchased around here?"

Gloria Lutz, of Rochester, New York, a girl going to Florida for her vacation, wrote, "Would you be so kind as to recommend a pleasant hotel for our vacation stay? We'd feel far more secure if you selected the hotel."

Singer Julius La Rosa, who's featured on most of the Godfrey programs, models two of the gifts Arthur has got in the mail—a hat bordered with tea bags, and a set of musical pipes for circus seals

The Girl Who Would Be a Paratrooper

A young San Francisco girl said, "I want to get into the paratroops. They won't accept me because I'm a girl. Can you recommend a good parachute —the one you use? If I go out and jump a few times, maybe I'll prove to them that I'm all right and they'll take me."

In the same mail, a Falls Church, Virginia, youth named William Minnich wrote, "How would you say these names: Szpakowski, Rzeczkowski, Ozorkiewice?" A man from Flushing, New York, seeking a government job in Washington, sent his filled-out application to Godfrey.

Perhaps the most interesting letter that day came from Captain Clayton B. Turpin, an Army officer in Korea. Turpin sent Godfrey a money order for $25 and asked, "Would you be kind enough to purchase a present for my wife? Our anniversary is coming up next week, and I can't be there to buy it for her in person." To the surprise of the captain, who wrote later, "Golly, but thanks a million for your help!", Godfrey not only bought a nightgown for Turpin's wife, but sent along a bottle of perfume as *his* gift.

Godfrey could afford the present, of course. With eight radio and television shows a week, at latest count, and a following of many millions, he's the highest-paid entertainer on the air. But his was a thoughtful act, and it may help explain why

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...eir girls were joining up

most of his listeners don't seem to resent his wealth. An occasional letter will snarl, "Just make with the jokes and quit bragging about your airplanes and your farm and your big-shot friends," but most of Godfrey's listeners seem to get a big kick out of his acquisitions and his mingling with national leaders.

"When you fly somewhere in your DC-3 or tell us about your visits with people like Eddie Rickenbacker and General Curtis LeMay," Walter Matson of Chicago wrote, "I feel like I'm listening to some neighbor who made good but still is one of us and comes back to tell us about the glamor-world. There's one woman on our street who says you're bragging. We don't feel that way. We know how you left home at the age of thirteen, how you slept on piles of newsprint and how you got smashed up in auto accidents. To us, you're the average man who overcame great handicaps and made good. You make us feel that maybe we, too, can overcome our handicaps and make good in the same way, and that's why we live so vicariously in everything you do."

Solicitous Fans Send Cough Remedies

As Matson's letter indicates, there is scarcely a facet of Godfrey's life to which his audience does not react as neighbors and friends might. If he coughs on the air one day, scores of cough remedies arrive at his office before the week is out. If he goes deer hunting and comes home empty-handed, whole frozen deer are shipped to him and he is invited to a hundred venison dinners.

A few weeks ago, when he announced that he would have to leave the air to undergo an operation on his hip, which was shattered in an automobile accident twenty years ago, nearly 3,000 letters came in offering hopes and prayers for his quick recovery. Typical was a note from Mrs. Albert E. Sutherland, of Lowell, Massachusetts: "I was deeply saddened this morning to learn that you face major surgery. I felt as if one of my own family were going to the hospital to be operated on. I cried. I couldn't help it. I hope and pray that the good Lord will make you well and strong again, and that you'll be off your crutches much sooner than you expect."

The same anguished concern was evident in February, when Godfrey made an overseas flight with Air Force General Curtis LeMay. "Don't go shooting around the world like that," Harriet E. Gleason, of Livonia Center, Michigan, wrote. "After all, you owe us that much. You came into our lives, so don't go out before your time, as did Will Rogers."

In similar vein, Eva A. Williams, of Warrenville, Illinois, wrote that "something dropped out of the bottom of things for me when it was rumored that you had been killed on your trip." She said, "You know, Will Rogers was one of our favorite people and I remember when he went down in the airplane crash in Alaska that took his life. I was working in an office at the time and when the news came through, all of the people in the office sat as though they had lost a great friend. I wonder if you know that all of America feels the same way about you?"

Even Godfrey's minor moves become a subject of concern for thousands of people. On one of his recent shows, for example, he scratched his face, snorted, and muttered something about asthma. In the subsequent torrent of letters offering medical advice (including three from doctors) came the following from Mrs. Josephine Perkoski, of Cleveland: "When I see you scratch, I know you have a cold in the face. It's the old cold-nerve itch. Get rid of your cold with my homemade herb tea, no charge." A package of the tea was enclosed, with the directions, "Take for nine days and get well."

Nearly all the gifts result from chance remarks by Godfrey. Some gifts, of course, are sent with the hope of getting a plug on the air, but most are a simple expression of friendliness.

Once, Godfrey mentioned how long it had been since he had eaten real homemade bread. The next

Dorothy, Phyllis and Christine McGuire (l. to r.), Godfrey's girl trio, admire some dolls sent in by fans. Arthur's surplus presents are given to orphanages, hospitals and charity bazaars

Godfrey's staff has come to expect anything when postman shows up. Mail girls are (l. to r.): Ruth Keil, Barbara Scott, June Marquardt, Audrey Turner, Joan Waterhouse, chief Doreen Partin

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Godfrey insists on seeing unfavorable mail. When he reads from one on a show, hu

U.S. NAVY PHOTO

To reassure parents about safety of jets, Navy asked reservist Godfrey to learn to fly them. His report brought in many grateful letters

VIP Godfrey stopped at SHAPE, Paris, on trip with General Curtis LeMay (l.). Others in photo: Generals Matthew Ridgway, Alfred Gruenther (r.)

SHAPE PHOTO

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teners often write for the culprit's address so they can tell him a thing or two

day, his mail supervisor, Doreen Partin, and her six assistants had to climb to work over a mountain of loaves. Another time, he swatted at a fly that got into the studio and in the next few days 5,000 assorted flykillers inundated the office: gadgets that electrocute flies, gadgets that drown them, acres of flypaper and a staggering collection of swatters—including one butterfly-shaped dazzler with the words "King Arthur" emblazoned on it in jade.

Let him but mention that pool-playing is a fine pastime, and a pool table will arrive from some appreciative fan. When he intimated that he had trouble finding his bedroom slippers at night, someone sent him a pair that glow in the dark.

Praise for Truck Drivers

For years, he championed the cause of America's truck drivers, referring to them as the most courteous people on the road—and one day a shiny new Cadillac arrived, the gift of a group of trucking companies. One night, while making a cup of tea on his Talent Scouts show, he could find no place to deposit the soggy tea bag. Within the week, nearly 4,000 tea-bag rests of all shapes and sizes were delivered to the office. He even received a four-foot set of tweezers to retrieve the tea bag should it fall to the floor.

Most of the presents Godfrey gets are motivated by neighborliness, but he receives many for which the motives are decidedly unclear.

Not long ago, a crate arrived at the office and one of the mail girls, Ruth Keil, stripped off the outer wrapping. She was about to open the box, but there was something strange about it. Doreen Partin, equally suspicious, phoned the Bronx Zoo. An hour later a man from the zoo arrived. "H'mm," he said, and he poked a stick through the slats. Immediately a horrendous hissing and rattling echoed through the room.

"I thought so," said the man from the zoo. "It's a full-grown Western diamondback rattlesnake. Might have killed a couple of you." He took the snake to the zoo's reptile house.

The rattlesnake incident was unusual, but there are other lesser hazards which Godfrey's mail girls (the Misses Partin and Keil, Barbara Scott, Lila Meredith, June Marquardt, Audrey Turner and Joan Waterhouse) face every day. They never know when Godfrey will make a statement on the air which will inundate them with letters—as, for example, when he vents his feelings about something controversial. Such an outburst brings on what the girls call the Deluge.

The biggest deluge (exceeded only by the annual Christmas rush, when Godfrey receives more than 50,000 extra pieces of mail from well-wishers) came in 1949, after Godfrey reported on one of his programs that the Daughters of the American Revolution had refused to allow two Negro members of his cast to appear with him in a benefit show in Washington's Constitution Hall. Livid with rage, Godfrey canceled the Constitution Hall show and said, on the air, "Nuts to the Daughters of the American Revolution, that Ku Klux Klan outfit! They make my blood boil!"

The next day alone, 5,683 letters gushed into the office. Twenty per cent were unfavorable ("You shouldn't mix into things you don't understand"); the rest were laudatory ("You may have made some enemies, but I know of many friends you have drawn even closer to yourself"). That week, the mail girls worked until nine every night.

Ordinarily, the girls' routine is not quite so rigorous. The mail and packages arrive every morning and each girl gets from 300 to 900 letters to read, according to the day's traffic. They separate the letters into categories, forwarding all business letters to Godfrey's business manager, Leo De Orsey, and looking for amusing letters that Godfrey can read aloud on his shows.

Funny letters provide Godfrey with about half of his program material. Generally, they fall into the category known in show business as cornball.

Mail supervisor Doreen Partin holds chicks a fan sent Godfrey. Caricature also came in the mail

Samples: "My mother-in-law will fly you anyplace you want to go—on her broom"; and "I heard you kidding Tony Marvin, your announcer, about taking exercises. I, too, take exercises. Every morning I jump out of bed and run around the block, and then when I come back, I feel like a new man and ready to take on the world. P.S. Casey's bar is just around the block."

Two Hot Ones Right Off the Cob

Godfrey relies heavily on puns and the bright sayings of children. Among the letters he has used was one from a nine-year-old girl who wrote, "I fell down today when I was ice skating. There was no one around to laugh, but the ice made some awful cracks." The same day, he read the following from Gretchen Gierman, of Lake Odessa, Michigan: "I had a horrible dream and woke up to find I had taken several bites out of the pillow. No ill effects, though. I just felt a little down in the mouth."

Often a single pungent sentence in a letter will get laughs for Godfrey, and the mail girls must always be on the alert for them. In a letter from Mrs. R. E. Flesher, of Wooster, Ohio, was the line, "I have a model husband, but I wish he was a later model." Mrs. Irvan Trevathan, of Paducah, Kentucky, wrote, "If you think old soldiers just fade away, try squeezing one back into the uniform he used in World War II." Such lines are show-stoppers on Godfrey's morning programs.

If Godfrey is helping out in a campaign, as he did in the recent drive to aid the victims of the European floods, the mail girls pull out letters that may aid the campaign; he reads those over the air, too. He also insists on seeing unfavorable mail, like one terse indictment which said simply, "Godfrey, you stink!" When he reads these on his shows, pugnacious fans often write for the culprit's address so they can tell him a thing or two.

The mail girls answer letters and try to provide information for people requesting it. They open the gifts sent to Godfrey and they dispatch whatever he can use to his farm in Virginia. They send the surplus gifts to hopelessly ill children, to church bazaars to be auctioned off for charity, and to orphanages and hospitals. New York's Henry Street Settlement gets most of the perishable food.

Nurses to Baby Turkeys

Live animals generally go to zoos, but not always. One of the most harrowing experiences the girls have had resulted from the arrival, on a Monday morning, of 200 baby turkeys. Godfrey wanted to fly the turkeys to his farm, but he couldn't leave until Thursday. The seven girls, all city-bred, had to keep the delicate fowl alive in the office for the rest of the week. Doreen Partin sent out a distress call to pet shops and poultry dealers, and the girls built brooders out of desk lamps, nets and boxes. CBS was disrupted for three days, but most of the turkeys survived and lived to a happy maturity on the Godfrey farm.

When you ask the girls the reason for Godfrey's success, they all choose the same method of answering. Instead of expressing their own opinions, they show you letters which have so impressed them that they have kept them in their desks. Lila Meredith, who says, "I find a little of myself in every letter," has one in which a man from Savannah, Georgia, wrote to Godfrey:

"You are the family hour. You can completely relax people. You discuss your deficiencies on the air; you have no side. You are not a thousand miles above our heads like the Hollywood stars. You are the little boy who dreamed of having a horse, an airplane, a radio program—and then grew up to obtain them. Everybody was that little boy once. That's why so many Americans find it so easy to identify themselves with you."

Many of the letters are from or about handicapped people. Mrs. Claude Allender, of Manilla, Indiana, wrote, "My son is the victim of spastic paralysis since birth and is now fifteen. He is entirely helpless, can't talk, sit up, walk or use his hands. You mean a lot to him because you help him enjoy life, the things he'll never experience himself. He loves you because he likes what you talk a lot about, the farm and flying."

A woman in Mendota, Illinois, pleaded, when it was rumored that Godfrey was to be offered a high position in the Eisenhower administration: "Please don't let radio down and leave for a government job. There are so many blind and shut-ins who wait daily for your programs. You seem to be the only one on radio who has the knack for building up these unfortunate ones' morale."

When she showed me these letters, Doreen Partin shrugged. "What's Godfrey got?" she said. "Nobody seems to know—except the people." ▲▲▲

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The Case of the KILLER DOGS

By HUGH PENTECOST

He came as a guest and as a suitor. He was in love with Lib, and her child had wandered into the woods. And in the woods—unbelievable, terrible, and real—were wild, marauding dogs

I

FEAR had not yet taken hold of Macklyn. He was lost and it was absurd and it made him angry, but he wasn't afraid. He knew that a mile or two from where he was were houses and farms and traveled highways. Not five minutes ago he had paused to listen to the sound of a train whistle, and by some trick of the wind or atmosphere, the click of the freight-car wheels had seemed to be only a few hundred yards away. He remembered reading, as a boy, how people who got lost in the woods found themselves moving in ever-tightening circles, suddenly coming on the same tree, the same clump of rocks, the same pool of water. Macklyn didn't know one tree from another, and if he had retraced his path he certainly hadn't recognized it.

One point was certain. Everybody was going to have a hell of a fine laugh at his expense when he got back to the Crowder place. He was lost in the wilds of Connecticut, probably within hailing distance of Larry Cuyler's ornate swimming pool! He imagined that some of the less determined hunters were already back at Lib Crowder's, toasting their feet in front of the big fieldstone fireplace in her living room, and laughing at the idea of the blind leading the blind. One thing, Macklyn thought bitterly, was a sure bet: Dicky Crowder was at home and sound asleep in his bed.

Macklyn remembered riding, when he was about sixteen years old, on a train with his grandfather. They had been going in from the old man's Dutchess County home to see the circus at Madison Square Garden. Somewhere around Ossining, the old man had a severe heart attack. Macklyn, paralyzed with fright, tried to help him without success.

A man sitting across the aisle had seen what was happening. "See if you can find a doctor on the train," he ordered Macklyn.

Macklyn had started walking back through the crowded cars. People looked at him as he swayed along the aisles, looked at him with glazed eyes, their heads bobbing slightly with the movement of the train. All Macklyn had to do was raise his voice and ask if there was a doctor in the car. He couldn't make a sound come out of his throat.

Macklyn felt the hair rising on his neck. He had never seen such an animal before. Across a space of fifteen yards, man and dog stared at each other, and the fear was all in the man

The bobbing heads and sightless eyes seemed forbidding, terrifying. He walked to the very end of the train and then back, cramps agonizing his stomach, sweat pouring down inside his clothes. He couldn't call out for help. By the time he got back to his grandfather, help had arrived. One of the train crew had found a doctor up forward.

The incident came back to Macklyn now. All he had to do was call out. He knew there were forty-five or fifty men in the woods, hunting for the cattle killers. All he had to do was to attract attention to himself, and he would get help. But somehow that same sickening embarrassment he'd felt fifteen years ago was on him. It was not just that he would be the butt of laughter when they learned that he'd set out to find six-year-old Dicky Crowder and had got lost himself. It was as though crying out for help was an admission of some kind of secret and terrible guilt. It was absurd, but he just couldn't yell!

More exasperated with himself than with anything else, he finally sat down on a rock and fished in the pocket of his trench coat for a cigarette, after gently placing Lib's shotgun on the ground beside him, the barrel pointed away from him with elaborate care. The moon appeared fitfully. The woods would be quite light for a minute or so at a time, and then pitch dark for a longer spell.

Macklyn was cold. In the open country where the sun could get at it, the winter's snow had melted completely, but here in the woods it still lay in a thin film over leaves and shrubs. Macklyn had come for the week end at the Crowders' with a city man's idea of country clothes—slacks, a couple of tweed jackets, his trench coat with the zipped-in lining and his heaviest pair of shoes. The shoes were heavy and hand-sewn, but despite the advertisement they were *not* waterproof. Macklyn's feet felt clammy and damp. His right thumb throbbed slightly from the pain of a stubborn thorn that had punctured his inadequate suède glove. He was, simply stated, not dressed for the woods. He didn't like the woods. He had lugged that blasted shotgun with him for over three hours, the shells still in the pocket of his coat, because Lib had insisted that he take it. He'd never fired a shotgun in his life; he wasn't even sure he would know how to load it. He'd been embarrassed to ask Lib. "Some of these dogs are more dangerous than wolves," Lib had said. "They don't wait to be cornered."

There had been much talk of the wild dogs that

"I've waited for the time when you could look at me as a man, disassociated from the past," Macklyn said. "Apparently I waited too long"

were the object of the night's hunt, stories that Macklyn had listened to with some amused cynicism—Paul Bunyan tales. Nobody seemed to be quite clear where the dog packs came from. Perhaps they had come over the hills from another town. Pigs had been killed, flocks of chickens decimated. Worse than that, the dogs were now running cattle. One of Digby March's Angus steers had been run down, hamstrung, and his throat eaten out. A milch cow on the Anderson farm had had her tongue torn out of her mouth and had bled to death in the pasture, the dogs feeding off her flesh while she still lived. A prize bull on the Cuyler place, staked out in the south pasture, had been attacked; he'd torn the imprisoning ring out of his nose and plunged into the swimming pool after a hard run to save himself. Wood choppers had been stalked for hours, and finally had to beat off the attacking dogs with the butts of their axes.

ONE of the theories was that summer people went off and left pet dogs to forage for themselves. The dogs would gravitate toward the town dump and eat the garbage. A bitch would have puppies and out of these grew the beginnings of a pack of wild dogs, animals that had never known human affection or training. As the winter came and the dump froze over, the dogs would begin to live off the dump rats and other wild life, and finally they would move, in a pack, toward a lusher diet of warm flesh.

It was all quite horrifying and hair-raising, Macklyn had thought as he listened, but probably pretty well exaggerated. To him a dog was a dog. You just let him know you were his master, didn't act frightened, and you were in control. Macklyn wasn't afraid of dogs, and the stories didn't make him afraid.

The local fish-and-game club had arranged for a hunt to exterminate the dogs, and everyone in the countryside had set out to find the marauders. Macklyn, a week-end visitor, hadn't joined in. He didn't have the clothes for an all-night tramp in the woods; he didn't own a gun and couldn't have hit a barn door with a handful of rice. *(Continued on page 34)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

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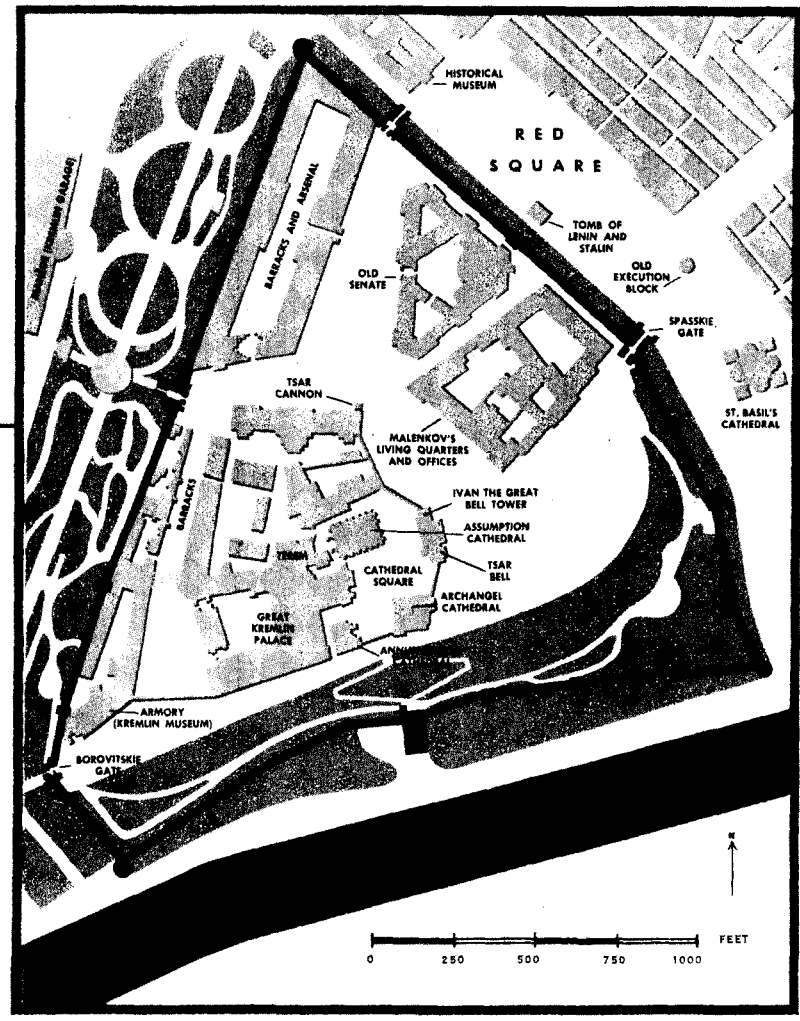

AL TARTER
Map shows layout of buildings within the walls of the Kremlin

An American Tells Wha

BEHIND THI

Clanging bells and flashing lights marked his entrance into the 800-year-old fortress. And two secret police trailed him as he toured the forbidding control center of Communism—a place of silence, suspicion and hate

By FRANK W. ROUNDS, JR.

ONE morning a few months ago I stood at the gate of Moscow's Kremlin, the fortress from which the Communists rule one third of the people of the world. There was no need for me to knock at the great medieval door. I had been expected for three weeks and a grim, tight-lipped reception committee was waiting for me.

I was just a sight-seer—an attaché on the staff of the United States Embassy who, after much preliminary negotiation, had been granted permission to enter the forbidding stronghold. But my reluctant Soviet hosts obviously regarded me with suspicion. They made it clear from the start that they would take no chances.

A young uniformed representative of the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs and an officer of the Kremlin guard were standing in front of the gate. And over my shoulder I glimpsed two sinister-looking men in green felt hats and baggy business suits lurking in the shadow of the high Kremlin wall—secret police, I figured.

There were no handshakes, no words of greeting. Instead the foreign ministry official and the guard officer stood stiff and silent, sharply looking me over. After a moment, the diplomatic official broke the silence.

"Your name?" he demanded curtly in Russian.

Fortunately I understand and speak Russian, so I replied: "Frank Frankevich Rounds." In an effort at geniality, I followed Russian custom in calling myself Frank Frankevich: literally, Frank the son of Frank. The Russians were not amused; they did not even smile. Indeed, when I left the Kremlin three and a half hours later, I still had not seen a single smile.

There was a brief consultation between the uniformed official and the guard officer. Then the officer gave a signal. Electric bells clanged, red lights flashed in the center of the fifteenth-century gateway—and two modern steel doors slid open. We stepped inside and the doors closed behind us. The clanging of bells stopped; the red lights went off. I was inside the Kremlin.

The gate through which we had passed—one of two main passages through the 15-foot-thick brick walls surrounding the fountainhead of Commu-

Eighteenth-century print of Moscow Kremlin shows (from left) 200-ton Tsar Bell, Ivan's 320-foot Bell Tower and 39-ton Tsar Cannon

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le Saw

KREMLIN WALLS

nism—is known as the Borovitskie Gate. The gate takes its name from the Russian word for woods—*bor*—and the tower surmounting it rises 62 feet over the spot where Grand Prince Yury Dolgoruky (Russian for "long arm") more than 800 years ago first began clearing a forest primeval to build the cluster of cabins that was to become Moscow. Borovitskie Gate also is the entrance through which Napoleon Bonaparte stepped into the Kremlin 140 years ago.

My two escorts turned me over to a poker-faced woman in her late twenties—a guide—and walked away. I was not to see them again until I left the Kremlin. But throughout my visit, I was trailed at a distance of one to 100 feet by the two men in green hats and dark suits whom I had first glimpsed outside the wall.

My guide, who wore a formless white blouse and black skirt, also almost pointedly spoke only Russian. We set off along a bleak bluff topped by evergreens—surely not too different from the Moscow of Yury Long-Arm.

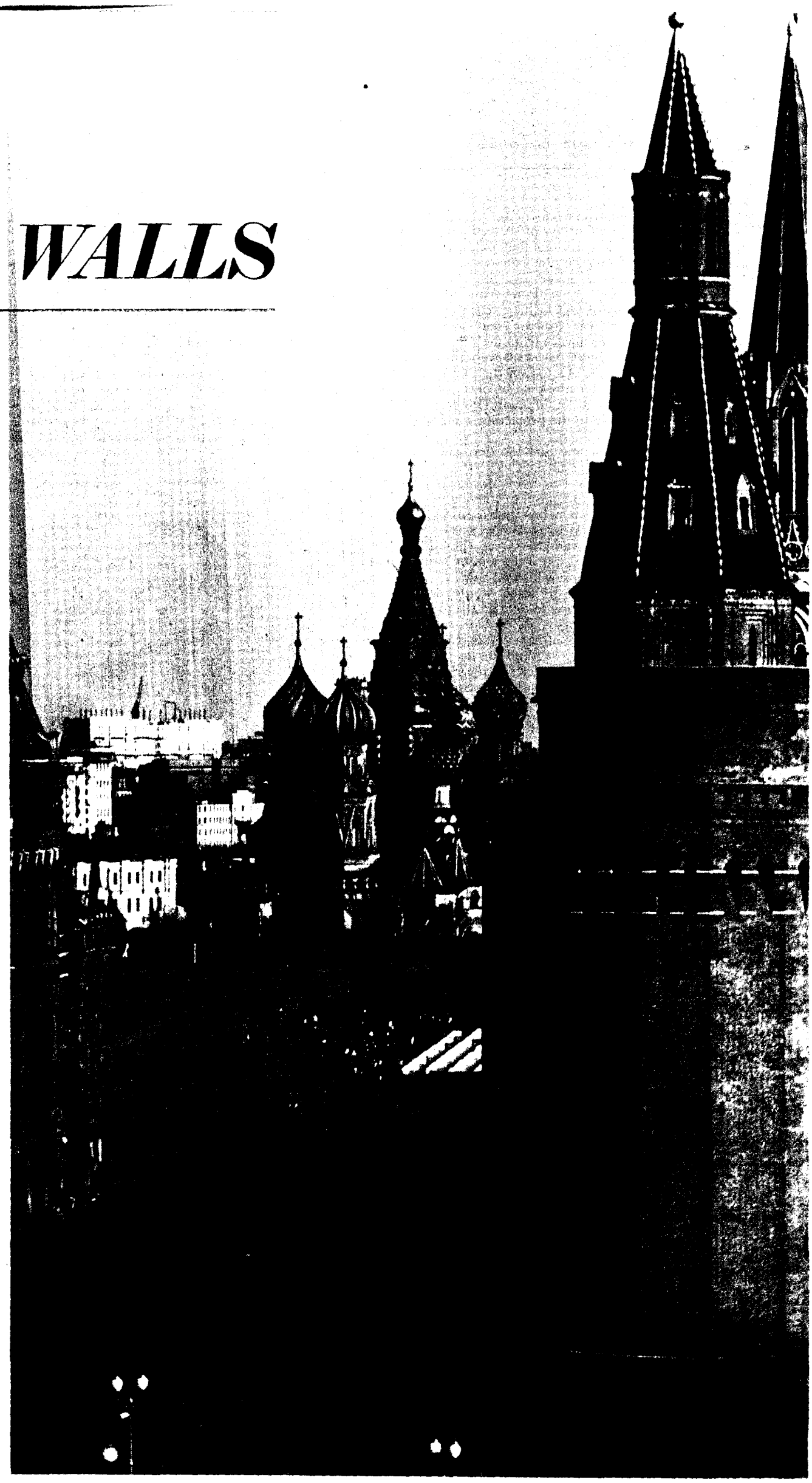
In fact, the first object that struck my eye inside the Kremlin was not a bulletproof gun mount such as one might expect to find in the headquarters of a twentieth-century police state, but a white butterfly hovering over green grass. And to the right, the pointed tops of blue spruces outlined the brow of the hill over the Moscow River. Beneath the trees, two or three old peasant women, wearing traditional white kerchiefs on their heads, tended a bed of tiger lilies. They were the only other humans in sight. The almost deathlike silence within the walls was broken only by the distant blows of hammer against wood—a lonely sound that echoed across the Kremlin grounds.

A Limousine with Drawn Curtains

Suddenly, however, my reverie was shattered by the renewed clanging of the Borovitskie Gate warning bells. A big black ZIS limousine whizzed past and out through the gate. Somebody was leaving the Kremlin. I say "somebody" because tightly drawn buff curtains on the side and rear windows hid the car's passenger from view.

It is through the ancient Borovitskie archway that Premier Georgi Malenkov and his chief deputies, Lavrenti Beria, the internal security chief, and Viacheslav M. Molotov, the foreign minister, pass on their way to and from their *dachas*, or country estates, farther along the Moscow River on the northwest outskirts of the city. They always travel in curtained ZIS limousines, the Soviet Union's bulky 110-horsepower version of a prewar American Packard. The cars move at top speed through the gate and along the very center of the most heavily guarded streets in the world. An elaborate system of block-by-block warnings and red-light signals enables Moscow police to clear all pedestrians and vehicles out of the way several minutes before the long limousines shoot by, trailed by touring cars loaded with armed guards.

As the Borovitskie Gate's bells again fell silent, we began walking along the top of the 130-foot hill overlooking the river. It was easy to see from that vantage spot how the Kremlin developed through the centuries as a fortress. As a matter of fact, it is the oldest seat of power in the world that always has been and still is a fortress. Russia's present rulers obviously find its solid construction and



View from U.S. Embassy: St. Basil's Cathedral (center) and part of Kremlin wall (right)

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There's no telephone number listed for Moscow's Kremlin. But if you want to reac

walled isolation convenient for maintaining their own inner Iron Curtain of secrecy and security.

The English word Kremlin comes from the Russian noun *Kreml*, an old Tatar word which can be translated as "the inner stronghold of an ancient Russian town." Yury Long-Arm built the first Kremlin walls of logs in the twelfth century. The early fortress was overrun and burned to the ground by Tatar hordes from the east in 1238, but it was rebuilt. Stout oak walls were thrown up and wooden churches erected on the exact site of the present Kremlin cathedrals. Court retainers and peasants began to build their homes nearby, as close as possible to the protecting walls—and thus Moscow grew.

My guide told me that the first stone walls of the Kremlin were built in 1367. They served not only to protect the Prince of Moscow against potential attackers, but also to prevent his palaces and churches from being destroyed by the fires which swept over Moscow almost every year. During the reign of Ivan the Great (grandfather of Ivan the Terrible) toward the end of the fifteenth century, higher brick walls and some of the stone buildings that still stand today were erected. The Kremlin was beginning to take on the monumental appearance it has today.

The fortress suffered heavy damage during Napoleon's invasion in 1812 and the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917, but Soviet leaders have spent millions of rubles in restoring their headquarters. Today the high brick walls, with their peculiar swallow-tailed battlements, stretch intact for more than a mile and a quarter around the Kremlin acres in the center of Moscow. And the Kremlin's four medieval gates and 19 towers look almost as menacing as they must have centuries ago.

As my guide and I walked farther into the Kremlin grounds, I was struck more and more by the lack of life within the walls. And the great cluster of yellow-brick buildings rising against the spire of Spasskie Gate on the east side of the Kremlin seemed the most silent area of all. It also seemed the most ominous—because within the buildings live and work the rulers of Russia. There Premier Malenkov and his closest friends—and closest rivals, as well—eat and sleep and bathe, write and talk and hate. In those rooms the lights in the windows stay on all night long.

View From the Center of the Kremlin

I got a close-up view of the living and working quarters of the Soviet bosses from a large, empty square in the very center of the Kremlin—on Communist Street, the main east-west axis, just north of Cathedral Square. The central square was lined with low evergreen hedges and brightened a bit by a few beds of red and orange dahlias.

Just beyond the shrubbery sprawled the yellow-walled, green-roofed control center of the Communist world. Originally this complex of buildings included the old Senate, the Chudov (Miracle) Monastery, the Voznesensky Nunnery and the Nicholas Palace. In recent years, however, the Soviets have either demolished, altered or rebuilt various sections of the maze of masonry; today the few top Soviet leaders who live in the Kremlin occupy very compact quarters.

The four-story buildings contain not only the individual living rooms, bedrooms and bathrooms of the Kremlin clique, but also their offices and conference rooms, libraries and file rooms. The housekeeping departments of the Kremlin—kitchens, laundries, infirmaries and the like—also are there.

Presumably the Kremlin telephone switchboard—the vital center of Communism's world-wide communications system—is housed there, too. I say "presumably" because the Moscow telephone directory lists no number for the Kremlin. You have to dial K6-15-11 to get the Central Committee of the Communist party, or K5-90-51 to get the Council of Ministers. Yet the heads of both groups live and work in the Kremlin.

The view from the windows of the Red headquarters buildings is superb, no matter which direction Premier Malenkov and his associates look. To the east, the new premier can see the open expanse of Red Square just over the Kremlin wall, with the tomb of his two predecessors, Nikolai Lenin and Joseph Stalin. A little to the right his glance can take in St. Basil's Cathedral, built by Ivan the Terrible, with its onion-shaped domes.

If Premier Malenkov looks south beyond the Moscow River, he can see the flat Russian countryside rolling to the far horizon—a countryside prickly with new factory smokestacks and ancient church cupolas. And, to the right, is the new 32-story skyscraper of Moscow University.

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Frank W. Rounds, Jr., for 18 months an attaché of the American Embassy in Moscow, is the author of the book A Window on Red Square, soon to be published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

The view to the north is dominated by the old Kremlin Arsenal, a long yellow-brick building set against the wall now used chiefly as barracks for the Kremlin guards. From outside the walls, I have often watched the officers and men looking forlornly out the barracks windows. And if Malenkov and his friends had climbed to the roof of their home, up until a few weeks ago they could have seen the American Embassy, just across the street from the barracks, with the Stars and Stripes flying in the breeze. Since then, however, the embassy has been forced to move to another building a few blocks away; the Soviet government said it needed the old building for the use of Moscow University.

To the west, the view takes in all the vast expanse of the rest of the Kremlin. In that direction lie the three historic churches of Cathedral Square, now all museums. They are the Annunciation Cathedral, built between 1482 and 1490 by Russian architects from the city of Pskov and used by the early tsars for their marriages and christenings; the Assumption Cathedral, built between 1475 and 1479 by an Italian architect, Ridolfo Fioravanti, and the scene of all coronations from the early sixteenth century onward; and the Archangel Cathedral, built between 1505 and 1509, where all the tsars before Peter the Great, except Boris Godunov, are buried.

From the west windows Malenkov can see the imposing bell tower of Ivan the Great, a 320-foot finger pointing high in the sky. And, nearby, are two Kremlin curiosities: the Tsar Bell, weighing 200 tons and said to be the largest bell in the world, and the Tsar Cannon, weighing 39 tons and said to be the largest cannon of its time. Neither has been used, however. While the bell was being hoisted to the tower in 1737, a fire swept the Kremlin and the bell fell to earth. It never has been raised. The cannon is merely decorative.

Where Malenkov Bowed In as Premier

The most impressive structure of all in the Kremlin is also to the west—the Great Kremlin Palace, to which Malenkov walked to receive the acclaim of the Supreme Soviet after his designation as successor to Stalin. This massive, ornate palace was built by order of Tsar Nicholas I, a little over 100 years ago.

There was no sign of life within the headquarters buildings as we stood staring at them. Suddenly, however, two sounds broke the silence that seems such an integral part of the Kremlin, and I saw evidence that at least some people lived within the walls. First a company of armed Kremlin guards—dressed in khaki uniforms, blue caps and black boots—came swinging down a side street behind the Assumption Cathedral with a heavy, precise tramp, tramp, tramp. The faces of the soldiers were rigid and expressionless; the men took no notice of us. At almost the same time, a rather large bakery truck—the only car other than the ZIS that I was to see inside the walls—slowly moved up the main drive along the river. I knew then that the Kremlin had at least two commodities: guns and bread.

We retraced our steps to the Borovitskie Gate and entered the building just north of it, a large yellow wing of the Great Palace with a beautiful façade. It is the Armory of the palace and it houses the Kremlin Museum, the greatest historical museum in Russia. But no ordinary Russian or foreign tourist is admitted to the Armory, or to any other part of the Kremlin, for that matter. It is a privilege reserved for few Russians and even fewer foreigners. When foreigners are admitted, it is only, as I was, after long diplomatic discussions.

I found the visit well worth the trouble. One room, for example, contained thrones of the tsars.

Buildings inside Kremlin walls are clearly visib

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remier Malenkov's new Cabinet, just call K5-90-51

Most prominent was the ugly, ungainly double throne of the young boy tsars, Ivan V and Peter I (the latter soon became Peter the Great). The chair was in tattered crimson cloth and silver gilt and its tall, straight back still revealed the flap through which the boys' sister, Sophia, gave them orders: probably the most vivid illustration in history of the phrase, "the power behind the throne."

The deserted rooms stretched on and on and on. The lavish exhibits bulged with guns and armor, royal sleighs and coaches, gold and silver, rubies and diamonds. But the high point was the visit to the crown room.

Here were the ancient crowns of all the tsars, including the Cap of Monomakh—the first known crown of Russia, the crown of Grand Prince Vladimir Monomakh of the twelfth century. It is a delicate filigreed cap, studded with enormous precious jewels and lined at the rim with soft, light-brown sable. This little, lightweight cap always has been the symbol of power in Russia—and it prompted Pushkin, in Boris Godunov, to write one of the most significant lines in all Russian literature (at least the passage was so described to me by a Russian girl I met one night at the theater):

"Ah! heavy art thou, crown of Monomakh!"

Leaving the museum, we entered the center door of the palace itself and ascended the grand stairway, a climb of 58 granite steps. While pausing at the top to catch my breath, I admired an enormous canvas by Ilya Repin, Russia's most celebrated painter, showing peasants paying homage to Emperor Alexander III.

Turning right, then left, we walked into small Vladimir Hall, which connects the fifteenth century palace of Ivan the Great, the seventeenth century palace of the first Romanovs and the nineteenth century Great Kremlin Palace of Nicholas. Ivan's palace, the Granovitaya Palata, is the oldest part of the surviving palace. We visited the low-vaulted room where his grandson, Ivan the Terrible, celebrated with his nobles after his coronation, and my guide pointed out a tiny inner window high up on one wall from which the ladies of the court were allowed to view the festivities.

A climb up a series of dark stairways brought us to the fourth story of a strange pyramidlike building called the Terem, the old Romanov palace. There I got a glimpse of how the tsars lived 300 years ago. In the five apartments of Tsar Alexis—reception room, dining room, study, bedroom and chapel—there were rough wooden floors, low, brightly painted vaults, small mica windows colored in rich shades, elaborately tiled wall-stoves and stiff furniture. The tsar's bed was surely the hardest, narrowest resting place in the world.

Next stop was the famous Hall of St. George, the beautiful gold-and-orange room where many World War II banquets were held. My guide said the six chandeliers held 3,200 electric light bulbs.

In the Home of Russia's Parliament

Then we entered the Chamber of the Supreme Soviet, home of Russia's Parliament, in the new section of the Great Palace. It is a plain, ugly hall, recently converted into a single room from the former Halls of St. Alexander and St. Andrew. Dust sheets covered the furniture, but if the Supreme Soviet were in session, Malenkov, Beria and Molotov would be on the platform at the far end. The new rostrum of dark polished wood is on the exact spot once occupied by the royal throne.

As we left the Great Palace, we were rejoined by the foreign ministry official and the guard officer. They escorted me to the Borovitskie Gate. As the steel doors opened amid a clanging of bells and flashing of red lights, they acknowledged my thanks for the tour with curt nods. There was no word of farewell, no exchange of pleasantries. They obviously were glad to see me leave. I stepped through the gateway and the doors slid shut behind me.

Striding away, I thought of an old Russian proverb: "There is nothing above Moscow except the Kremlin, and nothing above the Kremlin except heaven."

The handful of men who now live and work inside the Kremlin—Malenkov, Beria and Molotov, Khrushchev, Kaganovich, Bulganin and Voroshilov—have amended the proverb. They say there is no heaven; there is nothing above the Kremlin. That forbidding fortress, figuratively and literally, is the peak of power to the Communist world. And the men who live in the Kremlin hold in their hands not only Russia—that is, not only half of Europe and half of Asia—but also all the Red parts of the rest of the world. And they hold hatred. ▲▲▲

SOVFOTO

Small fry on south bank watch ice drift down Moscow River. Kremlin shows in background

SOVFOTO

om the Kamenny Bridge over Moscow River. The light-colored building near center of photo is the Great Palace, where Supreme Soviet meets

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GILBERT DARLING

"Look what you've been wearing!" he cried. He was reducing her green beret to shreds

HAT TRICK

By FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

EVERYTHING about the big cocktail party was pleasant, Mrs. Herne thought—including the fact that a good-looking young man a few feet away was staring at her rather insistently. Sitting on a sofa, talking with people whom she had just met—her husband was off somewhere in another room—she returned the young man's gaze, from time to time, with complacency. She knew very well that she was a pretty woman. Such tributes, even from men much younger than herself, like this one, were nothing new. He seemed to be in his early twenties, and looked like quite a dandy.

Suddenly she realized that he was doing more than staring at her. He had advanced slightly from the group of people he had been with, and now he was leaning toward her and addressing her. She found it hard to believe that he was really saying what she heard. "Would you do me a favor and take off that awful hat?" he asked her, in a voice that carried and immediately silenced all chatter around them. "Anyone as pretty as you should be ashamed to wear it. It's a crime!"

She felt her cheeks flush, and automatically her hand went to her head. For a moment she could not recall what hat she was wearing; then she remembered. It was not from her regular milliner, a woman whose guidance she usually followed. She had bought it impulsively, just the day before, out of a shop window. It was a kind of beret of green velvet, with a gold buckle, and it had immediately reminded her of a velvet tam she had once bought when she was a girl, with the first allowance money her father had given her.

"A crime!" the young man repeated, in the hushed room. "Take it off!" As though in a trance, she felt herself obeying him. "Thank you," he said. "That's much better. Now give it to me." He all but snatched it from her, and immediately, before her eyes, he proceeded to tear it apart.

Mrs. Herne heard gasps and a few nervous laughs; and somebody nearby said, "Ronnie Banks." It was the name, she knew, of a fashionable hat designer. As her momentary daze evaporated, she became aware that several people were looking at her anxiously, uncertain as to how she was reacting. She smiled brightly, and even managed a laugh, and was at once conscious of relief around her. Clearly this was an occasion for amusement. Remembering fashion news stories she had read, Mrs. Herne realized what was happening. Ronnie Banks was putting on one of his famous displays of millinery showmanship. He was reducing her green beret literally to shreds.

"Look!" he cried, a little shrilly. "Look what you've been wearing on your lovely head!"

Out of the innocent-looking green beret, he was pulling a collection of material as varied as the contents of a magician's hat. "See?" he demanded. "*Wire!* I knew I'd find some. They weren't clever enough to cut it right, so they had to wire it. And look at all the crinoline! They've used yards."

He dropped the wire to the floor, and on top of it the stiff lining; then he pulled out another fabric, this one fibrous, which he scornfully identified as "willow," and yet another and another. "Rice net *and* tarlatan!" he cried. "What magpies your hatmakers are, madame!" Brandishing a tiny penknife, he cut off and discarded the gold buckle; and he made a slit in the headband, out of which he drew, with a motion that he made exaggeratedly serpentine, a length of cord that he proclaimed was rope tubing. "It's not a hat," he declared as he made his final discovery—some cotton wadding also in the headband—"it's a grab bag."

AND indeed on the floor beside him was a variegated pile of such size that had one not seen it extracted, bit by bit, from the now-crumpled beret, its inclusion in anything smaller than an overnight case would have seemed impossible. "Not a bit of any of this stuff's necessary if a hat's well made," he told his rapt audience, censoriously, "even if you do use velvet of such dreadful quality."

Then he ripped again with his penknife, produced some pins from a hidden source in his vest, pinched the velvet, and folded and tucked, pinned it and scrutinized it and pinned some more. "There," he said, thrusting the hat at Mrs. Herne. "Now, you sew it."

Everyone laughed again; two or three women even clapped their hands. Praying no one would notice that *her* hands were trembling, Mrs. Herne accepted the limp bit of velvet. "My first Ronnie Banks hat," she said, with what she hoped sounded like an authentic dry laugh. "I'll treasure it. Thank you *so* much."

There was a final burst of amusement, the hat designer accepted her words with a bow, and, smiling at everyone, Mrs. Herne stood up and made her way to the bedroom that served as the cloakroom for the women guests. There a maid gave her a needle and thread, and she replaced Ronnie Banks's pins with a few rapid stitches. She was not at all surprised to see, when she put on the creation before a mirror, that in its transformation it was far more dashing than its earlier self. There was much less of it, and what there was—a mere folded, fastened, sprightly bit of velvet—sat on top of her head most becomingly. That made her no happier about it. "Your hat is perfect, madame," the maid said; and Mrs. Herne had to restrain herself from presenting it to her on the spot.

After she'd smoked a cigarette, she went out again. Looking about, she saw her husband, and she walked over and was quickly absorbed into the group around him.

She was more relaxed with these totally different people, but even so she contributed little to the talk, and she was glad when her husband accepted her suggestion that they leave.

"Thanks for coming away," she said, when they reached the street. "I developed a headache for some reason—it's gone now. What do you think of my hat, by the way?"

Her husband's answer was like a soothing balm. "I like it," he said, sounding surprised and glancing at it. "Don't you remember? I told you so before we arrived." ▲▲▲

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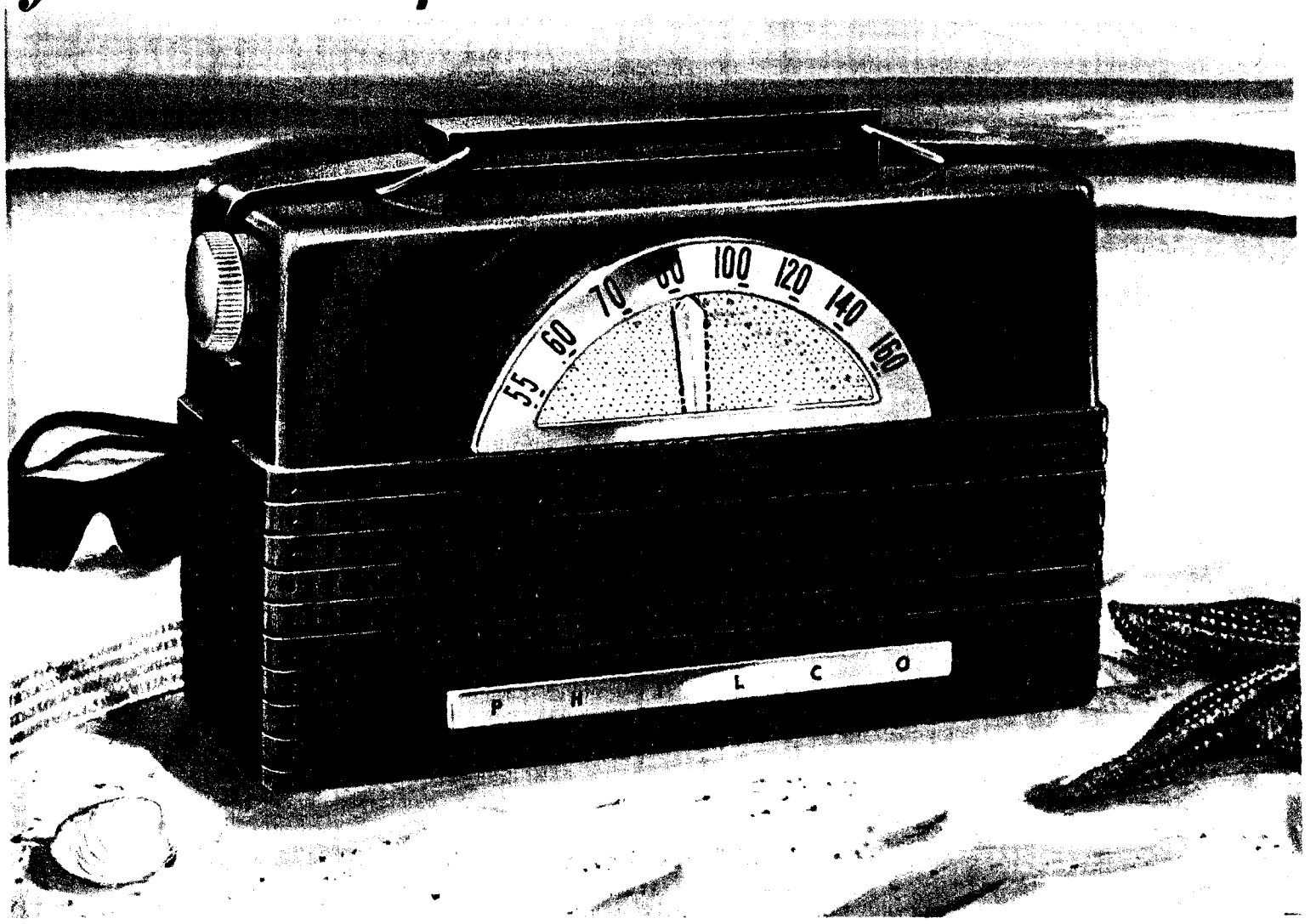

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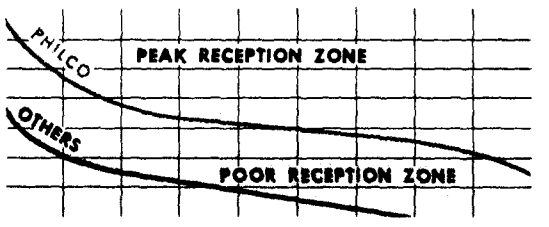

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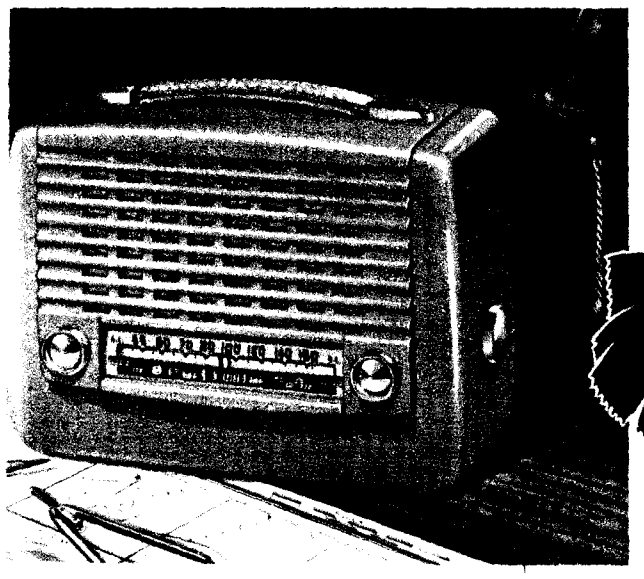

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THE ASSASSIN

By ELLIOT WEST

Bellingham was pleased with himself. He was nearing his station stop, his rose garden, his solicitous wife. And the murder had really gone off quite well

BELLINGHAM seemed always to have a wistful smile on his face. But though he was indeed a man of mild disposition, it was largely the natural cut of his mouth that produced this effect. His eyes were unwavering, gray and tranquil. They were otherwise undistinguished, as was his entire general appearance. Bellingham had no pretensions of any kind. His clothes, for example, were durable, and conservative in color and cut, and he seldom spoke in any but a polite, conversational tone of voice.

At fifty-six, in a state of semiretirement, he had managed to provide a solid, well-appointed house in the English Midlands for his wife Edith and their daughter Dorothy, and appeared to lead a most enviable kind of late middle life; one without strife or unrest. He could enjoy the taste of his pipe, the writings of certain ancient Greeks, the music of the Central Europeans. The time he had to listen and absorb had made him thoroughly familiar with the works of Beethoven, Bach and Mozart. He was able to whistle, with fluent ease, melodic lines from the Eroica or the Ninth, from all of the Brandenburg Concerti, from many of Mozart's *divertimenti*. But he whistled so softly that only he could make out the melodies.

He loved to whistle to himself while walking through the pastures, the woods and along the roads, and was often observed doing so by various residents of the Malvern district. Any and all weather was weather for walking. Mrs. Bellingham, however, would take exception to rain or dankness, since he was not too robust and since she was, perhaps, a bit overprotective. This was especially so when he would prepare to embark on one of his not-too-frequent business trips.

On this occasion, she insisted upon his having something hot before leaving the house, as she always did, and with her redoubtable air forced a teacup and saucer into his hands.

"You're a fusser," he said. "But I'll compromise. Two sips—standing up."

"Uncivilized."

"Practical."

He sipped.

"Don't forget your warmed milk before bedtime. That's even more practical."

"I'm going only as far as Southampton, my sweet," he informed her patiently. "And only for a day or two. So little can happen to me between here and there."

"You sound regretful," Edith Bellingham declared.

Bellingham smiled. "I'm not," he assured her.

At the front door, Dorothy, who was just sixteen, kissed his cheek. "Good-by, Daddy."

"Good-by, darling," he said. "Look for me Thursday. My business should not take any longer than that."

"If it should rain," Edith Bellingham admonished him, "you'll remember to wear your rubbers."

"Yes, of course."

"You'll function much better with dry feet."

"Yes, my dear."

"And your warmed milk. You're not Heathcliffe, you know."

"Yes, my dear."

Her face softened and she peered lovingly at him. "I do fuss, don't I, darling?"

Bellingham returned her warm look, half smiling.

"I suppose," she went on, "a man can feel smothered—even by affection."

"I love it," he said. He kissed her and was gone.

Eighteen hours later, Bellingham was in Ankara, Turkey. . . .

In the back of a restaurant, oppressively dim and partitioned off by two beaded curtains, sat a man wearing a fez. He was dark, heavy-set and unsmiling. Bellingham was escorted to him by a young woman. No one else seemed to be on the premises. Bellingham, his brief case in hand, stood there with a benign expression on his face. When the young woman left them, Bellingham spoke.

"Good evening," he said to the seated man.

The man said nothing, but leaned forward with a hint of eagerness in his manner. Bellingham took the liberty of sitting down opposite him. The man stared at Bellingham a moment and said in precise, clipped English: "Very good," and nodded.

"Yes," Bellingham agreed. "For the best."

"Negotiation was the only course your friends could take," the other said.

"Perhaps."

"It was obvious I could be no more conciliatory than I had already been," the man in the fez said. Then: "But tell me, why such strict secrecy?"

"It's best at first," Bellingham said.

The man shrugged. "It's of no consequence," he said. "Now—shall we begin?"

Bellingham began to unzip the brief case which was now on the table. "Yes," he answered.

The man in the fez said, "Good. Very good."

Then Bellingham leveled at him a .32 automatic with silencer attachment and fired point-blank. A little puff exploded in the air. The dead man slumped forward, his fez toppling from his head. Bellingham cleared his throat, calmly replaced the gun in the zipper brief case, and stood up. The young woman re-entered the enclosure. She swept past Bellingham to another entrance and stood silently awaiting his departure.

"Thank you," he said as he moved out past her. With the proper connections he would be home the next day.

SQUEAMISH people are not the truly civilized people, he thought as his plane winged out over the Dardanelles. They can destroy by proxy, but pale at the sight of blood. They're not civilized, as they think themselves to be, but merely prissy and faint of heart. Bellingham allowed a passage from a Bach cantata to come into his head and replace the thought. But this proved tantalizing because he couldn't identify it and could hear only the choral parts. There are so many of them, he thought, and he began to whistle the melody under his breath, straining to recall what it was and where he had recently heard it. The flight was otherwise uneventful.

It was not until the train had pulled away from the platform at Southampton and Bellingham was seated comfortably and imperturbably in an empty third-class compartment, that Mr. Garrett made himself known. He had a sufficient lack of distinction for the work he was engaged in. His expression just now was furtive, and he was clearly upset. He came into the compartment and sat down uneasily, his bowler set stiffly on his lap. He wore a rain slicker.

"It's all there," he said quietly, transferring a thick, letter-size envelope from an inside coat pocket to Bellingham's hands. "Four thousand pounds. Just as they promised."

Bellingham slipped it, without fuss, into his inside breast pocket. "Thank you," he said.

"I shall be getting off at Romsey," Garrett said after a slight pause.

"Yes, I know."

Garrett, after another pause, said, "Was—your trip—pleasant?"

BELLINGHAM looked at him with kind eyes. "Mr. Garrett, please don't feel the need to make conversation. I shan't be slighted if you remain silent until the train stops."

"Oh."

"You should not allow a business transaction to force you into a social entanglement," Bellingham told him. "Not even a temporary one."

Garrett replied a little awkwardly, "Not many people are paid for their services on trains, I should think."

"You must be new," Bellingham said.

"And you are not?"

"Why are you surprised?"

Garrett scratched his nose nervously. "You see, they didn't tell me what you were like," he said. "I would have expected someone quite different for this sort of thing. You seem to be so—gentle."

"I'm ideally suited to it just because of that. My adjustment would take too long to explain and, of course, is a personal matter."

"Of course."

"I move according to plan and thank my lucky stars when nothing slips up. Then I forget the whole thing."

"I see."

"I trust your superiors have made clear that you must do the same. Once you leave this train, forget you've ever seen me."

"Yes—of course."

And Bellingham was quite certain he would. . . .

Never once had Bellingham accepted payment for doing something he was ashamed of. Without fail, his heart was in his job. He believed in Hakete's death this time as he'd believed in Varescu's two years back, and Shilling's six months before that. It was different if you believed, if you understood the facts at the level of their true meanings. Because then you knew that blood was, after all, a chemical compound, and life was not sacred merely because of the phenomenon of heartbeat. One had to appreciate life, and respect its potential, to be clear on the subject of death. Then it became as simple and manifest as the weeding of a garden. If one man proved a hindrance to peace in a certain part of the world, his removal seemed logical. To Bellingham it was as logical as pulling

Devry quickly slipped the weapon back, zipped the brief case shut, and was just replacing it when Bellingham re-entered the compartment. "How awkward," Devry said

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weeds from his own garden in Malvern so that the flowers would have greater radiance. But beyond that, he had to be good, he had to be convinced, he had to be quick. If ever anything went wrong, he was on his own. No one could come to his aid—neither governments nor private parties. It was a touchy way to grow rich. He smiled now to think that after his death Edith would believe that his bequest to her had all come solely from his law practice.

He looked out at the South country. It was rather bleak and the smoky haze over the land did not improve its looks. There, he thought, that cantata again. Which one was it?

The compartment door slid open.

BELLINGHAM'S solitude was now ended by a tall, very handsome man of about thirty-five. He had his topcoat over one arm, the lights of Soho in his eyes, the tweeds of Bond Street on his back; he glistened.

"Hello," he said brightly. "A first-class situation in a third-class coach, I'd call this." He tossed his coat to an overhead baggage rack. "Don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all," Bellingham said.

Sitting down opposite Bellingham, the fellow said, "Nonsmoker, but the leg room makes it worth the sacrifice."

Bellingham smiled politely.

"Of course," said the other, as an afterthought, "there's no one else in here and I *could* smoke if you didn't object." He slipped out a box of Craven A's. "You don't, do you?"

"Not at all."

"Care for one?" he asked, extending the box.

"No, thank you."

"My name is Devry; Arnold Devry."

"How do you do," Bellingham murmured.

"Going far?"

"Malvern."

"That's very nice country. I'm going a bit beyond it. Kidderminster. But I'm not much for train rides—make me restless."

"Really?"

"Give me air travel every time—or don't you agree?"

"Airplanes usually make me ill."

"That's psychological, I'm sure."

Bellingham said, "Perhaps."

"Oh, absolutely," Devry insisted cheerfully. "You should give it a try once or twice more. You'd shake it."

Bellingham looked away from him. "I'm afraid I never go any farther than Southampton."

"Business?" Devry asked.

After a small pause, Bellingham said, "Yes."

"I'm on business, more or less, myself," Devry said. "Not too pleasant really. I'm settling my aunt's estate in Kidderminster."

"Oh."

"Really not too well equipped for it, either. Lawyers, papers, red tape—messy stuff, you know."

Not unpleasantly, Bellingham said, "Why do you tell me all this?"

Without being ruffled in the least, Devry answered: "Sake of conversation. Takes my mind off the ride, I suppose." He shrugged slightly and grinned.

The door slid open. "Tickets please," the guard announced.

Both men began to produce their tickets for punching.

"You're not permitted to smoke in here, sir," the guard said.

"Oh. Oh, how stupid of me," Devry said. "I didn't realize this was a nonsmoker." And he put out the butt with great vigor on the compartment floor.

Bellingham took his punched ticket from the guard and looked across at Devry for a moment. What a bother, he thought. Then he leaned back and closed his eyes.

Bellingham's sleep came quickly, but was not dreamless. For one thing, the cantata followed him. Fragments of the past forty-eight hours sifted in and out of memories of thirty bygone years of experience.

DURING a period in which he served as representative of a British import company in Shanghai, a Manchu named Chu Yick had made a hostage of him. Bellingham had refused to write a ransom note, and had discovered that the bandit leader was able to present graphic arguments against this stubbornness; now, as Bellingham napped, he dreamed of the detached fingers of certain members of Chu's entourage which were shown to him in a little box. This was meant to indicate to what lengths Chu would go, and to imply that Bellingham's fingers might be next. He was properly nauseated by the demonstration but still refused to write the note.

One night Chu Yick had Bellingham brought to a sumptuous feast in his private dining room. The Manchu, who was articulate in nine different languages, looked up from his oxtail soup and across the table at Bellingham. "What would you say," he asked, "if I told you that you were going to be shot immediately after the brandy and cigars?" And he removed his Luger from its holster and placed it on the table.

Bellingham picked up the pepper mill before him. He adjusted the top screw to its finest grind. This done, he ground out a hill of small grains into the palm of his hand as though to season his soup, shrugged his shoulders, and casually blew the pepper into Chu's eyes. The bandit screamed with pain, and as he sprang out of his chair, Bellingham seized the Luger and shot him through the heart. Chu Yick dropped to the floor, dead, and Bellingham was amazed to note that Chu's personal guard was immobilized at the sight. Their leader's death seemed to paralyze them. It paralyzed them to such an extent that Bellingham, completely ignored, was able to walk out of the place to his freedom.

THIS made a profound impression upon him, and a short time later, while in Egypt, he brought the lesson of this incident into play. It was a private venture he was involved in at the time, but its failure might have thrown the Middle East into chaos. One man seemed to govern the others with whom Bellingham was attempting to bargain. His stand was very bellicose, and was all that blocked an amiable settlement of the business at hand. Bellingham recalled the effect of Chu Yick's death on his followers; their ferocity had ceased to exist as soon as their ferocious leader had ceased to exist.

One morning during the following week the man who had led the opposition was found dead in his house outside of Cairo; he had been shot through the head during the night. Almost immediately negotiations went through. The people whom Bellingham represented were, of course, delighted, and content to ask no questions.

Expedience, intelligence—the words were clearly in his mind's eye. Suddenly he awoke.

Devry was reading the Daily Mail, and as Bellingham's eyes came open, Devry said, "Well. Have a good nap?"

Bellingham looked with blinking eyes out of the window. The day was not as gray as before, and the green roll and toss of the English landscape was being done some justice. "Where are we?" he said softly.

"We just passed Cheltenham. You slept through it. I've been reading your newspaper; I hope you don't mind."

"Of course not," Bellingham said.

And with a frowning look back at the newspaper, Devry asked, "How do they say this chap's name—the one they just knocked off in Ankara?"

"Ankara?" Bellingham repeated.

"H-a-k-e-t-e. Hackeet?"

Bellingham, after a pause, told him: "*Hock*etty."

Devry, his eyes still fastened to the Daily Mail, went on. "There's quite an account of it here. Man was some sort of troublemaker, wasn't he?"

"I suppose."

Devry cocked his head. "Seems to have been a neat, clean job," he said. "Took place in one of those creepy places in downtown Ankara."

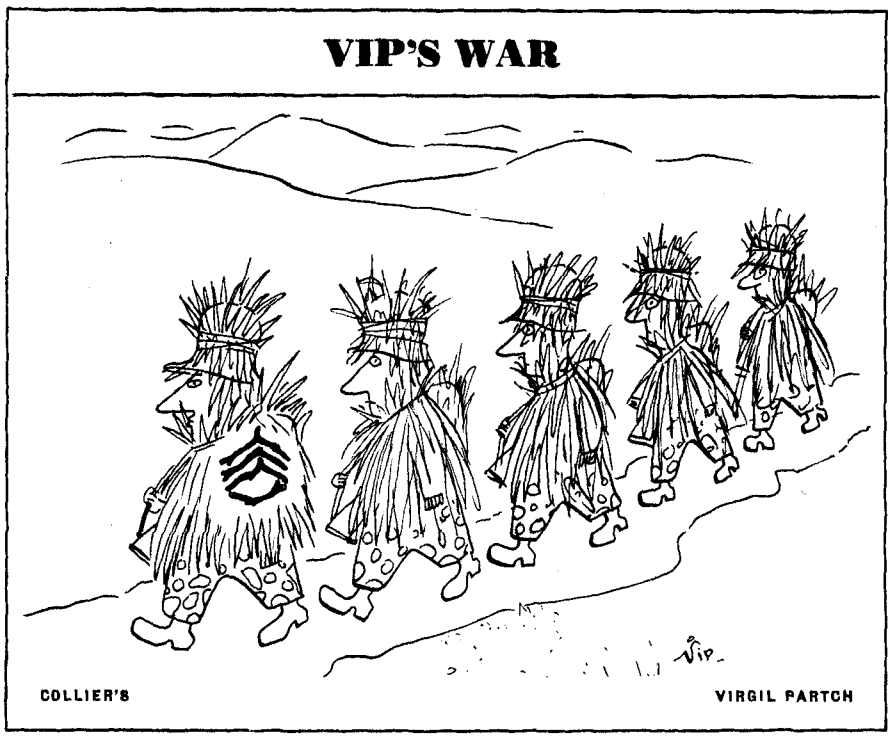
Then he read aloud: " 'Unofficial opinion points to Hakete's death as the result of a carefully laid trap. There was no sign of a struggle, indicating that he sat in total unawareness of his assassin's intention until the instant he was shot—with a .32-caliber automatic probably with a silencer attached.' " Devry looked up. "Could cause an international situation, I suppose."

"More likely it averted one."

"Well, I wouldn't really know. I'm quite apolitical. What interests me is the cleanliness of the job. Who could have got that close to a man like Hakete?"

Bellingham smiled inwardly, considered his own unimpressive looks, and said, "A person he would least suspect of wanting to kill him."

"He seems to have been completely



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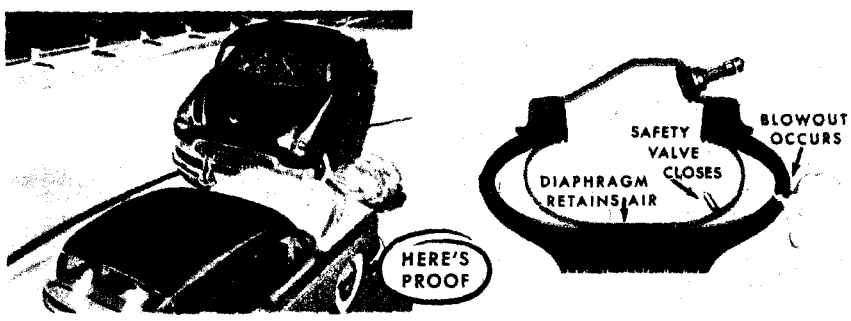

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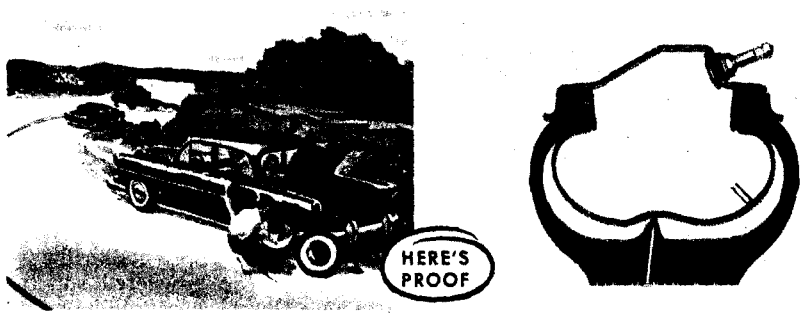

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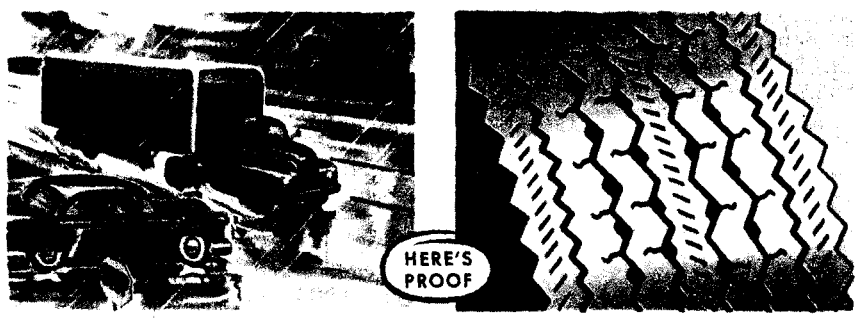

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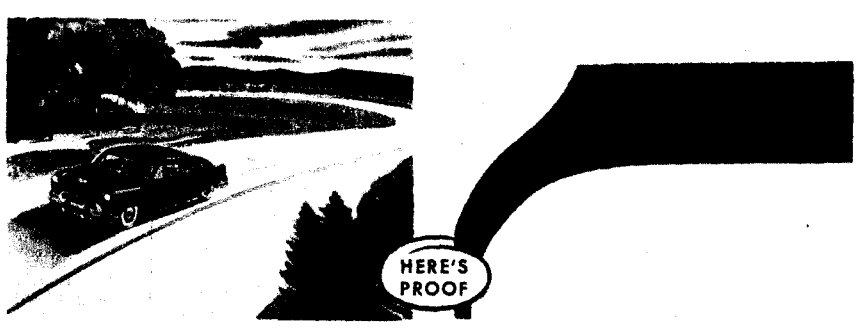

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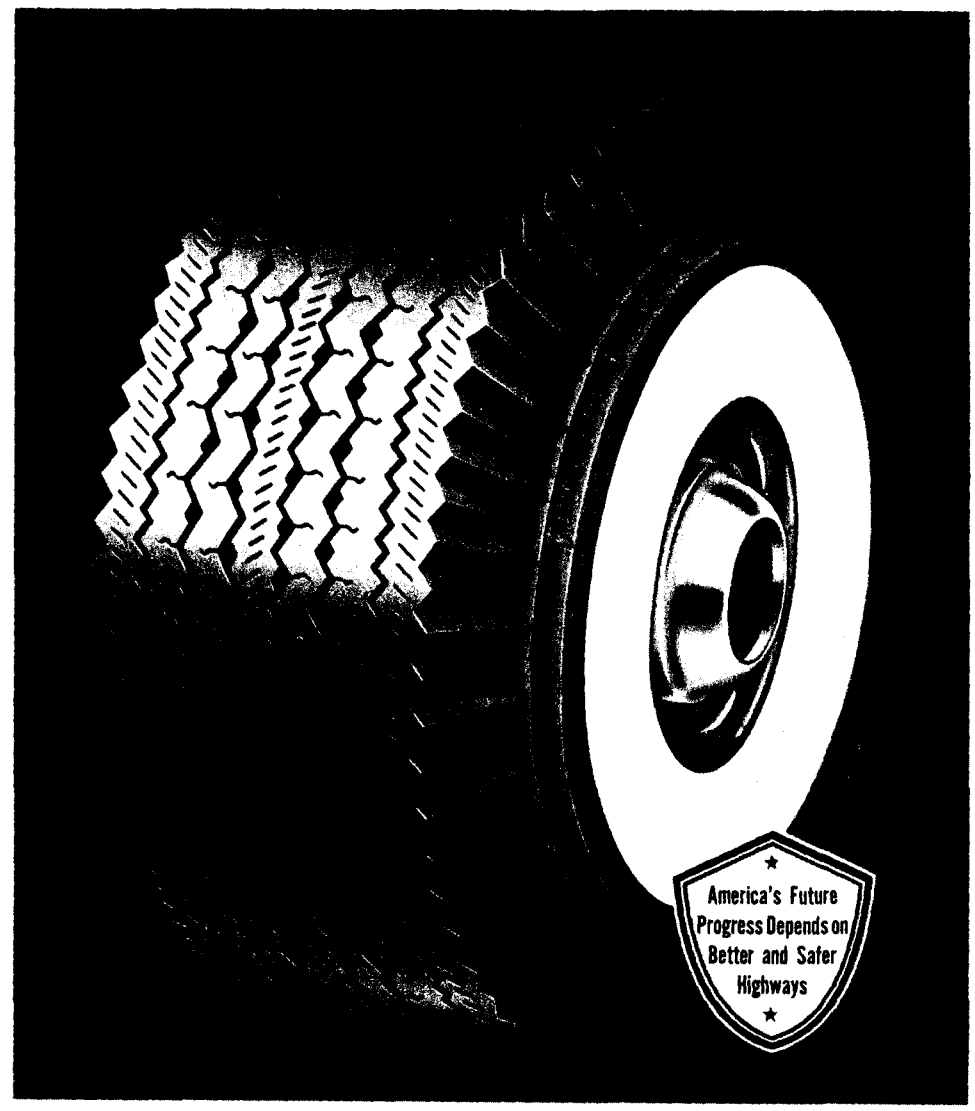

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duped—probably because he misjudged someone's character. That happens all the time."

"Does it?"

"Of course," Devry replied with affable conviction. "Take here and now. You and I—sitting here, neither of us with a single fact concerning the other. And yet I'll bet we've both drawn conclusions about each other."

"Very general ones, I'm sure. Don't ever trust them."

Devry smiled, and with unlooked-for directness, he said, "What are yours about me?"

FOR the first time, Bellingham felt slightly irritated. "Don't be ridiculous," he said.

"No," Devry insisted. "I mean it. Tell me."

"No."

"Just for the sake of passing time. It will take our minds off the ride."

"Do you really want to know?" Bellingham said.

"Yes."

Bellingham waited, seemed to be measuring Devry with a parental eye for discipline in line with a not-too-serious offense. Then he said, "All right. I think you're a silly young man who has been bothering me with a lot of meaningless chatter, probably because you've been spoiled most of your life by money, glitter and too many frivolous people, and aren't able to face the quiet and solitude of your own mind for any length of time. Either that, or you're a complete rogue who is—for reasons known only to you—trying to lull me into a state of defenselessness."

Devry was amused, or pretended to be. Good-naturedly, he said, "Wonderful. Sorry my judgment of you doesn't have such color."

"Doesn't it?"

"Do you have a family?"

"No," Bellingham said unhesitatingly.

"Then I'm wrong for the first part. But generally you seem to me a civilized, gentle soul, probably completely absorbed by a rose garden in Malvern and stuffy business affairs in Southampton."

Bellingham smiled warmly. "You're absolutely correct," he said.

Devry's handsome face reflected some satisfaction. It was hard to say whether he was very silly or very smug. In any case, he was friendly, perhaps a little too much so, and Bellingham stood up.

"Will you excuse me?" he said.

Devry said, "Yes, of course," and Bellingham removed himself from the compartment. Immediately, Devry began to rifle through Bellingham's belongings. He was very expert about it.

Bellingham's topcoat yielded only a small check or ticket. It seemed to puzzle Devry at first. Then he slipped it into his pocket. From the baggage rack he took down the valise and brief case. Nothing in the valise proved interesting. The rubbers that were packed away to keep Bellingham's feet dry brought a smile to Devry's face. With deft fingers he replaced the contents of the valise, snapped it shut, and hoisted it to the baggage rack. Next, the brief case. Devry unzipped it, slipped his hand inside, pulled out the automatic with the silencer mechanism still attached. He looked thoughtfully at the gun and gradually a sly glint came into his eyes. Then he quickly slipped the weapon back, zipped the case shut, and was in the process of replacing it on the baggage rack when Bellingham reentered the compartment.

COLLIER'S **"Thank heaven for the silence of space!"** RAY FOREST

Bellingham slid the door shut behind him and stared at the younger man, whose animation had become suddenly suspended.

"How awkward," Devry said. A sick smile crawled to his lips.

Bellingham said nothing.

Devry, recovering himself slowly, said, "You are not going to call the guard, are you?"

"It's a possibility," Bellingham answered.

Instantly Devry drew a nickel-plated .38 automatic from his jacket. "Don't," he said. He said it with quiet authority. And real or fake, Bellingham obeyed it.

"Do you mind?" Devry said courteously as he reached inside Bellingham's breast pocket. The envelope came out. "Well," he said, hefting it. "Heavy enough, isn't it?"

Then, with his teeth, he tore open the envelope which contained the four thousand pounds. He pressed it by the narrow ends to make it billow and looked into it; he seemed quite impressed. He looked back at Bellingham, wide-eyed, pleased, a kind of conceit in his manner.

"Let's sit down, shall we?" he said. "There's no point in being uncomfortable."

"You're a common thief," Bellingham said, sitting down.

"That's a trite way of putting it."

"Trite but true."

"I like to think of myself as uncommon. In any case, there's nothing common about you, is there? How much is in this envelope? Quite a chunk from the looks of it."

"Why don't you count it for yourself?" Bellingham suggested.

"I shall," Devry assured him. "Later. But at the moment I'd prefer to sit here until the next stop—at which point I'll leave you with many thanks. We can chat in the meantime, if you like."

"I find your conversation a bit expensive."

"I find yours profitable."

In a sincere, even tone of voice, Bellingham said, "I worked hard for that money."

"Did you now?"

"I did."

"There'll be more for you, I'm sure."

Bellingham looked away from him. "One doesn't grow younger, you know," he said, a wistful quality coming into his already hushed voice. "Opportunities occur less frequently as time goes by, and I've come to—old age—and its many accompanying factors"—he looked directly at Devry—"including the use of medicinal drugs." Wearily he reached into his pocket. "Do you mind?"

Devry alerted himself. "What is it?" he demanded quickly.

"Thiamin," Bellingham replied, bringing out a small, white box. "In powder form."

Devry relaxed and said, "Go right ahead."

Bellingham removed a powder from the box. "Physician's advice," he said, unfolding the paper. "I follow it to the letter."

"Very sound," commented Devry. "Don't you need water?"

By this time Bellingham had put the open paper with the contents on it to his mouth, having leaned forward toward Devry, whose face was already very close to the operation. "No," he answered. He blew sharply across the paper at Devry. The powdered substance flew into Devry's eyes; it blinded him. He sprang to his feet, clutching at his face in agony. "What in the hell!" he shrieked. The urbanity had left his voice. "My eyes!" he screamed in pain. "You've blinded me!"

HIS complaint had merit, but Bellingham was concerned only with the automatic which had fallen on the seat. While Devry did his tortured dance around the compartment, Bellingham retrieved it. "You'll be all right in a moment or two," he said.

Devry continued to stagger about and move back and forth compulsively in the small area, gasping and moaning in pain. For several moments, it was as though violent motion itself brought him relief. "My eyes! I can't see, I tell you!"

"I believe you," Bellingham said.

"What have you done?"

"There's no need for alarm. It's only table pepper." Such a simple device, he thought, so accessible and uncomplicated. Bellingham had Chu Yick to thank for much.

Devry sat down blindly. "What a diabolical trick," he said.

Bellingham took back his four thousand pounds, saying, "It's all a question of your point of view."

"Yes, isn't it?" the other said bitterly. "It will wear off in just a moment."

Devry shook his head and blinked. "My eyes," he repeated wretchedly.

Bellingham extended his pocket handkerchief. "Here. Use this."

Devry accepted it blindly. "I don't suppose you could have warned me," he said.

"One must create opportunities when they don't create themselves."

"No old Arabian proverbs, please."

"As you like."

And quite bitterly, Devry said, "To think I watched you get on this train at

COLLIER'S **"George wants me to give up my career and marry him. He doesn't know I've made a career out of getting him to marry me"** KATE OSANN

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Southampton and thought you were a sitting duck—just the man to finance my immediate future. Ha."

Bellingham held the gun lightly, but in readiness. "Life is filled with disappointments," he said.

"Yes, isn't it? I hope you won't be too disappointed to learn I have no aunt in Kidderminster."

"Not too disappointed. What was your immediate future to have been?"

"I've forgotten by now."

"Were you planning to leave the country perhaps?"

"You must be psychic."

"Trouble with the police?"

"Very psychic."

"You should have kept going in a straight line."

"You distracted me," Devry said, now able to see again and almost entirely recovered, except for some redness of the eyes. "You looked so sedate, predictable and well-moneyed." He stopped, seemed suddenly to realize his probable fate, and with no trace of cynicism, he said, "I say, you are a reasonable fellow, aren't you? I mean, you wouldn't just turn me over to the police, would you?"

"Why not?"

Devry was stuck for a logical answer. "Well, you'd get so little satisfaction out of it," he said.

"Oh, you'll have to do better than that," Bellingham told him.

"Well," Devry said, "the point is, you've quite outmaneuvered me. I defer to a superior intellect."

"And armament," Bellingham added.

"So what good really would it do to turn me in?"

"You're looking for mercy?"

"For understanding, let us say—for one small kindness in an otherwise unkind world."

"How charming."

"You can think of it as charity—I don't care," Devry continued. "Perhaps I don't rate it, but really what would you lose? You might blight an otherwise useful life. I might go into trade—or become productive—raise a family—"

Bellingham laughed.

"Well, who knows?" Devry said almost irritably.

"Yes, of course—who does know?" Bellingham said.

"Things could change," Devry went on in a put-upon tone, but not an impolite one. "Up to now there've been too few opportunities and too many policemen."

"Yes," Bellingham agreed. "They arrest people on the silliest provocations—robbery, for example."

THE remark struck Devry like a barbed whip. He grew visibly defiant. "Well, they won't arrest me, I can tell you," he said defiantly.

"Won't they?"

And after a calculated pause, Devry said, "No."

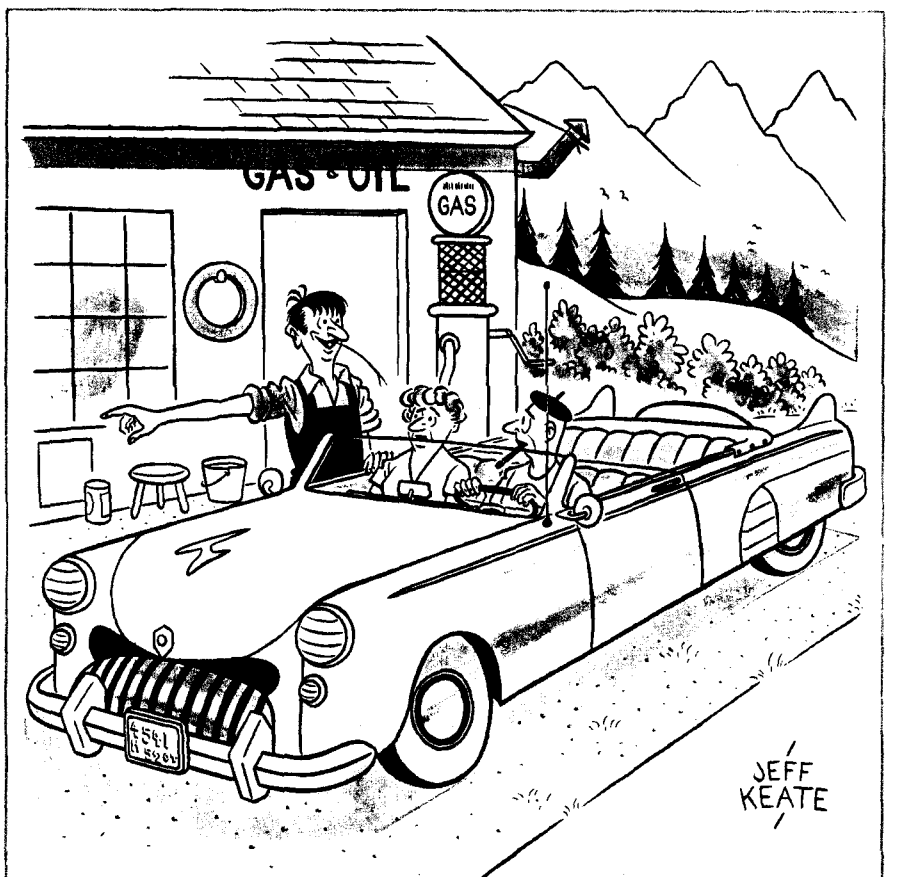
Bellingham studied him for several moments. Devry's attitude was not subtle. Clearly, he had some hidden counterplot, and was waiting for Bellingham to fall victim to it. Bellingham decided not to do this, and Devry's hand was forced. After a silence, he said, "But let's not talk about it. I'd rather you told me what you thought of Ankara while you were there?"

Bellingham, keeping the gun hidden on the window side of his body, said without a pause, "Did I say I'd been in Ankara?"

Devry produced the little ticket he'd taken from Bellingham's coat. "No," he said. "You distinctly said Southampton. But this claim check says Ankara." He showed it to Bellingham. "Unless Southampton has recently fallen into Turkish hands and that's the new spelling."

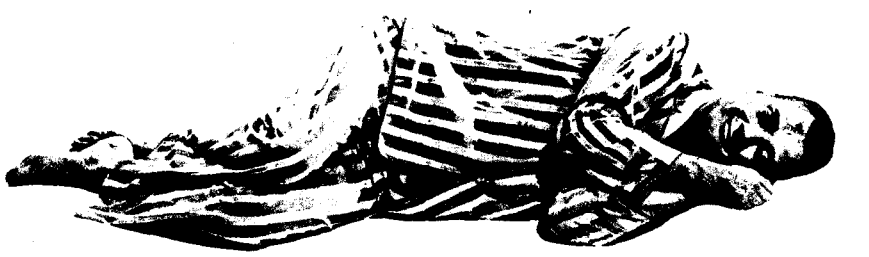
Bellingham looked at the check and said nothing.

"And incidentally," Devry continued, very pleased with himself, "I left your gun *with* silencer in the brief case, so

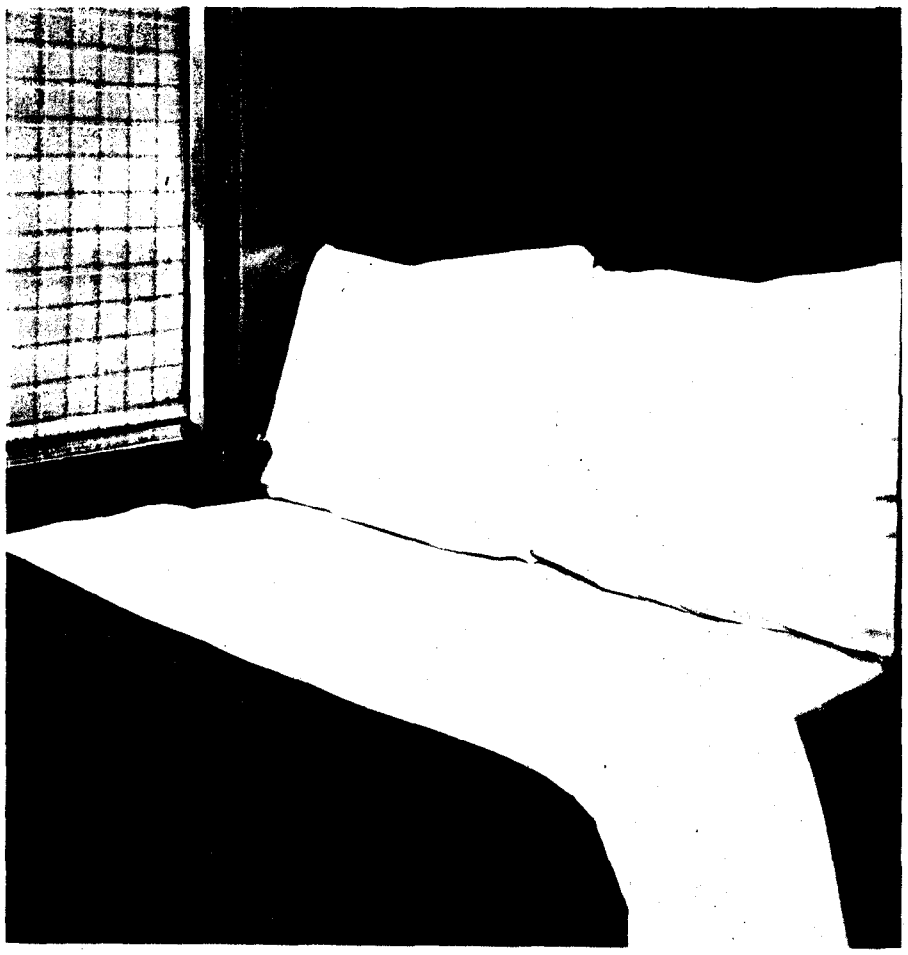


"Pittsburgh? Go down this road about eight miles until you come to a big red barn and then ask someone else. That's as far as I've ever been from here . . ."

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE



The right place to lie down on the job



Even the "boss" realizes you're *on the job* here. For when you Go Pullman, he knows you'll get a good night's rest. And that you'll arrive clear-eyed and wide-awake. *On time*, too, thanks to those dependable train schedules. Next time you go . . .

Take it easy

GO PULLMAN

COMFORTABLE, CONVENIENT AND SAFE

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you needn't worry about that. A .32, isn't it? Baretta makes a nice one."

"I'm afraid you're confused," Bellingham said.

"Fascinated is the word," Devry said. "And can you blame me? You see, I think you were the last man to see this Hakete fellow alive."

"You're mad."

"Possibly. But that's what I intend to say to anyone who will listen if you turn me over to the police."

"That's quite stupid of you," Bellingham said.

"I don't think it's stupid at all," Devry said, folding his arms across his chest.

"Ah, but it is," Bellingham insisted. "Whether I am this fellow or not, I never had any intention of turning you over to the police."

DEVRY eyed him carefully, but said nothing. "Does that shock you?" Bellingham asked him cheerfully.

"You're a liar."

"No. Up to this moment you didn't matter to me. You were almost amusing, as a matter of fact. But now—through the sheerest kind of wild guessing—you're a hazard—to me, and to others."

Devry's eyes narrowed. "What do you mean?"

"I think you're perceptive enough to know," Bellingham said.

"No, no," Devry said, stiffening and leaning forward. "What do you mean? Tell me."

"I'm going to kill you," Bellingham said simply.

Devry's eyes became perfect circles of fear. "Kill me?" he gasped.

"If I'm the person you say—I'm afraid I must."

"But you can't mean that!"

"Lower your voice, please."

"Listen—"

"I can't stand shouting."

"I'll whisper if you like. I didn't mean a word of what I said. It was a shot in the dark."

"It found its mark, unfortunately."

"Listen," Devry pleaded, his veneer chipping off. "This is no time for face-saving. If pleading will help any, I'll plead—on my knees, if need be—"

"That wouldn't appeal to me."

"Send me to prison," Devry begged. "I won't mind at all. Turn me over to the first policeman you see. That's fair enough, isn't it? I won't say any of that nonsense I was spouting before—not to anyone—I swear it. Really, you must give me a chance—"

"What I do, I don't do out of vengeance or personal animosity."

"But I'm only thirty-six years old."

"Which entitles you to nothing."

"But to *kill* me—" Devry said, panic-stricken. "No, you can't."

"To kill you now is meaningful," Bellingham said musingly.

"Meaningful?"

Bellingham continued his thought. "A certain pattern is evident throughout history, and men—so-called good and bad alike—have never been able to alter it one whit."

"Oh, dear God."

"It is only intelligent to work *within* that pattern."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

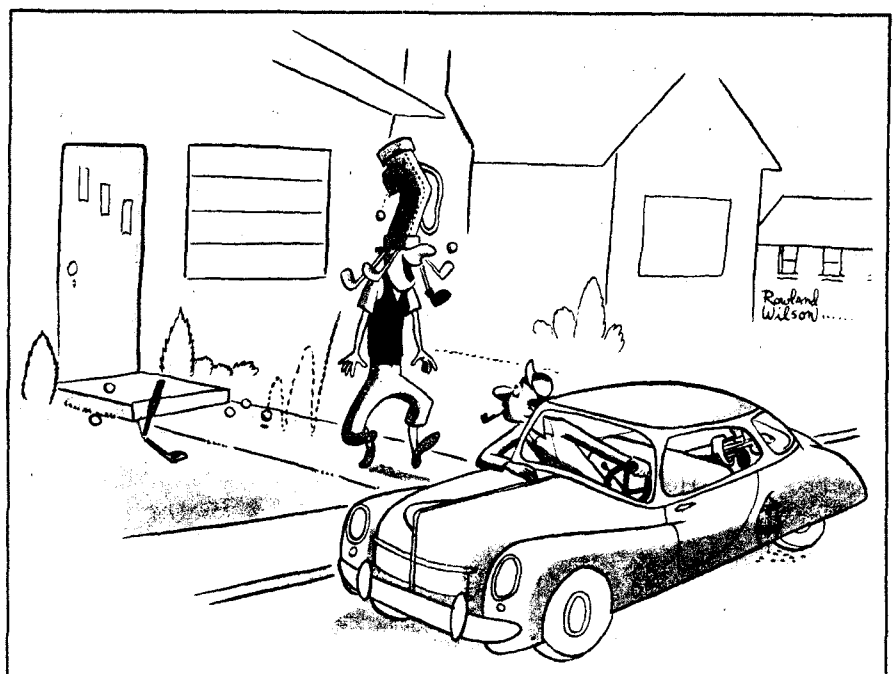
"We don't, as a rule, delight in the pain of others," Bellingham explained. "But we unavoidably inflict pain in the process of living—of creating."

"Of killing?"

"Of killing," Bellingham answered. "Very often in order to sustain life."

"But why *me?*"

"You know too much."



COLLIER'S **"It's okay. She said I could go"** ROWLAND WILSON

"I don't! I was just guessing! I don't know a blasted thing!"

Bellingham glanced out of the window. "We're coming into Tewkesbury in just a few minutes," he announced.

"Listen—please—"

"I think we should prepare to leave the train."

"Won't you just—"

"It stops for only five minutes, and I shouldn't want to miss getting back on."

Devry's mouth was open, his expression was intense and anguished. He said nothing to his captor, who sat in stony calm, disregarding his pleading, but anger mounted within him and mixed itself into his fear. His eyes began to blaze with it. Then he said, "You're just a murderer."

It was the first time a victim of Bellingham's had had the opportunity to express himself before his end. Bellingham waited.

"Despite the lofty way you explain it—you *enjoy* killing—yes, *enjoy*. You want to kill me for the sense of power it gives you."

"I'm expected in Malvern shortly," Bellingham said, standing up.

"You're glad of the *reason* to kill me. You like to think of yourself as a man with some kind of mission—I can tell that from listening to you—but you're just a homicidal maniac."

"Get up, please."

"You've found a justification for your blood lust—"

"Please."

"Blood lust—yes! Nothing more, nothing less."

Bellingham pressed the gun against Devry's head. "I could shoot you here and call it self-defense, you know," he said. "And I would, but for the delay it would cause me."

Devry's shower of invective stopped. Tense, scared, angry, he stood up slowly. He was not the same suave-looking young man who had first entered the compartment. Bellingham slipped the automatic into his pocket. "Shall we?" he said, nodding toward the compartment door.

The wheel and track noise was greater in the aisle. Several passengers squeezed by them going in both directions. Devry made no desperate moves. With his fine-looking topcoat over his arm, he preceded Bellingham toward the platform door at the end of the coach. The cantata came into Bellingham's head again, but he dismissed it, fixing his eyes on his captive's back. The train was slowing down.

But it was not slowing down enough to suit Bellingham. For the first time in his life he felt uncertain of what he was doing. Never before had he spent so much time with a target, never with a man who knew he was marked. That was it, perhaps—this man knew.

"Where are we going?" Devry asked.

"To the station washroom," Bellingham said.

"Couldn't you pick something better than that?" Devry asked seriously.

Bellingham suddenly felt uneasy. No one ever called him a murderer before. He thought of it as he looked at Devry's fingers gripping the window bar, the knuckles white. Blood lust was something else Devry had spoken of. Impatient at his unexpected emotion, Bellingham prodded Devry through the platform. The cantata ran through his head again; he suddenly remembered that it was called *Ich habe genug.* It is enough. Enough, no more; the words flashed through his mind; it gave him no satisfaction to remember them. Something else was gnawing at him. Good God, was it possible to have a blood lust without knowing it? he wondered—a blood lust disguised as something else, disguised and buried so deep that it was never seen for what it was? What a horrible thought. And what nonsense, too, he insisted to himself. I'm losing my grip.

At the opposite end of the coach, the guard put his head in the door. "Tewkesbury," he announced. The train stopped.

THEY moved from the car quickly, but without the obtrusiveness of haste. Bellingham set the pace. A few scattered passengers exchanged platform for train. Not one of them even looked at the two men. Devry's doom was assured. Despite this or, perhaps, because of it, Bellingham couldn't quite rid himself of his uneasiness. His thoughts continued to rush at him. He knew he must kill this man and yet he did not want to—not out of pity, but for a reason more personally oppressive to Bellingham.

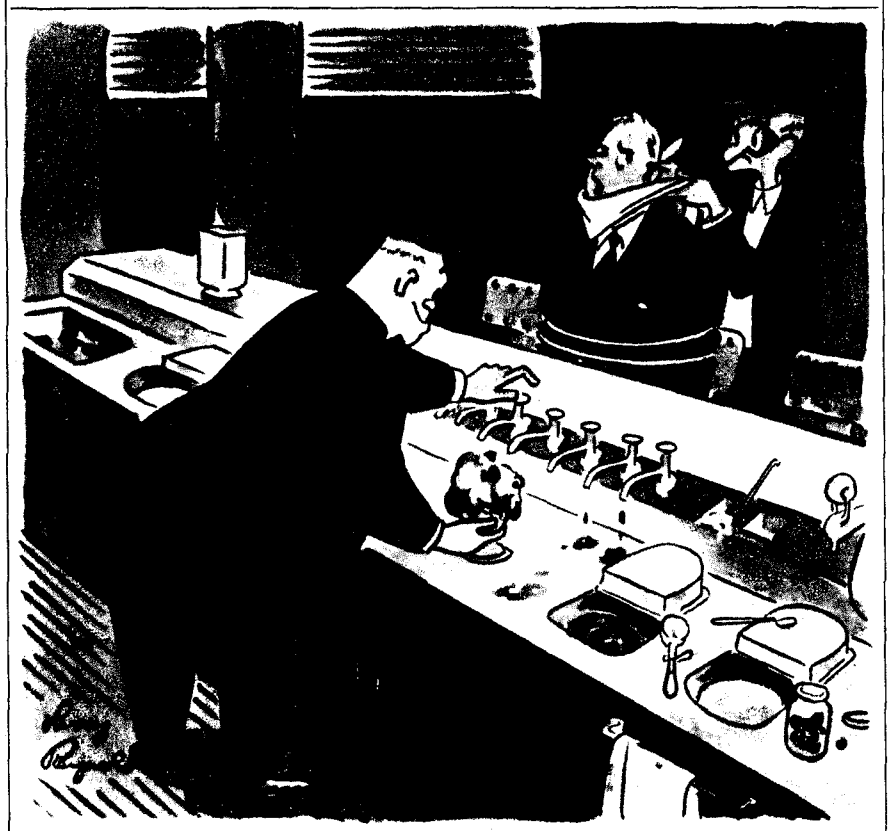
For the first time in his life he sensed peril from within rather than from outside himself. And this was like falling into a trap where one would least expect to find a trap—within his own well-ordered mind. Nonsense, he thought again, setting his usually relaxed mouth in a hard line of determination. Must get this over with quickly. That's all. He reminded Devry of his vigilance with a touch of the concealed gun.

The station was small, pleasant and sunlit. Its washroom proved to be little more than a closet off the waiting room. No one was about.

"What would you say if I told you I was not going to kill you?" he asked the younger man once they were inside.

"What?" Devry gasped happily, a hint of hysteria in his voice. "Not kill me?"

BUTCH



COLLIER'S **"You mind blindfolding me, too? I can't stand watching that accomplice of yours"** LARRY REYNOLDS

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"Don't turn around just yet," Bellingham warned.

"No, no, of course not. Anything you say."

"Calm yourself," Bellingham advised gently.

"Yes, yes, of course. Anything at all—anything."

Bellingham seemed all the while to be listening for something. Then, at the instant the train whistle emitted its prolonged warning blast of departure, Bellingham shot Devry through the back of the head.

THE report of the .38 automatic wasn't loud enough to rise above a competing noise of any power. Devry fell dead on his face before the shrill blast had ended. He had caused no fuss in that final moment when Bellingham waited for the train whistle to cover the shot. He obviously died happy, believing that he was going to be spared. The device had served both men well. Bellingham pocketed the gun.

Now the train must be about to move, he thought. I'll reach the station platform just as it begins to pull away, but it will be moving slowly enough for me to board in safety. Once I am alone again, I will be able to think clearly, he told himself. Then he went out.

There were three men in the waiting room—two of them were uniformed policemen, the other clearly a plain-clothes man. They all stared at him with painfully official neutrality. They stood between him and freedom. He heard the train chugging in preparation.

He returned the stare, hesitated but a fraction of a second, and smiled his wistful smile at them. "I'd best hurry," he commented, "or I'll miss my train."

The policeman in civilian clothes stepped into his path. "I'm afraid you will, sir," he said. One of the uniformed ones placed himself near the waiting-room door that led to the platform.

"I'm sorry," Bellingham said. "I don't understand."

"I'm Inspector Wickes, if names matter to you," the other explained.

"I'm about to miss my train," Bellingham said.

"Is Devry in there?"

"Devry?" Bellingham repeated uncomprehendingly.

One of the other men, a sergeant, went wordlessly to the washroom door. He had the answer very quickly. So had the inspector, who looked at Devry's body on the washroom floor with some surprise. "We didn't consider this a possibility," he said.

"Why'd you knock him off?" the sergeant asked, searching Bellingham and relieving him of Devry's gun.

Bellingham's lips parted but nothing came out. His eyes swam helplessly; he felt the bitter humor of his situation.

"We've been tailing your friend Devry here for two days," the inspector went on.

"My friend Devry?" Bellingham repeated, and nearly laughed.

"Hoping he would lead us to some of his colleagues."

"I'm not a colleague," Bellingham said quietly.

"We followed you both from the train," the inspector countered. "You seemed quite a bit like colleagues then, walking arm in arm."

"Why'd you bump him?" the other policeman asked again.

Bellingham was not smiling, but he seemed to be. He stared off into space and heard the engine chugging in the distance now. He had missed his train.

"Care to tell us about this?"

"No, I would not," he answered.

"Do you deny killing Devry?"

"I couldn't very well, could I?" Bellingham said, weighing the facts quickly.

"Not very well," the inspector said.

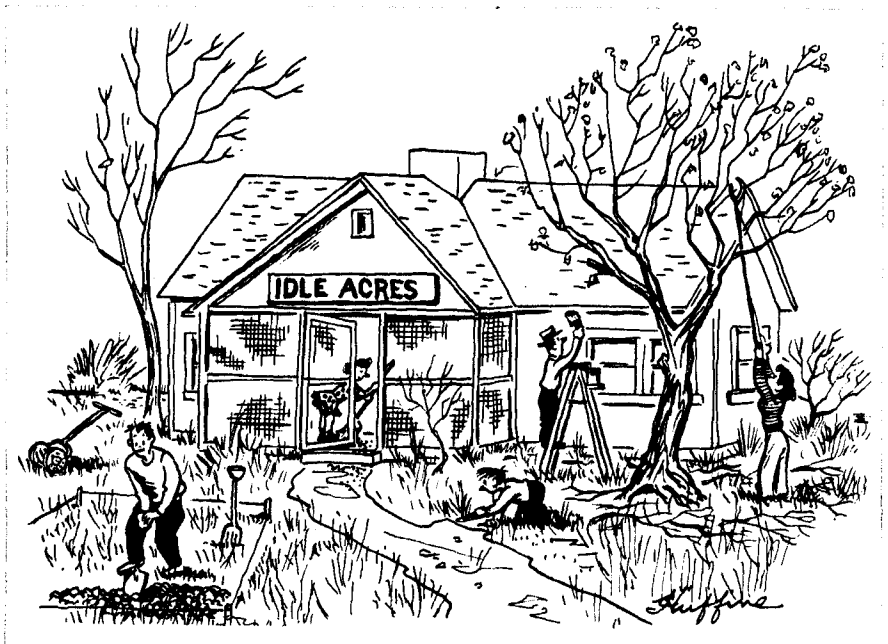
SINCE Bellingham could call on no one for help he didn't think about it; only his recent doubts occupied his mind—those and the thought of his family's eventual torment and mystification.

Bellingham smiled wryly to think that the murder he'd just committed would not influence a single digit of the stock-market reports. The cabinet of no government would convene because of it. He hadn't even received payment for it. It was unimportant and senseless and embarrassingly fatal—and it had destroyed the whole tenor and plan of his life. An unlooked-for encounter, a mere accident, had completely obliterated all the security he had so carefully established.

"It might make things easier for you if you told us a few things now," the inspector said.

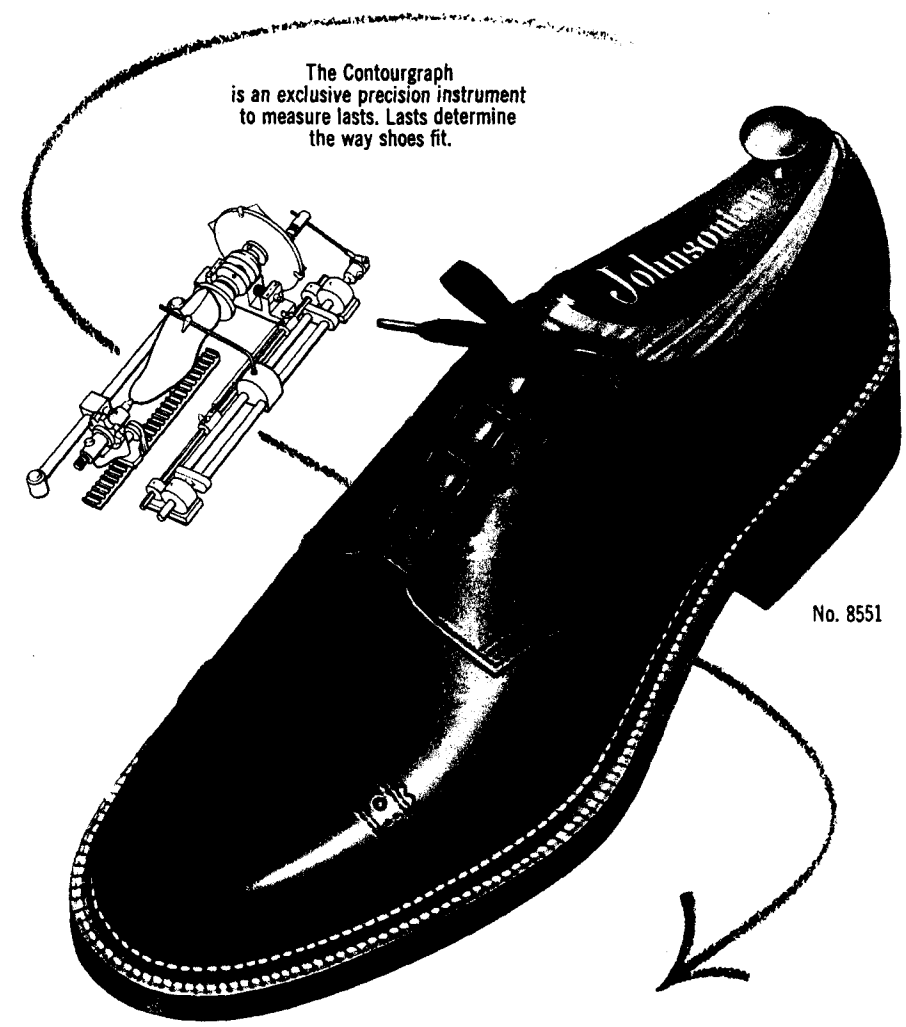
"Would it?" Bellingham asked. And then he lapsed into what was going to be a long silence. ▲▲▲

An earlier version of this story was presented in dramatic form on the television program Danger



COLLIER'S DAVID HUFFINE

You Can FEEL MEASURED FIT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Atlanta's Most Glamorous Women

From the heart of the South comes evidence that there's nothing like a Southern belle

THE legend of the "Southern belle" endures because it perpetuates itself with every generation of Southern women. According to The Nine O'Clocks, a 70-year-old Atlanta bachelors' club, Georgia's biggest city is the heartland of contemporary Southern beauty. Its women combine the charm of the Old South with the vitality of the New. Who best represents the glamor of Atlanta's women? The Nine O'Clocks, with a courteous bow to every lady in Atlanta, have chosen the following as typical of the city's belles. Left to right, middle row:

Mrs. Alvin Cates, Jr., 32, is the mother of 12- and 4-year-old daughters. Her husband is vice-president of a realty company.

Mrs. John W. Yopp, 21, daughter of Mrs. Hawkins Hopkins, is a recent bride. Her husband is a U.S. Air Force lieutenant. Her great-grandfather wrote Georgia's first code of laws.

Mrs. Justus C. Martin, Jr., 26, is married to one of Atlanta's most prominent brokers. She is the granddaughter of the late Senator John S. Cohen, former editor of the Atlanta Journal.

Mrs. Clark Howell, wife of the publisher of The Atlanta Constitution, has two sons and three grandchildren—two boys and a girl, all under four.

Mrs. James D. Robinson, Jr., in whose home the picture was made, has 15-year-old and 5-year-old daughters, and a son of 17. Her husband is chairman of the board of the First National Bank of Atlanta.

Mrs. Jack Adair, 30, was born in Montevideo, Uruguay, a daughter of one of South America's oldest and finest families. Her husband is president of an Atlanta realty firm.

Mrs. Glenville A. Giddings, 21, was Miss Sally Clay before her marriage last summer to a young doctor. General Lucius Clay of Berlin air-lift fame, now chairman of the board of Continental Can Company, Inc., is her great-uncle.

Standing, rear:

Mrs. William H. Black II is the daughter of golf's grand master, Robert Tyre (Bobby) Jones, Jr. She is 27 and married to a young automobile salesman.

Mrs. McKee Nunnally, 32, has a 9-year-old son and a 5-year-old daughter. She is on the board of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. Her husband is a partner in a stock and bond firm.

Seated on floor:

Miss Louise Mandeville, 18, is a freshman at Sweet Briar College in Virginia. Her father is southeastern manager of Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.

Miss Telside Matthews, 21, is a debutante of last winter, and a descendant of an old New Orleans family. Her father is a lawyer.

Like true Southern belles, these ladies represent the enduring qualities of the South—beauty and charm, grace and elegance, a past full of memories and a future as bright as the springtime sun.

ANNIE LOU HARDY

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HALLECK FINLEY

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The Case of the Killer Dogs

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Anyway, he was delighted to think of an evening alone with Lib. He had questions to ask her, questions he had kept buried deep in his heart for a long time. The dog hunt promised him a few hours of privacy, free from the neighbors who seemed to have made a sort of club of the charming remodeled farmhouse where Lib lived. Then Dicky had disappeared.

The hunters had been gone about an hour, and twilight was just fading out into darkness, when Dicky was missed. For nearly an hour the six-year-old boy had been greatly distressed by the absence of a beagle pup named Sorrowful that was the apple of his eye. Dogs of any kind would not be safe in the woods that night. The countryside had been warned to keep its pets at home. Trigger-happy hunters were not going to hold their fire to look for license tags. Sorrowful had gone AWOL, and Dicky was near tears. And then suddenly Dicky was among the missing. The inference was clear: he'd gone off on his stumpy legs to find Sorrowful.

Lib would, under ordinary circumstances, have headed the search for her small son, but Lib was anchored in the big chair before the fire because of a broken ankle. Macklyn, secretly cursing Dicky and Sorrowful, was the only person who could go. Every other able-bodied man was off in the hunting party.

"He can't have got very far," Macklyn said reassuringly to Lib Crowder.

Taking the shotgun on Lib's insistence, Macklyn set out, first around the barns and sheds, and then finally circling wider until he reached the edge of the woods, always calling Dicky. Just as he was about to retrace his steps he saw, at the edge of the woods, the tiny imprint of Dicky's overshoes in the unmelted snow. He started to follow the trail, lost it after five minutes, continued on until here he was, three hours later, hopelessly lost, exasperated and indignant.

He flicked on his lighter, lighted a cigarette, and inhaled the smoke deep into his lungs. At the same time, he thought he heard something moving in the brush directly in front of him. He tried holding the lighter above his head, but it didn't do any good.

And then the moon came out from behind a cloud, and Macklyn saw the killer.

CATCHING the wild dogs was serious business. The Cuylers, Digger March, Van Anderson and a half dozen others had drawn lots to see who would sacrifice a calf as bait for the dogs. Two young calves had been taken out into the woods, butchered, and left there in the hope that the winter breezes would carry the smell of warm blood to the hungry pack and bring them from their hiding place into ambush. What Macklyn saw, or thought he saw, was the dark shape of a black Angus calf, lying in its own blood in a patch of snow, with the killer's nose at the throat.

Macklyn felt the hair rising on the back of his neck. He had never seen such an animal before in his life. The dog had raised its head from the dark, bleeding mass in front of it, evidently attracted by Macklyn's cigarette lighter. It didn't move or start. In the moonlight its eyes, set in grayish-brown fur, were a baleful yellow. Its lips were drawn back slightly along a row of murderous white fangs.

Across a space of fifteen yards, man and dog stared at each other, and the fear was all in the man. The animal was, Macklyn guessed, some kind of sinister cross between great Dane and German shepherd. For a few seconds Macklyn waited expectantly for the roar of gunfire. He had stumbled on an ambush where the hunters would be waiting for the sight of dog or dogs. But there was no sound except an ominous rumble in the throat of the beast staring at Macklyn.

"It seems to me he could have caught the murderer without all that sordid carrying on with that blonde"

COLLIER'S KIRK

Macklyn had no experience to call on in this moment. He was not a hunter. He could not turn the woods to his advantage. He had no skill with a gun, and the gun which lay on the ground beside him was not loaded and he hadn't bothered to familiarize himself with its mechanism. The moon would be gone in an instant and he couldn't hope to load the gun in the dark. He couldn't do it till he had this much light again and then he'd have to concentrate on the job. That monstrous dog could be on him in a flash—while he simply reached out his hand for the gun.

The cigarette scorched Macklyn's fingers, and he dropped it in the snow, involuntarily flicking the ashes off his fingers. The rumble grew louder in the dog's throat, and it seemed to Macklyn that the animal crouched a little, as if preparing to spring. Macklyn's behavior then wasn't thought out: it was instinctive. If he remained absolutely motionless, the dog might decide there was no danger and go back to his feeding. So Macklyn sat there, his mouth and throat so dry it ached, his heart pounding against his ribs.

The dog seemed to be thinking it out, too. The yellow eyes never left Macklyn. And then an extraordinary thing happened: the bait moved. Instantly the dog pounced at it, pinioning it with his paws, worrying at it with his mouth.

Macklyn was too frightened to think clearly. The calves had been killed for bait early that day, hours and hours ago. How the dead animal could move was a matter Macklyn didn't stop to consider. The movement had distracted the killer which was all Macklyn cared about. Slowly he reached down with his right hand, feeling along the ground for the shotgun. He heard another sound, bloodcurdlingly human, from the dog.

Then Macklyn was on his feet, the gun gripped in his right hand, and he thought: I'm going to faint, and instantly thought again: I'm going to die!

The sense of undiluted horror was so great that Macklyn felt he must burst open with it.

The gurgling human sound did not seem to come from the dog but from the bait. Something thrashed out in the snow as the dog pounced again, gnawing and slavering. A man's hand and arm! The bait was no calf. It was a man—a man who still lived, a man at whose throat the dog snarled and ripped.

A sound that had been bottled in Macklyn since he was fifteen years old split the night. He screamed at the top of his lungs.

LIB CROWDER was not yet afraid. She sat in her chair before the fire, which had burned down to a few red ashes on the hearth. It was too difficult for her to move her injured ankle off the puff on which it rested, wrestle with her crutches, and try to get fresh logs on the irons.

She wasn't too anxious about Macklyn, only ruefully amused at the way her plans had gone awry. Lib Crowder's world had been whirling dizzily around her for almost two years now, too complex to handle, and most of her basic sense of values was obscured. She needed an anchor, and she had reached out into the past for Macklyn. Macklyn imagined that Lib hadn't the slightest idea that he was in love with her, and had always been in love with her. He had always been entirely circumspect, a friend of the family, his affection placed in a carefully hidden niche that Lib would never see. But Lib was a woman, and a sensitive one at that, and she had always known, from the very first day, how he really felt. It was right and proper that how he felt should never be brought to the surface, or he would have had to give up his friendship for her and for Lucian.

She had met them both, Lucian and Macklyn, at the same cocktail party. Crowder and Graves were the fair-haired boys of Broadway then. Lucian Crowder had money, and Macklyn Graves had taste and wisdom about the theater. Between them they had set up a producing firm that had three hits going that season and several plays in the works. The two men had great respect for each other, and their talents meshed perfectly. Lucian was a complete extrovert, could charm his way through any situation, could handle the most temperamental actress, author or director. "I'm old Joe Public Relations himself," Lucian conceded.

Macklyn was the member of the firm who knew the theater, who could find gold in a new script, who could sweat it out with the author, whose taste was impeccable, who knew theatrical technique backward and how to keep its slip from showing.

JOINTLY Lucian and Macklyn had the Midas touch. Mutual respect was a basis for mutual fondness. But no two men could have been basically more different. Lucian was a sportsman—a polo player, crack golfer, a man who had lived most of his life outdoors and loved any sport that could be played under the sun. Macklyn was a frustrated artist who had had the good sense to turn his talent to promoting the arts instead of trying to be of them. He was quiet and controlled, and his feelings were deeper than those of Lucian, who was always protesting how deep his feelings were. But it was Lucian who had swept Lib off her feet, married her, and made her, with only the vaguest reservations, happier than she had ever dreamed of being. There had been the duplex apartment in New York, and the model farm here near Sharon. There had been Dicky.

And then there had been the day when Lucian, currently a mad amateur aviator, had flown his private Cub plane, against advice of airport officials, out over Long Island Sound into an approaching thunderstorm and had never been seen again.

For months after that Lib clung to the hope that Lucian would be found—even after bits of the Cub's wreckage had been picked up by yachtsmen off Westport. Of course, Macklyn had stood by. But so had her many newly made friends near Sharon: Grace and Larry Cuyler, Van Anderson, Digby March and others. Finances hadn't been quite what everyone thought. Lucian had had money to start with, and he had made money, but he had also spent it freely on their living and on polo ponies, planes and foreign sport cars. Lib found, as she gradually made adjustments, that it was now a case of this *or* that, not this *and* that. She decided, for Dicky's sake, to give up the apartment in town and settle down on the Sharon farm. That was when her life had begun to whirl dizzily. After a very short time, she rediscovered the fact that she was extremely attractive to men, that she didn't like living alone, that she had to consider Dicky when it came to choosing a stepfather for him and that the one man for whom she had a really deep and abiding affection, Macklyn, was making no move in her direction at all.

She understood Macklyn. She knew he felt that there would have to be a considerable passage of time before she could choose anyone without loneliness being a strong factor in the choice. She knew he felt that her tastes in life had developed away from his during her marriage to Lucian, that he couldn't change his own way of life for her, and that he wouldn't ask her to change hers for his. But if Macklyn chose to wait, others did not, and that fact forced Lib's hand.

Fred Fowler was the final forcing element. He was a feature writer for a big newspaper syndicate, and he turned up as a house guest of Digby March's. March owned the big, model black Angus farm which bordered Lib's property to the north. At first glance Fowler seemed an unattractive bear of a man.

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He was tall, almost obesely fat, his clothes sloppy and apparently bought off the rack in a secondhand shop. But he had a great, warm heart, a brilliant mind, and he was almost a genius with Dicky. He could tell endless stories and he seemed somehow to be able to get on a footing of equality with the small boy. Fowler was staying with Digger March to recuperate, he said, from pneumonia, which had nearly carried him off. Digger March, a bachelor who was some sort of power behind the throne in state politics, was only at home week ends, and Fred Fowler had developed the habit of aiming for Lib's about cocktail time every afternoon. It became apparent to Lib, after a very short time, that he was not simply flirting with her. Fred Fowler had fallen hopelessly in love with her. She knew that any day now the moment would come when Fred would ask her the question that was in his eyes every moment they were together.

It was not a question she could answer lightly. With every word, with every awkward gesture of his big body, Fred Fowler was pleading with her to love him, to marry him, to let him take care of her and Dicky. Without the definite proposal having been made, Lib knew that a refusal from her would be a crushing blow to Fred. He was like a man who had never really loved before. He had a full and exciting life to offer her, a more than comfortable income, and there was Dicky's frank idolatry of him. Lib knew that she had to make sure about Macklyn. Until she was sure of him, she could not say yes to Fred.

And so it was that on a certain day three events happened. She telephoned Macklyn Graves in New York and invited him for the week end, an invitation he accepted with alacrity. Coming downstairs after making the call, she caught her heel on the stair and fell, fracturing her ankle. And it was that night, while the whole neighborhood came in to console her, that she first heard of the appearance in the valley of the marauding wild-dog pack.

MACKLYN was arriving Friday night, and Lib had very much wanted to see him alone that first evening. She was not a little annoyed when Grace and Larry Cuyler barged in with the announcement that Van Anderson, another neighbor, was bringing half a dozen partridges which had been left over in his freezer from last fall's hunting, and that they were going to have a party.

"We can't let the invalid languish on the vine, darling," Grace said. "Digger and Fred Fowler are coming too."

"I'm not languishing on the vine," Lib said, "and I have a house guest coming who—"

"Macklyn Graves!" Grace said. "He's not a house guest. He's a member of the family."

Sitting in the big armchair with her foot propped up on the puff in front of her, Lib felt as though some perverse and antic leprechaun had stage-managed the evening. She was to make a choice, and all the choices she had made before this were on hand to pass in review. It was dark and boyish Larry Cuyler who had first reminded her, after Lucian's death, that she was still an attractive woman—Larry, who had a perfectly good wife of his own. Or perhaps that was not quite the right word for Grace, who drank too much, dashed around the countryside in a yellow convertible, was talked about by everyone and was really not "a perfectly good wife."

"Grace and I go our own ways, and no questions asked," Larry had told her. His technique was to appear just a little helpless and in need of understanding. In a way, Lib was grateful to him for reminding her that she was alive, so she thanked him, figuratively spanked him, and sent him home to Grace—or to where Grace should have been.

Digby March, with his prematurely white hair and his air of distinction, his great wealth and his political affiliations, had been the next serious bidder for Lib's affections. Digger would have ended any financial worries Lib and Dicky had. They would have moved from a small model farm to a huge, highly profitable model farm. There were two difficulties about Digger that made his suit hopeless. Lib admired his positiveness and his vitality, but she felt not the slightest affection for him. And Dicky openly hated him. Digger had never learned not to be patronizing with children.

FINALLY there had been Van Anderson, intense, tragic and with nothing to offer but his heart. There was a Mrs. Van Anderson, and it was generally known that she was in a "retreat" somewhere and that she would never return from it. It was a situation which had pushed Van Anderson slightly off center himself. He had nothing to offer but his desperate need for affection and companionship.

Somehow it seemed as though Van and Digger and the Cuylers were all aware that her relationship with Fred Fowler was reaching a critical point, and that they wanted to be on hand to see the result. Her broken ankle was an excuse, it seemed, never to leave her alone with anyone!

Bob Streeter, a dour man who ran the farm for Lib, had gone to the station to meet Macklyn. By the time Macklyn arrived, the party was going full swing. Larry Cuyler had made the Martinis. Grace, managing to look very attractive with an apron over her dinner dress, had done herself proud with *canapés*. Van and Digger were consulting on whether to roast the birds or broil them in the electric broiler. Fred Fowler had perched his huge bulk, possessively, on the arm of Lib's chair, having spent a half hour telling Dicky stories until he went to sleep.

Macklyn was like a breath of fresh air. He knew everyone, except Fred Fowler, from past visits, and he greeted them casually. Fowler was something else again. They spotted each other across the room and began shouting at the top of their lungs.

"Fred! Well, I'll be darned."

"Macklyn, baby!" Fowler turned to Lib. "Why didn't you tell me *he* was your house guest?"

"Well, I never dreamed—"

Macklyn and Fowler pounded each other and swore at each other.

"Army," Macklyn explained to Lib, a little breathless.

"Army, my foot!" Fred Fowler bellowed. "Paris, London, Berlin—dancing girls—"

"I do have a hostess to greet," Macklyn managed to say. He came over and took Lib's hand, and for a moment their eyes met, and Lib saw that it was still there—all he had ever felt for her.

Somebody grabbed Fowler and sent him to the kitchen for ice.

Macklyn appropriated the arm of Lib's chair. "I was petrified when Bob Streeter met me at the station. Is the ankle bad?" he asked.

"Just a nuisance, because it immobilizes me."

"Imagine Fred's being here," Macklyn said. "Where did you run into him?"

"Oh, he's been recuperating here for nearly a month," Lib said. "He's staying with Digger."

"Recuperating?" Macklyn sounded surprised. "From what?"

"Pneumonia."

"He had pneumonia a month ago?"

"Yes."

An odd expression came over Macklyn's face as he passed his cigarettes to Lib. "You know who he is, don't you?"

"He writes for the newspapers. Feature articles."

"Read his stuff?"

Lib smiled. "I've been trying to keep that a secret. His articles come out in an evening paper I don't see here. I've never read a line he's written."

Macklyn's eyes twinkled. "What have you been up to, my girl?"

"Up to?"

"Fred Fowler," Macklyn said, "is a sort of one-man crime commission. He's exposed more crooks in our city government, more racketeers, bookmakers, dishonest policemen, Communist agents, confidence men and business swindlers than any man alive. And I'll tell you a secret, angel. My guess is he hasn't had pneumonia recently, and if he's invented that kind of a story, it means he's here on business. Or—"

"Or what?"

Macklyn's face seemed to lose its aliveness. "He's in love with you, isn't he? I could see it the moment I stepped into the room. He's a swell guy, Lib."

Fowler brought Macklyn a drink then, and the intimate conversation ended. . . .

Digger and Van Anderson had decided on the broiler, and while the birds turned slowly on their spits under the broiler heat, the general conversation turned to the wild-dog hunt set up for the next evening. Lib had heard the plans for the wild-dog hunt for several days, but it was new to Macklyn, and he was interested in the scheme. One of the slaughtered calves was to be placed at the north end of the valley and another at the south end. They were to be set out in the late afternoon.

Four groups of hunters, numbering ten or twelve each, were to work along the ridges on either side of the valley, two groups starting at each end and working in toward the bait. The dogs, they believed, would come down out of the hills after nightfall, aware that their best chance for food was on the farms after everyone was bedded down. The hunters, working in toward the calves, would make escape from either end of the valley impossible. They would wait in ambush, hoping the dogs would make for the fresh meat. Reports indicated there were from fifteen to eighteen dogs in the outlaw group and that they didn't always run together.

THE hunters feared most the possibility that the dogs might have come upon deer in the hills and run them down. Their tactic was to chase a deer until it was slowed down by exhaustion; then they would hamstring the animal by biting through its leg tendons. The helpless deer was easy prey then. If the dogs had fed off deer, they might not risk coming down into the valley after the slaughtered calves.

"We've tried hunting them in the daytime," Van Anderson explained to Macklyn, who'd expressed doubts as to the sinister nature of the dogs and had been told all the stories of their recent violent sorties. "You won't see hide nor hair of them by day."

"But I thought you said they at-

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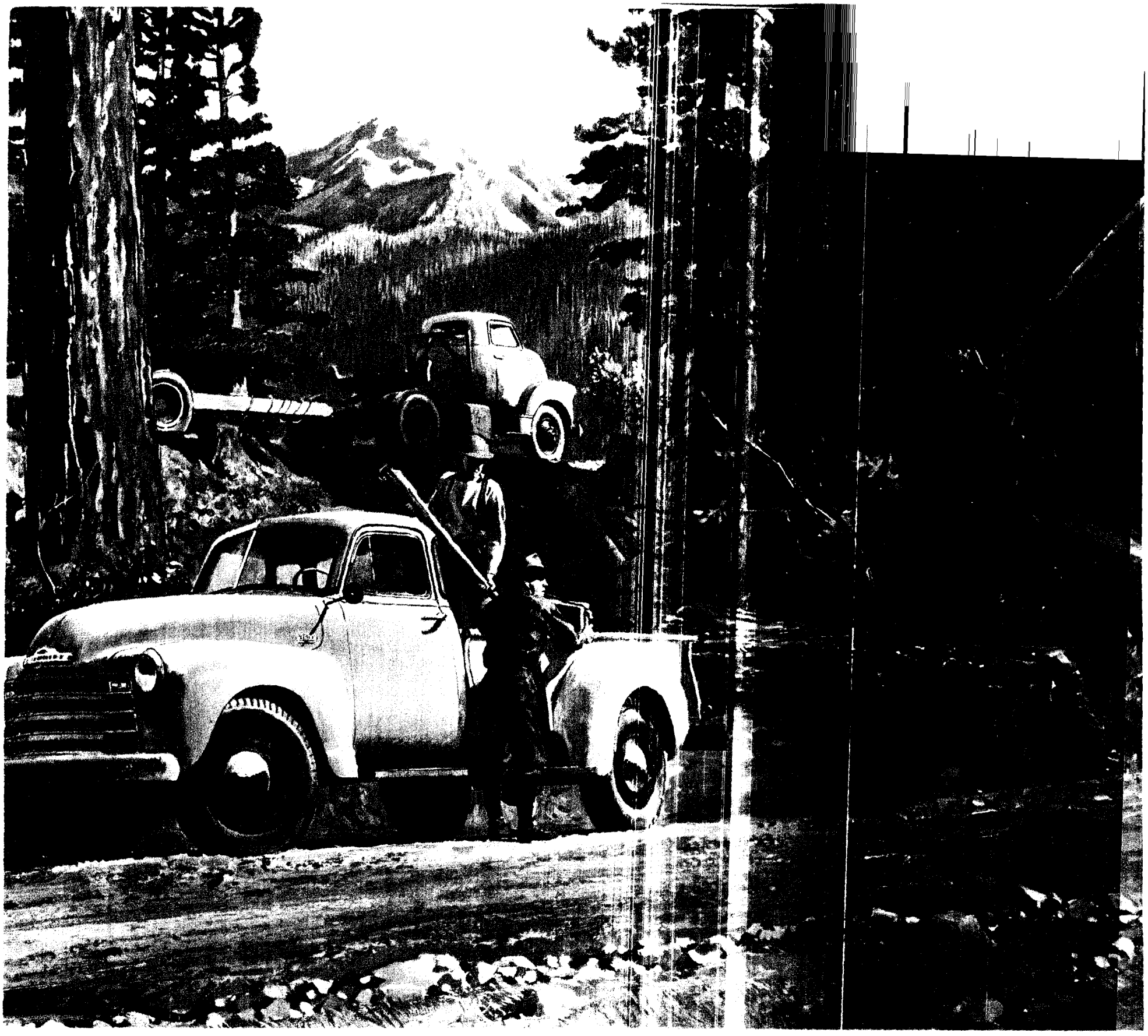

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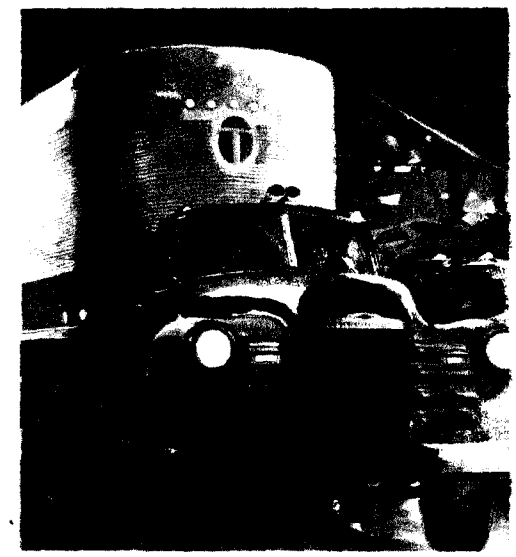

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tacked two men?" Macklyn reminded Anderson.

"It was twilight," Van said. "The men had been cutting wood up on the west ridge, and it was almost dark when they started home."

Digger March glanced at Fred Fowler, who had become strangely silent in the last half hour. "You've uncovered some pretty vicious characters in your time, Fred, but when you see these dogs you'll be looking at just about the most treacherous and bloodthirsty killers you've encountered. A wolf, for all he's dangerous, has a degree of nobility to him. But a dog gone wrong—"

"—is like a man gone wrong," Fred Fowler said, quietly. "The basest thing on earth because his potential for good is so great."

THE guests left, and at last the time came that Lib had been waiting for. Macklyn Graves came back into the living room from seeing them off. He stood with his back to the fire, looking down at Lib thoughtfully.

"Nightcap?" she suggested.

"That'll just about do it," Macklyn said. "This country air!" He went over to the big center table and made two drinks. He gave her hers and still stood there, looking at her. "Should we drink a special toast?" he asked.

"To what?"

"You and Fred," he said, quietly.

"He hasn't asked me any important question," Lib said.

"Does he have to? You know what's on his mind, Lib. He's waiting for some sign from you that when he does ask you, the answer will be yes."

"Should I marry Fred?" Lib asked. She couldn't be certain, but she thought she saw a nerve twitch in Macklyn's cheek.

"I can't answer that question," Macklyn told her.

"You're the only friend I have I could discuss it with," Lib said.

Macklyn turned away toward the fire. "I should think I would be the last," he said.

"Why, Macklyn?"

"If there's anything I would have said about you, Lib, without reservation," Macklyn said, "it's that you wouldn't play games with any man's affection."

"I haven't played games with Fred," Lib said. "When I began to know how he felt, I had to let him keep coming here. I had to find out how I felt myself."

"I wasn't talking about Fred," Macklyn said.

"Macklyn!"

He turned on her, almost angrily. "Ever since I've known you, I've had to play the role of somebody's best friend. First it was Lucian, now Fred."

"Macklyn, I—"

"I don't like the role, and I don't intend to play it any longer," Macklyn said. "I have my own emotions, my own life. I've waited for the time to arrive when you could look at me as a man, disassociated from Lucian and from the past. Apparently I waited too long, and Fred has got there ahead of me. Fred is a swell guy. I haven't even the luxury of thinking he's a heel and being able to run him down to you."

"Macklyn, please listen to me."

"Yes?"

"I asked you here for this week end, didn't I?"

"Yes. So that I could see for myself how matters stood."

"Yes," Lib said.

"Well, I've seen," Macklyn said. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I think I'll turn in."

"Macklyn!"

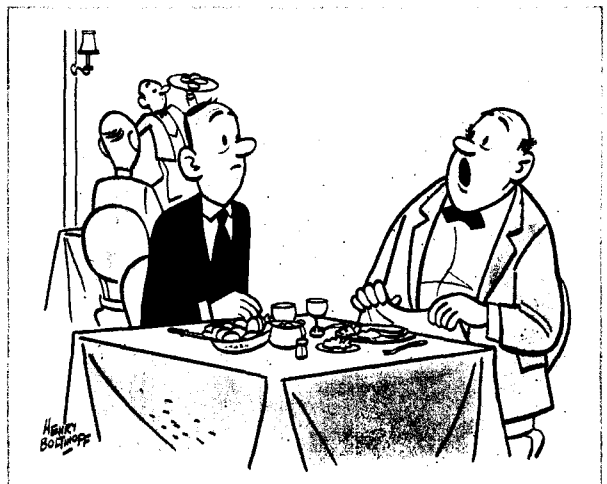
He had started for the door, and he stopped and turned back. "Yes?"

"The trouble is you haven't seen," Lib said. He stood there, with a puzzled frown on his face. "Darn you, Macklyn, do I have to say it all?"

"Spell it out for me, you mean? No."

"Macklyn, you stinker," she said, "don't you understand that I'm trying to tell you that I love you?"

Macklyn was in something of a daze after that. There was long, meaningless, wonderful talk—the talk of people who have suddenly discovered each other and want to touch each other, mentally and physically, to make sure their feeling is real. It was almost daybreak when they finally said good night, with, it seemed, almost nothing talked about. Fred would have to be told. He had the right to honest treatment from Lib.



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But the next day the place seemed to be swarming with people almost before they were up. The Crowder farm was to be the starting point for the hunters who would work the northeast end of the valley. Young Dicky was wild with excitement. He had not time for Macklyn or even for his hero, Fred Fowler. The hunters assembled in the late afternoon. Most of them were friends of Lib's, and almost all of them came in to see her and inquire about her ankle. Macklyn and Lib had no chance for the private talk they wanted so much.

ABOUT four the hunters started on foot. Lib and Macklyn still weren't alone, because of Dicky. It would be two or three hours before Dicky finally had his supper and was trundled off to bed by Gertrude, the house maid. Dicky was one of the problems they had to discuss before anything was made public. Dicky would have to be told and somehow made to understand, and to approve of Macklyn.

About six, Gertrude brought the ice bucket and the mixings for Martinis in from the pantry, and Macklyn was just starting to prepare them when Dicky came pounding in in a high state of alarm. Sorrowful was missing.

"He can't be very far off, Dicky. He never leaves the place," Lib said, trying to reassure the child.

Dicky's round, pink face was screwed into an absurdly tragic expression. "With so many people going off, Mum! And Sorrow *is* a hunting dog."

"I'll help you have another look for him," Macklyn said cheerfully, and he and the boy went out into the yard together.

It's a conspiracy! Lib thought dryly. She and Macklyn would never have a chance to get details settled.

Fifteen minutes later they came back, with Dicky in tears. Macklyn looked at Lib with raised eyebrows. "The pooch seems to have taken off somewhere."

Dicky fought manfully for control. "Bob said any dogs that was caught out tonight wouldn't stand a chance," he said. "Bob said they'd shoot 'em on sight, Mum."

"Well, I suppose they would if they don't recognize the dog," Lib said. "But your Uncle Van and Uncle Digger and Uncle Fred all know him by sight. And Bob's with them. Sorrowful would go right up to Bob, wouldn't he?"

"If he got right up to them," Dicky said. "But it's almost dark; they might not see him before it was too late."

"I'm sure he didn't follow them," Lib said, not sure at all. "He's probably found himself a woodchuck somewhere."

"We'd hear him barking if he had a woodchuck," Dicky said.

"I'm sure he's all right, darling. Now you go get ready for bed. Gertrude will help you."

"I'd like to look once more," Dicky said.

"I'll keep an eye out for him, Dicky," Macklyn said. "As soon as he turns up, I'll bring him up to your room to you."

"Even if I'm asleep?"

"Even if you're asleep," Macklyn promised.

"Now run along to Gertrude, Dicky," Lib said.

Dicky trudged slowly off toward the kitchen.

"Poor Dicky," Lib said. "It will be awful for him if anything happens to Sorrowful."

"Might he have gone off with the hunters?" Macklyn asked.

Lib frowned. "Bob Streeter's been training him for Dicky. If Sorrow saw Bob going off with a gun under his arm, he *might* have gone after him."

Macklyn had just got the Martinis mixed and poured when Gertrude came in from the kitchen looking for Dicky.

"I just sent him out to you—five minutes ago," Lib said. . . .

So Dicky was missing now. It *was* a conspiracy! Macklyn would have to go hunt for him, that was all there was to it. The first search was just around the place, with Gertrude helping. But Dicky was nowhere around, it seemed, and Macklyn reported back to Lib with the unhappy conclusion that the boy must have set off after the hunters. The result was that Macklyn, reluctantly armed with Lib's shotgun, had set out to find him.

Half an hour after Macklyn had left, Dicky, rubbing sleepy eyes, came walking blandly in the front door.

"Dicky!" Lib said, trying not to sound angry.

"Sorrowful's shut up in the old milkhouse, Mum. Bob must have put him there before they started out."

"Didn't you hear us calling you, Dicky?"

"I—I went into the milkhouse, Mum, and lay down on an old blanket, with Sorrow," Dicky said. "He was awful glad to see me, Mum, and I guess I must of fallen asleep."

"Your Uncle Macklyn's out in the woods looking for you."

"Gee, Mum, I'm sorry. I just *had* to look for Sorrow once more, and when I found him—"

Lib sighed. "Well, off to bed with you, young man."

The relief at Dicky's return delayed Lib's recognition of a slowly mounting anxiety for Macklyn. It was when the clock on the mantel showed her that Macklyn had been gone nearly three hours that Lib's anxiety turned sharply into fear.

MACKLYN screamed and screamed again. The monster, crouching over the man's body, lifted its head to look at Macklyn, without flinching or turning away. The terror, which had frozen Macklyn where he stood, now seemed to galvanize him into unreasoning action. The man down there was alive, and the dog must be got away from him. Even if he could have loaded the gun, Macklyn knew he wouldn't have dared fire it. His aim under the calmest circumstances would not have been reliable. It he had time to load and fire at the dog, he might quite easily kill the man he was trying to save.

After all it was just a dog—a mongrel dog!

Macklyn charged down the embankment into the clearing, waving his useless gun, shouting something unintelligible, meant to sound commanding, at the dog. Surely the yellow-eyed brute would turn tail and run in the face of Macklyn's arm-waving charge and shouting voice.

It did no such thing. It stood over the body, head half raised, hackles bristling along its spine.

Macklyn stopped. He was impelled to stop by those baleful yellow eyes that seemed, at close range, to glow like fire. Then the dog moved, slowly, tentatively, a step at a time—*toward Macklyn!* Suddenly, the moon was gone and it was pitch dark.

Thought processes undoubtedly took place in Macklyn's mind then. He could have sworn, afterward, that he weighed very carefully and judicially what he should do. He had the dog's attention now, God help him. If he could manage to get away and take the dog with him, the wounded man who lay just beyond him on the ground might be saved—if other dogs didn't come to the feast. If he thought those thoughts, it took him one second to veer off to his left and run into the blackness of the woods. He had not, it seemed, had time to think one all-important thought. He couldn't go fifty feet without being overhauled by the dog.

And the dog was coming after him.

It was crazy, despairing flight. He crashed into a tree, bounced off it, and went staggering through brush that tore cruelly at his face and hands, and the snarl of the dog was loud in his ears. The ground rose in front of him, and he went staggering up the slope, fell to his knees, and the dog was on him. Toenails, like steel claws, tore at the back of his neck and he could smell a hot, fetid breath that seemed to envelop him like a poison gas.

In the brief, hopeless flight, Macklyn had clung without reason to the unloaded gun. It was in his right hand, and he drove the butt backward with all his might. He could hear the grunt of the huge dog as the weapon struck him full in the stomach. The immense weight fell away from Macklyn's back for an instant.

The woods were full of an incredible sound which Macklyn realized was his own blubbering screech for help. For a moment he was free to move, and for

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a moment the moon reappeared. A brief glance over his shoulder showed Macklyn the dog picking himself up slowly from where he had fallen.

What it is that makes a man act with complete stupidity through most of a crisis, with only a moment here and there of absolute clarity, is for the psychiatrists to explain. In this moment of his extremity, Macklyn had an instant of cool, clear reason. He had staggered to his feet close to a tree with low-growing branches. He reached up to the nearest limb, gripped it, and swung his feet up. At the same moment he was nearly wrenched away from below.

The dog had jumped for him, and his teeth had fastened in the loose folds of Macklyn's trench coat. The dog yanked and pulled like a fighting tarpon on the end of a deep-sea fisherman's line. The palms of Macklyn's hands were rubbed clean of skin as he clung for his life.

Then the coat gave way with a tearing of cloth, and with his last ounce of strength Macklyn pulled himself up onto the limb of the tree, just as the dog leaped for him. Hanging on with one arm to the trunk of the tree, Macklyn jammed his foot hard against the dog's shoulder and sent him tumbling down into the underbrush. Then Macklyn climbed three or four limbs higher to safety. He stood looking down into a small patch of moonlight.

THE dog crouched there, looking up at Macklyn. Just behind the dog, in the snow, lay the gun.

Pain was a part of the moment. Macklyn looked down at his raw and bleeding hands. He was shaking from the exertion of his climb. He reached up and gingerly touched the back of his neck where the dog's claws had raked at him. His fingertips came away wet with more blood. His whole body was bruised and aching from his violent collision with the tree.

Split-second decisions were no longer necessary. From his place of safety Macklyn could consider exactly what his next move should be. He knew he had been shouting at the top of his lungs and that there had been no answering shouts. Perhaps the same trick of the wind that had made the railroad seem so close had kept his voice from carrying to the hunters who were scattered through the woods. If he had been able to hang onto the gun, there would now have been time to discover how it loaded and fire it until the shots brought some of the others. But the gun lay in the snow just behind the dog.

The dog was evidently doing his own thinking, because now he tried to do something. He crouched for a moment and then ran at the tree. His momentum carried him, scratching and clawing, a few feet up the trunk. He actually managed to get his front paws over the lowest limb and hang there, trying to get a hold with his back feet. But after a moment he fell to the ground with a heavy thud. Watching him, fascinated, Macklyn guessed that he must weigh close to a hundred pounds.

Macklyn's concern was no longer for himself. He was safe here in the tree, and sooner or later someone would come. If he couldn't get help by periodic shouting, the hunters would discover he was missing when they got back to Lib's and would come searching for him. He was safe. It was cold, but not so cold that there was any danger of freezing. When the arm and hand with which he clung to the tree trunk grew a little numb, he could shift his position and cling with the other arm while circulation was restored in the numb member. He could stand or he could sit. He could hold out here for a good many hours, if he had to.

But there was urgent need for action long before that. The man back there in the clearing was badly hurt. He needed help at once, even if Macklyn could keep the dog's interest until someone came. If the dog realized that Macklyn was lost to him, he might very well go back to the clearing to the helpless man. And where there was one dog, there might be more close at hand. They might already have crept into the clearing now that this monster was no longer there to drive them off.

MACKLYN watched the dog as if somehow, by concentrating on him, he could read the beast's mind. After a few moments the dog turned his head toward the clearing, his nose lifted as if he were sniffing the meal that waited for him there. Macklyn tore a small branch off the tree and threw it down at the dog. Instantly, the animal's attention returned to him, and the dog came to the foot of the tree, snarling and clawing angrily at the trunk.

Macklyn drew a deep breath and shouted at the top of his lungs. "Help! Help!" Then his heart seemed to nearly jam out between his ribs. From far away there was an answering "Hello-o-o."

Macklyn shouted again, a shout that ended in a strangled cough.

The dog stood like a statue at the base of the tree, listening, as the answer came again. It seemed just a little louder, a little closer. The dog turned restlessly away. Macklyn couldn't find another branch he could break off of the tree. He fumbled in the pocket of his torn coat and found the handful of shells for the gun. He threw one at the dog and made a lucky hit. For a moment or two the dog's interest returned to Macklyn.

Macklyn shouted once more, and this time the answer seemed quite close. The dog froze where he was, his head turned back toward the clearing. Then, slowly, cautiously, he started toward it. Macklyn shouted at him, but the dog paid no attention. Then, suddenly he stopped. Macklyn could hear what had stopped him. Someone was coming through the bushes, evidently running.

Macklyn gave it all he had. "Look out!" he shouted. "One of the dogs is right here. A killer! Look out!"

Almost at the same instant, a figure broke through the brush about twenty yards away. In the moonlight Macklyn could see him clearly. It was Van Anderson, his red hunter's cap pushed back on his head. He had a repeating rifle gripped in his hand.

"Van! Look out! To your left. *Your left!*"

Van turned and saw the dog, which quite deliberately was moving toward the man with the gun. The rifle went to Van's shoulder, and the dog rushed him at the same instant. The first shot threw the dog down as though he'd been slugged over the head, but he scrambled up again, snarling with rage. He was on his way toward Van again, one front leg dragging. Coldly, systematically, Van pumped bullets into the dog. The great creature rose up on his hind legs like some grotesque ballet dancer, clawed and bit at the air, and then toppled over into a snow-filled gully, twitched for a moment, and lay still.

Macklyn started to laugh, crazily, as he attempted to climb down the tree. Halfway down, he lost his hold and fell. For a moment consciousness left him.

When he came to, Van Anderson was kneeling beside him, his arm around Macklyn's shoulders, trying to force the nozzle of a brandy flask between Macklyn's lips.

"God, Macklyn, what happened to you? What are you doing out here?" Perhaps it was the reflection from the snow that made Van's sharp, ascetic face look so pale.

"No time to explain," Macklyn muttered. "Back there in the clearing there's a man, badly hurt." He struggled to his feet with Van's help. There seemed to be many voices shouting now in the surrounding woods. Van's gun did the trick.

EVERY movement Macklyn made was agony, but by clinging to Van's arm, he was able to stagger back toward the clearing. It had seemed to him in his flight from the dog that he had covered miles. Actually it wasn't more than fifty or sixty yards. As they struggled through the brush Macklyn told his story, disjointedly.

"Dicky—I came looking for him. His dog followed Bob Streeter. I—"

"But Bob locked the dog in the milkhouse. I saw him!" Van said.

"Then we were wrong. But Dicky set out to find him. I came after—got to clearing—then that dog came. I thought, in moonlight, it was one of the calves that you'd set out for bait."

"That's what *is* there," Van said.

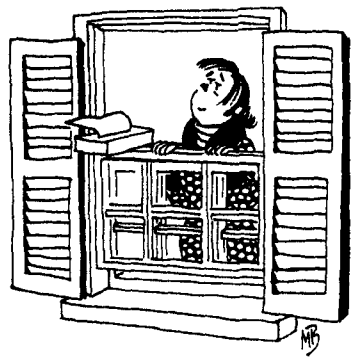
"No! The dog started to tear at it. It moved—I could see clearly—a man was thrashing about with a free arm. I ran down there to distract the dog—gun wasn't loaded—"

Macklyn stumbled over the remains of an ancient stone wall and into the clearing. The black heap in the center of it lay still now, motionlessly. Macklyn broke away from Van and staggered toward it. He knelt beside it and reached for it. Then he cried out.

He was kneeling beside the butchered carcass of a black Angus calf.

(To be concluded next week)

MARTHA BLANCHARD



By Doze Doze

I dote the baple buds are swellig;
It bust be sprig that I ab sbellig.
Agaid the bird is od the wig
Ad Dature starts her Higlad Flig.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

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Welterweight Billy Graham reaches camp to train for his third fight with Joe Giardello

Punching Out a

It's a hard, steady grind for the fighter who wants to earn a good living, raise a family and buy a home. It means weeks at training camp, then the fight, afterward a rest, then back to camp. It's a routine—like other businesses. Here's how Billy Graham does it

By W. C. HEINZ

IT WAS three weeks and one day away from the fight when Billy Graham drove out to Long Pond Inn to go into camp. When you are a prize fighter and thirty years old and married and have two small kids, you can't get into shape any more living at home.

"You have too many distractions," Billy was saying, driving out. "My wife understands, but take like this morning. At 7:30, the kids wake me. They wake me at 8:30. At 9:30, they wake me again. I said to Lorraine: 'Look, can't you keep these kids away from me? I gotta get my sleep.' She said: 'You slept enough, didn't you?' "

So he got up and drove Lorraine down to the supermarket to load her up with groceries for the three weeks. Then they drove over to Sunrise Highway to buy a red wagon for young Billy's third birthday, two days away, and at three o'clock he left Long Island and drove to Manhattan and then across town and into the Lincoln Tunnel.

When you're a young fighter and make your first big paynight you buy a big yellow convertible. By the time you go into camp for your 118th fight in 12 years, you know it's a hard dollar and you're paying off the house in Springfield Gardens and you have the kids to think of, and so you drive a small sedan.

"With me it's a case of winning every fight now," he was saying, driving. "If you don't have the big punch—you know, the glamor—you have to win for your bargaining power. All you have is your record."

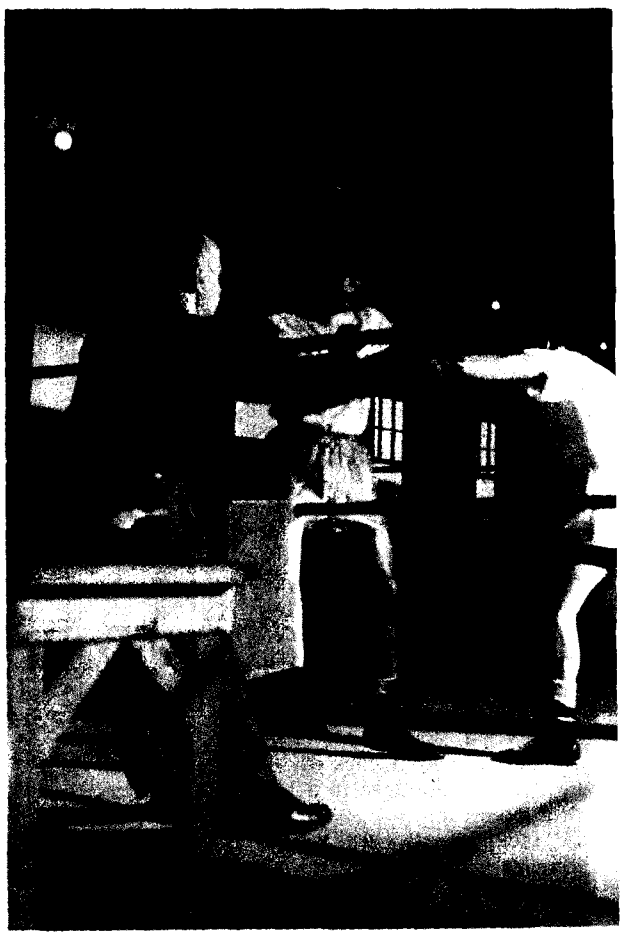
Billy's record, on pages 399 and 400 of Nat Fleischer's Ring Record Book with a picture taken 10 years ago—shows 99 wins going into this one, but only 25 by kayo, 8 draws, 10 losses, 8 of them on split decisions.

"A punch is something you're born with," he was saying. "Either you have it or you don't. I gave it a try. I thought punching the heavy bag would do it. In 1946 I knocked out Pat Scanlon in five. I knocked out Frankie Carto in nine and sent

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAHL

Graham tastes soup cooked by Mrs. Catherine McDonald, wife of co-owner of training camp

Billy and his trainer, Whitey Bimstein, take a stroll near the Greenwood Lake, N.Y., camp



Bimstein watches critically as Billy goes six rounds preparing for Giardello 12-rounder

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him to the hospital. When I fought Tony Pellone he just managed to keep his balance, and I had Ruby Kessler on the deck. The papers were starting to write I was becoming a puncher."

It was a gray afternoon and he was driving out Route 3. It is a wide, flat concrete highway with here and there a gas station or a roadside restaurant or a place that sells outdoor furniture and pottery.

"Then I boxed Tippy Larkin in the Garden, and I was looking to kayo him, too," Billy said. "He won it big. After that, I forgot about the big punch."

After the Larkin fight they talked about it one day in Stillman's—Billy and Irving Cohen who manages him with Jack Reilly. Jack is the one who discovered him in the boys' clubs about 15 years ago, and Irving does the front work.

"Billy," Irving said, in that soft way of his, "you're trying to put everybody away with two punches. When you try that, you tighten up, so let's get back to boxing. That's what you do best. You'll make money that way."

How much money do you make? In 1949, and always rated in the first half-dozen welterweights, you clear about $7,500. In 1950, you split two fights with Kid Gavilan and clear a little better than $10,000. In 1951, you make about the same, and in 1952 you have your best year and your end comes to about $20,000.

Lonely Weeks for a Boxer's Wife

"Every once in a while," he was saying, "Lorraine talks about me giving it up. It's tough on a wife. At first there's some glamor to it. You go out and you're recognized, but you're keeping in shape so you can't go out a lot. She's alone—like now, for three weeks—and it's rough. So I tell her: 'Sure, I'll quit, but what else am I gonna do? Do you want to live on sixty a week? Let me work something out.' "

Greenwood Lake runs north across the line of New Jersey into New York State. The camp is on the highway that runs along the west shore of the lake, a long, low concrete building painted white with green trim, built between the highway and the lake where the shore drops down to the water. At the south end, the steps lead down from the parking space to the bar and dining room and kitchen under the gym and the dressing rooms and the rooms where the fighters sleep.

"Johnny Dee," Billy said to the bartender.

"Billy Graham," Johnny said. "How's Billy Graham?"

Johnny was behind the bar, leaning on it and talking to a customer. In the back of the dining room, Rollie LaStarza was sitting at the end of the table, eating with Nick Florio, who trains him, and with James J. Parker, the heavyweight out of Canada. Eddie McDonald, who owns the place with his wife, Catherine, and Ollie Cromwell, was standing there, a cigarette hanging out of his mouth, watching them eat their steaks and talk.

"How's Billy Graham?" LaStarza said.

"Good," Billy said, shaking hands all the way around. "How are you?"

"He's in great shape," Eddie McDonald said. "He'll lick this guy, take it from me. Rollie will put lumps on Mr. Rex Layne. He'll play football with him."

"How long you been here?" Billy said, sitting down at the other end of the table.

"Five weeks," LaStarza said.

"When you leavin'?"

Billy punches a bag in the camp gym. During the first two days of the three-week training period, he just sleeps long, eats and walks

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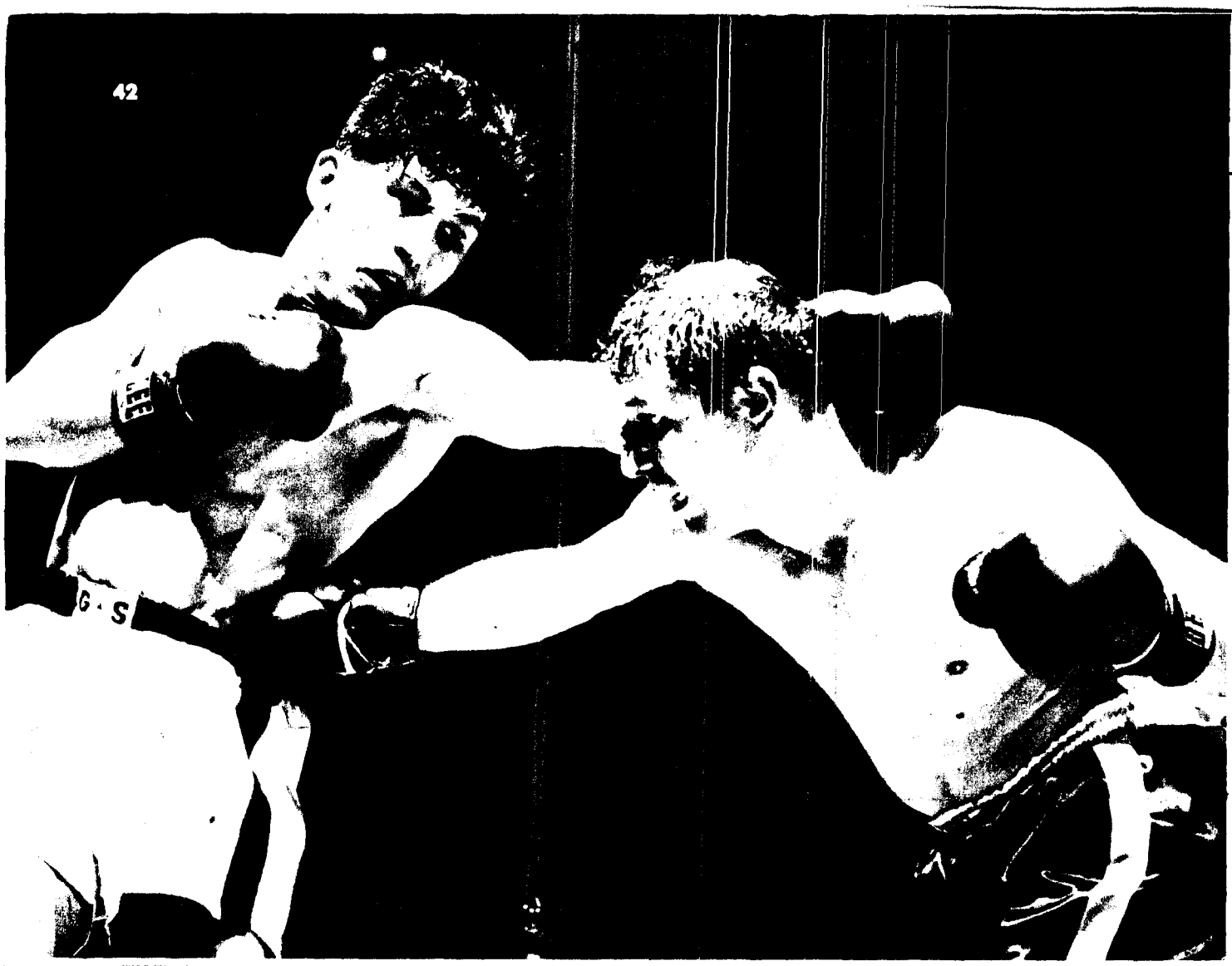

WIDE WORLD

Graham drives a right to the body of Giardello and ducks a left during fifth round of their return bout. Battle was close going into the eleventh, but Billy won last two rounds decisively, getting unanimous vote

"You're a little nervo

"Tomorrow morning. When's your fight?"

"Three weeks," Billy said.

There are always fighters coming and going through Long Pond Inn. On the next morning Rollie LaStarza would go into New York to beat Rex Layne in Madison Square Garden, and James J. Parker would knock out Jack Nelson in the semifinal. The following Friday, Paddy DeMarco, who trained here before leaving to finish up in Brooklyn, would lose to George Araujo in the Garden. Two weeks after that, Billy Graham would check out to go into the Garden against Joe Giardello, who held two decisions over him.

Victory for Graham Predicted

"And I'll tell you something else," Eddie McDonald said, still standing, the cigarette still hanging from his lips, the ash on it long now. "Mr. Bill Graham will give Mr. Giardello a real good lickin' this time. He'll win."

"Yeah, I'll win," Billy said, giving a short laugh, "but will I get it?"

The question is what made this fight important. On December 19th, Billy Graham had boxed Joey Giardello, a middleweight out of Philadelphia, in the Garden, and when Johnny Addie had announced the decision there had been a near riot. The referee and one of the judges had given it to Giardello, and there was Billy walking up and down in the ring holding out his hands in appeal and the crowd booing and hollering.

A few minutes later Robert K. Christenberry, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, and Dr. Clilian B. Powell, one of the two other commissioners, had changed the card of one of the judges, Joe Agnello, to give Billy the fight. The switch in decision had made headlines, and a week after Billy got into camp it was to make headlines again when a Supreme Court Justice named Bernard Botein reversed Christenberry and Powell.

"You'll get it," Eddie McDonald said. "You'll get into great shape up here. Skipper will help you. Skipper!"

Skipper is a brown-and-white dog, part beagle. Whenever Eddie cannot think of anything else to do he calls the dog and he keeps at him until the dog yawns and makes a guttural sound in his throat that Eddie says is talking.

"Here, Skipper!" Eddie said. "Say hello to Billy. Say 'Mama.' "

The dog was sitting at Eddie's feet. He was just sitting there, looking up at Eddie and not doing a thing.

"This is a real smart dog," Eddie said. "He likes Billy."

Billy put away a steak and some vegetables and a green salad and a cup of tea. Eddie told him to take the back room, and he went up and lugged in his bag and then his road shoes and the black foot-locker with his boxing things —gloves, headgear, white terry-cloth robe, long underwear, sweat shirts, windbreaker and the gray-green Marine trousers he wears on the road. Then he went to the movies.

"You get older," he was saying the next morning, "and you find it takes about three weeks to get ready. The first couple of days I just like to rest—sleep long and eat good and walk."

On Saturday, two days after Billy got there, Irving Cohen and Jack Reilly sent up Frank Percoco, the trainer. Billy went on the road for the first time that morning with Walter Cartier, the middleweight who came up to train for a bout with Randy Turpin in England. In the afternoon Billy went into the gym for the first time.

The gym is a nice, clean place with knotty-pine planking on the walls and the ring set over by the windows that look down and out onto the lake. The first dressing room off the showers is for the sparring partners, and the room beyond that is for the fighters; inside is a rubbing table with always clean sheets on it.

The first four days Billy just loosened up. He shadowboxed and did sit-ups on the mat and rolled on the medicine ball to get the weight off his middle. Then he would skip rope and punch the light bag. Frank Percoco left after the fourth day and Whitey Bimstein came up to take over, bringing Johnny Noel, a sparring partner, with him. That afternoon Billy boxed.

At first you go three rounds. After a while, you work it up to six. Irving Cohen earned an edge for Billy by arranging to have the fight go 12 rounds. Cohen figured Giardello is just a twenty-two-year-old kid who never went more than 10 and Billy went 15 twice with Gavilan and knows how to pace himself. Still, you never box more than six in the gym, and you build up your wind and your legs on the road.

The Daily Stint of Roadwork

Every morning at 8:30, Whitey would get Billy up, and Billy would wake Walter Cartier, and they'd go out on the road. Different fighters do it in different ways, but Billy and Walter would just start out from the camp, running easy along the left side of the concrete highway north and into the town of Greenwood Lake, then off to the right along the shore of the lake by the white cottages with the rowboats turned bottoms up on the lawns. Then they'd make the circuit back through the town again and down the highway to the camp, a full distance of 3.3 miles.

When they'd come off the road they'd go to Billy's room. Whitey would bring up hot tea and lemon and they'd sit there with towels around their necks, sipping the tea and sweating and talking. Then Walter would go into his room to lie down and listen to some disc jockey on the radio, and Billy would lie down on his bed and cool out and hear the radio through the wall.

"I used to think a training camp was wonderful," he said, lying there one morning. "The first time I ever went to one I was boxing Pat Scanlon and they sent me out to Ehsan's at Summit as a sparring partner for Dorsey Lay. It cost me nothing, and I thought it was great. It was new. I liked it, you know? It was like I used to read about as a kid, getting up and doing road work, eating with the other fighters."

Whitey came in while Billy was talking. Billy got up and started to undress, taking off the layers of sweat shirts and long underwear so Whitey could rub him down with alcohol.

Camp Life Gets Monotonous

"Gus Lesnevich was there," he said, "training for a fight in England. Bernie Reynolds was there, but you're not in a camp for pleasure. You got to drive yourself. People say you eat steak every day, but after a while it's not gonna taste so good. A camp is a place for work. A camp costs money."

The camp costs about $700 to get ready for a main-event fight. It's $10 a day each for you and Whitey and the sparring partner, and you pay the sparring partner $5 a round. All in all, with publicity, you've paid out about $1,000 by the time you climb into the ring.

"At first I'm glad to get here," Billy said. "I got quiet. I can sleep. The food is good. Then you start missing the wife and kids."

One of Billy's brothers, Jackie or Robbie, would drive up with Lorraine and the kids—little Billy and Ellen, who is two—on Sundays. They'd be there a couple of hours, watching Billy work in the gym. Then they'd leave and the rest of the time it would just be the running on the road every morning and the work, sweating, in the gym in the afternoon. Once, some of Billy's pals drove out—Ray O'Connell and Joe De Chara and George Papageorge and a couple of others—and they sat around and amused Billy, but the rest of the time he would just shoot a few games of pool with Ollie Cromwell or listen to Eddie McDonald argue fights or talk to the dog.

"Watch this, Billy," McDonald would say. "Watch Skipper. Skipper is a real smart dog."

There would be the same songs, time and again, on the juke box, too. A guy and a gal would drop in for a drink at the bar, and the guy would plunk a coin into the juke box, and out would come Don't Let the Stars Get in Your Eyes or Blues in the Night or Glow Worm, over and over.

"Billy can go with any style," Whitey was saying one evening while the juke box was going and Billy was out taking his walk with Walter Cartier. "Billy don't have to train a certain way for a certain style."

"That's right," Eddie McDonald said, sitting down next to Whitey.

"This fight depends on condition," Whitey said. "Billy's got to set the pace with more infighting. The other guy don't fight inside, and Billy is one of the best infighters in boxing today. The

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efore a fight," Billy said, "but not afraid"

last couple of years he picked up them inside punches."

"Billy can take a punch," Eddie said.

"Nobody in boxing takes a punch like Billy Graham," Whitey said. "All the fights he's been in, and he's never even been staggered. All the tough fights he's in, and I never seen him blow his top."

"Billy will lick this guy," Eddie said. "Billy will lick him, but good. He will make mincemeat of Mr. Giardello."

Billy licked Kid Gavilan for the title in the Garden on August 29, 1951, but he didn't get it. All the newspapers said he won it, and the writers called him "the uncrowned welterweight champion of the world." But the only title that counts, the only one you can make any money with, is the one you get in the ring.

In the gym Whitey would stand on the ring apron while Billy was boxing, leaning on the ropes and never taking his eyes off Billy. Every now and then he'd holler at Billy, getting him to throw his punches in combinations and making him move in under Johnny Noel's leads to punch more to the body.

"Stick!" Whitey would call, just loud enough for Billy to hear. "Now inside. Under and over."

It all started when Billy was a kid, growing up around Second Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street, on New York's East Side. There was Robbie, a year and a half older than Billy, and then Billy and then Jackie, five years younger, and then Jimmy, who was three years younger than that.

Billy's old man ran a candy store between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth on Second, where he sold school notebooks and pencils and pens and a little sporting goods, too. At this time, Billy's old man was crazy about Jimmy McLarnin, and he gave Robbie and Billy boxing gloves and they used to square off in the room in the back of the store. When prohibition went out, the candy store became a bar, and then it moved up to the corner of Thirty-sixth and Second, but Billy still calls it "the store."

When Billy was ten, his old man took him up to the Catholic Boys' Club on Thirty-seventh Street between First and Second. It was in an old tenement, and they'd ripped out the walls to make one big room on each floor. The top floor was the gym, with a mat for a ring and a big sandbag.

Every night Billy would go up there from 7:00 P.M. until 9:00 P.M. and Ed Tiernan—a nicely built guy with reddish hair and a little bit of a fighter's nose—would line the kids up and show them how to box. He was the one who taught Billy how to jab—straight out all the way from the shoulder, turning your fist down.

Billy weighed 65 pounds and he started to box for the Catholic Boys' Club and later for the Madison Square Boys' Club. He got so good that the other clubs were trying to steer their best kids out of Billy's weight class. In about 80 of those fights Billy won all but two or three.

Floored by High-School Latin

"School was murder," Billy was saying once. "I went two years to high school, but I couldn't get over that Latin. I didn't study at all. I had my mind set on being a fighter."

Popeye Woods was fighting out of Billy's neighborhood then. This was in the late thirties, and if Popeye had worked at it and lived right he might have been the middleweight champion of the world.

"I'd see him hanging around on the corner or at the Boys' Club," Billy was saying. "I'd say: 'What round you gonna knock him out in?' When he fought at one of the clubs in town I'd save up. A seat was 75 cents upstairs, and to get there I'd sneak on the subway or hitch on a bus or a taxi or any car that stopped for a light."

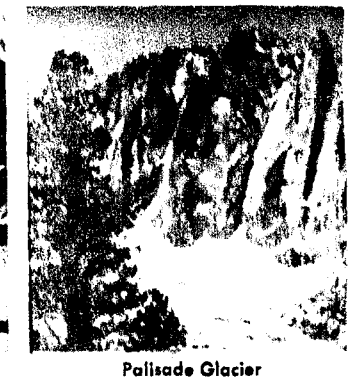
Billy was talking about it, walking his breakfast down one morning. There

BILL STAHL

Billy and Lorraine Graham with their children, Billy, Jr., three, and Ellen, two, in the home the Grahams are buying in a suburb of New York

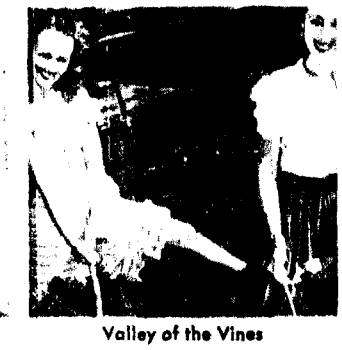
Devil Postpile

Fan palms by the Pacific

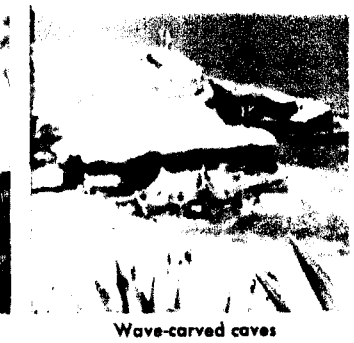


Palisade Glacier

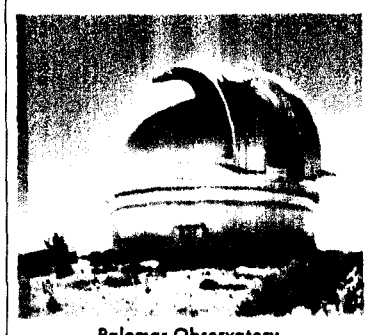
Seaside patio, South Coast



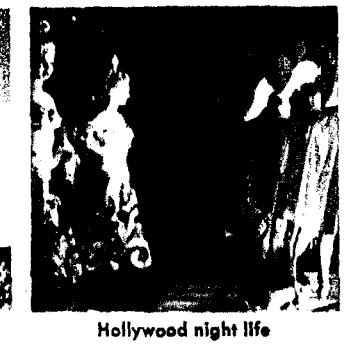
Valley of the Vines



Wave-carved caves



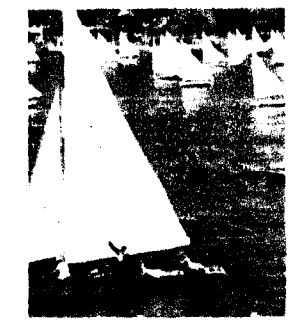
Palomar Observatory



Hollywood night life

Acres of flowers

The BIG VACATION



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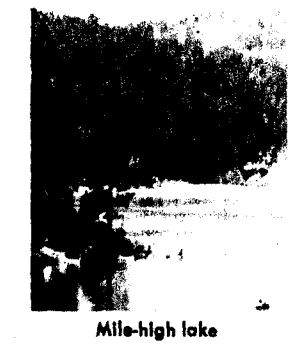

Mile-high lake

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After the fight, fans who'd stuck by Billy through the years celebrated. To him, the

is a place near the camp where a little trickle of a stream comes down the hillside to the highway, and Billy would never walk by it without bending down to get a drink. He'd say it was the best water he ever tasted.

"Popeye used to bust guys up just with his jab," Billy said. "He once told me: 'You can watch a bum, and he may do one thing you can use.' "

Any fighter has a little bit of every fighter he ever saw and admired. Even now, Billy still loops a right hand once in a while instead of shooting it straight, because when Billy was a small kid Max Baer had a looping right hand and it made Max the heavyweight champion of the world.

Turned Down for Heart Murmur

Four times Billy tried to get into the Golden Gloves and each time they turned him down for what they called a heart murmur. It got to be a joke around the neighborhood.

"What's your old man doin'?" the guys would say. "Payin' the doctors so you won't get your brains knocked out?"

Billy went to work as a stock boy, six days a week, at the Lord & Taylor department store in Manhattan. He worked at it for three months. It's the only job he ever had, because one Sunday Jack Reilly came to the family bar and made a suggestion. The way he had it figured, Billy could take out an application for the pros and, if he passed the physical, he could have five or six fights to see how he liked it.

Billy passed. That was early in 1941. Then Jack took him to meet Irving Cohen. They went to a luncheonette and soda fountain at Twenty-ninth Street and Second Avenue.

"Irving came in and he was sitting there," Billy was saying, "and he had a pencil and a piece of paper. He wrote on the paper, and then he said: 'Willie Graham, William Graham, Bill Graham, Billy Graham. I like Billy Graham best. It'll look better in an ad.' "

You do a lot of talking in camp. There isn't much else to do, just working and sleeping and eating and talking, but the one thing Billy never talked about unless somebody else brought it up in a question was Giardello and the coming fight.

"Joey's a good fighter," he'd say. "I have nothing against him. It was the officials who couldn't see it."

For the last day of work, two days before the fight, they brought Jimmy Herring, the middleweight, up from New York to sneak right hands over Billy's left, like Giardello. Just a year before, Billy had outboxed Herring in the Garden and he could handle him again. But that afternoon Billy didn't look good and Herring was dropping that right hand in there almost every time he let it go.

"Don't worry about it," Billy said later. "I'll be all right."

Billy's brother Jackie came up for the last workout and to take Billy's car back. That same day Paddy Young came in to get in shape for Ernie Durando in the Garden. The last night, Paddy drove Billy to a movie in Warwick and by 10 o'clock Billy was in bed.

The morning of the fight, he got up at 9:45, and he was shaving when Whitey went in at 10 to wake him. Whitey helped him pack, and then Whitey and Johnny Dee loaded the stuff into the trunk of Johnny Dee's car.

Johnny drove, with Billy in the front on the outside and Whitey in the back along with Eddie McDonald and his wife. On the way down Whitey fell asleep, and when they got into town they dropped Eddie and his wife off at Eighth Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. Then Johnny drove around to the Athletic Commission offices on West Forty-seventh Street. By the time Billy got upstairs there was a crowd in the big room, with Giardello there in a light-gray suit and sitting on a bench talking with Tony Ferrante, one of his managers, and a couple of others.

"Inside, Billy," somebody said.

In the back room Dr. Alexander Schiff was examining a preliminary boy and he nodded to Billy, who walked over to where Dr. Vincent Nardiello, the ringside physician for most Garden fights, was waiting for him. Billy stripped to the waist and the doctor took his blood pressure and put the

"Did you see his right hand?" Billy said. He made a fist and shook it to show Jack how nervous Giardello was.

That was the way Billy had been, weighing in 12 years ago for that first fight. "Are you sure I can handle him?" he had asked Jack after looking at Savoie. "Look how tough he looks."

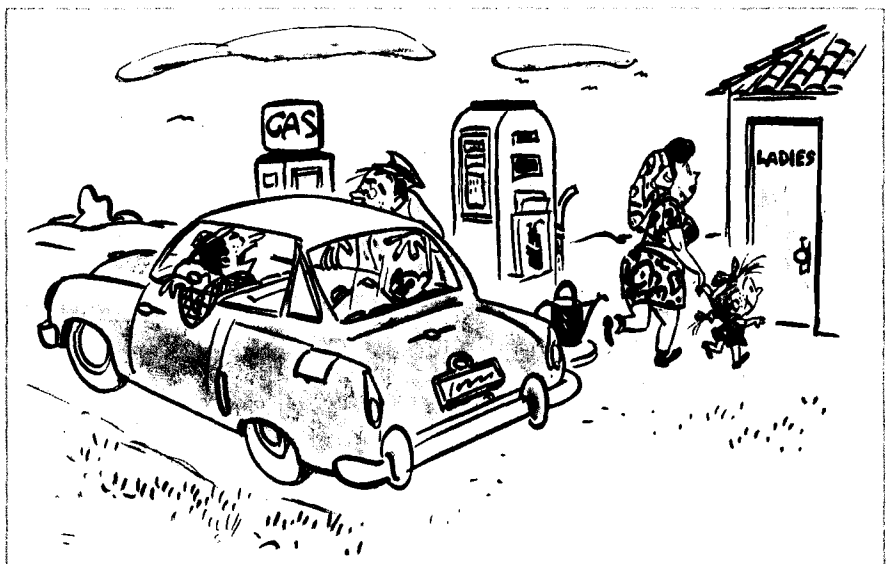
"He's the walk-in type," Jack told him. "You'll jab his head off."

Billy was so nervous he didn't wait to find out. He walked right out and started throwing punches and flattened Savoie in the first round.

Now, after the weighin with Giardello, Johnny Dee drove Billy and Whitey up to the Shelton Hotel on Lexington Avenue and they checked into a room there. Then they went into the dining room, and Billy had his breakfast. It was 1:30.

"Take good care of Mr. Graham," the headwaiter was telling the waiter. "He fights tonight."

"Orange juice," Billy said, "two soft-boiled eggs, tea and toast."



COLLIER'S **"Just put in one gallon. We stop at a lot of filling stations"** REAMER KELLER

stethoscope on him and then examined his eyes and mouth.

"Very good," Nardiello said, finally. "Good luck to you."

For his first pro fight, four rounds with Connie Savoie in St. Nick's Arena on April 14, 1941, Billy personally sold $160 worth of tickets around the neighborhood. When Dr. Schiff had started to examine him that day, Billy was so nervous the doctor made him sit down for a while to relax. Today Billy was completely calm.

Trading Weight for Distance

On the scales Giardello weighed 155½ and Billy 149¼; when Irving made the match he gave Giardello all the weight he wanted just to get the two extra rounds. Irving figured the weight wouldn't help Giardello much and the distance would help Billy.

Whitey got Billy to try on the gloves and then put on the black trunks with white stripes. Then the newspaper photographers asked Billy to take a fighting pose with Giardello; the two of them stood on a long bench with the photographers shooting up from below.

"You watch them take that picture?" Billy said to Jack while Jack was helping him dress.

"Yeah," Jack said.

While Billy was eating, his mother came in, and he got up and kissed her, and she sat down. She is a little woman —four feet ten—with wide blue eyes, and she didn't say much; she just sat there and watched Billy until he finished eating and got up to go upstairs.

"Good luck, chicken," she said when he bent down to kiss her again, and then she turned to Whitey and said: "I hate to think of it. I don't even watch TV."

Billy bought the papers at the newsstand in the lobby, and then went up to lie down on the bed. He went through the papers quickly, just reading the stories on the fight, spotting the odds. They all had him 8½ to 5.

"They all pick me," he said finally, putting the papers down. "I guess it proves I won the last one. If I didn't, why would they be picking me now?"

"You're right," Whitey said.

At three o'clock they walked to the Scribes Restaurant, not far from the hotel, where Billy knows the bartender. He put in his order, steak and green vegetable and tea, and then he and Whitey went for a long walk.

For that first fight, 12 years ago, he had the steak at home. Then after he took his walk he was thirsty. Jack and Irving had told him not to drink much water, so he had two glasses of milk instead. When he started throwing punches he almost lost everything he'd eaten.

"That shows you how much I knew," Billy said. "I was a real green kid."

They walked back toward the hotel and then up 14 blocks and across one block and then back. All the way along, people kept popping out of the crowd to wish him luck, and at one place a guy came out of a bar and dragged him in to meet a couple of others.

"It's television," Billy said when he came out. "The last couple of years everybody recognizes you."

"Excuse me," a man said, on the sidewalk. "I been thinking of you for three months."

He was a little man, in a camel-hair coat and wearing a gray fedora. He had a small blond mustache, the ends pulled to points.

"I was gonna write you," he said, holding the lapel of Billy's camel-hair. "When you throw that right hand, step in with the right foot. You gotta do that. You see, I used to fight. I fought Young Corbett, Frankie Neil. I fought champions. I was no good, but I had Young Corbett on the deck and not many did that. Like I said, when you throw the right, step in with it. I'd have written you, but you might never have read it. All right?"

"All right," Billy said, nodding.

"So good luck," the man said.

The guy was right, but what they don't understand is that if it's not part of you after all these years it never will be. Try to step in and you're in trouble, because it's against your style and there's no way for you to get out.

His Favorite Blue Satin Robe

When they got back to the hotel it was six o'clock. Whitey went down to the lobby and left Billy alone, lying in the bed with his clothes off for an hour, and at seven he went up again and Billy got up. They were packing the ring clothes into Billy's bag when Robbie came in with another bag, and in it was the blue satin robe with the white trim and the name on the back in white. For his first four or five fights, Billy wore an old flannel, Indian-design bathrobe he used to wear around the house. Then Robbie and Jackie and Jimmy chipped in and they bought him this one. It meant a lot to Billy and he has had it ever since.

"I just spoke to Lorraine," Robbie said. "She's fine."

"I know," Billy said. "I was just talking with her on the phone. She's gonna stay with her mother."

They were married on October 2, 1948, in the rectory of St. Patrick's Cathedral. It was a beautiful day, warm and with the sun shining so that you didn't even need a topcoat. He had seen her the first time a year before when his brother Jackie and Pete Cassidy took him up to her folks' place across the street from the bar. She has blue eyes and long wavy brown hair, and that time she had on a pair of black lounging pajamas with gold on the jacket, and Billy tried to make a date.

"I'm going to the hockey game in the Garden tonight," she said.

"What do you want to watch that nonsense for?" he said.

They used to go to dinner and to dance at the Century Room of the Commodore and the Café Rouge at the

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e "the most important guys in the world"

Statler. At first she couldn't understand how you can go into a ring and punch someone. A few times she watched it, and then she gave up.

It was eight o'clock when they got to the Garden and went into the Fiftieth Street entrance. They had the big dressing room on that side. After a while Jack and Irving came in, and they stood around Billy, who was sitting on the bench against the wall, talking the fight.

Final Tip-Offs on Giardello

"There are three things you got to remember," Jack was telling Billy, and Irving was nodding. "On the break you have to get off fast, because he likes to sneak you there. Second, he's gonna look to throw the right hand over your jab, so after you jab you gotta weave. Third, you must go to his body, and slow him down. He don't like it in the body. Will you remember that?"

"Sure," Billy said. "Don't worry, Jack." Billy was the coolest of them all.

He always bandages and tapes his own hands. And when Ferrante and one of Giardello's other seconds came in to watch it and got into an argument with the boxing inspector working Billy's room, Billy just went on taping.

"What's this, a new rule that two of us can't watch?" Ferrante said.

"Yeah," the other guy said, nodding toward the inspector, "and this guy just made it."

"Never mind," the inspector said. "One of you get out."

"Is this okay?" Billy said, showing Ferrante the left hand.

"Okay," Ferrante said.

He was as cool as that going out. The Star Spangled Banner caught him just starting down the aisle, and he stood there at ease.

"You're a little nervous," he had explained once at Stillman's gym, sitting on one of the benches behind the ring, "but not afraid. You know you can smother the other guy's leads and handle anything he can do. You're just a little nervous about fighting your best fight."

It was the best house in the Garden in a year, and you could feel it when Billy got into the ring. The wrangle over the last fight made it a natural rematch, and then Giardello said in the papers he was going to knock Billy out.

Joey started out like he meant it. Billy stuck out the left, and Giardello dropped the right over it, and a shout went up. He did it again, and then Billy tried to weave under like they planned and his nose banged into Giardello's head, and when he came up, there was the cut, right across the bridge and the blood coming out of it and smearing on his nose and cheeks.

Blood always looks bad to the crowd, and when Billy lost the first two rounds they probably thought he was in for it. In the corner, Whitey did a real good job, closing the cut, while Irving and Freddie Brown, who was the other corner man, kept talking.

"Stop fighting this guy and box him," they kept telling Billy. "Get your jab moving and back him up with it and then move inside."

From the third round on, Billy started forcing it. He'd jab real stiff, turn in behind it to make Giardello miss the right and then he'd bang to the body. By the middle of the fight it was a pro working on a kid.

"Young fighters don't hold their class," Billy said once, "because you have to build up to it. Over the years you build up your stamina, and you go ten rounds over and over and you learn pace."

Sure, Giardello made a fight of it. He's a strong kid and he'd land. In the fourth round he shifted to his left and caught Billy with a right-hand uppercut, and when he came on to take the tenth it was still close.

"Now forget the first ten rounds," Irving said to Billy in the corner. "You must win these next two."

"Sure, Irving," Billy said, looking at him. "Don't worry about it."

Billy just turned it on in the last two. Giardello was swinging instead of punching now, his arms pulling his body after them. And all the time Billy was fighting well, still on a straight line, making Giardello miss and hitting him inside and then rocking his head back. Now he could do the things they had worked on in camp because the pace and the distance were too much for Giardello, a kid who was just in there now on heart.

"And the winner by unanimous decision," Johnny Addie, the announcer, said, "Billy Graham!"

"Don't let anybody tell you otherwise," Billy said in the dressing room. "The kid's a real good fighter."

Dr. Nardiello put five stitches across his nose. Billy just lay down on the rubbing table with a couple of towels doubled under his head and the doctor trimmed the edges of the cut and put in the thread and Billy never moved.

"You don't need an anesthetic," Billy was explaining to them later. "You're still worked up from the fight, and you don't even feel it. You didn't see me move, did you? I'd move if it hurt."

"How Billy came down that stretch," one sports writer said, as Billy was lying there and the doctor was stitching him. "Like a thoroughbred."

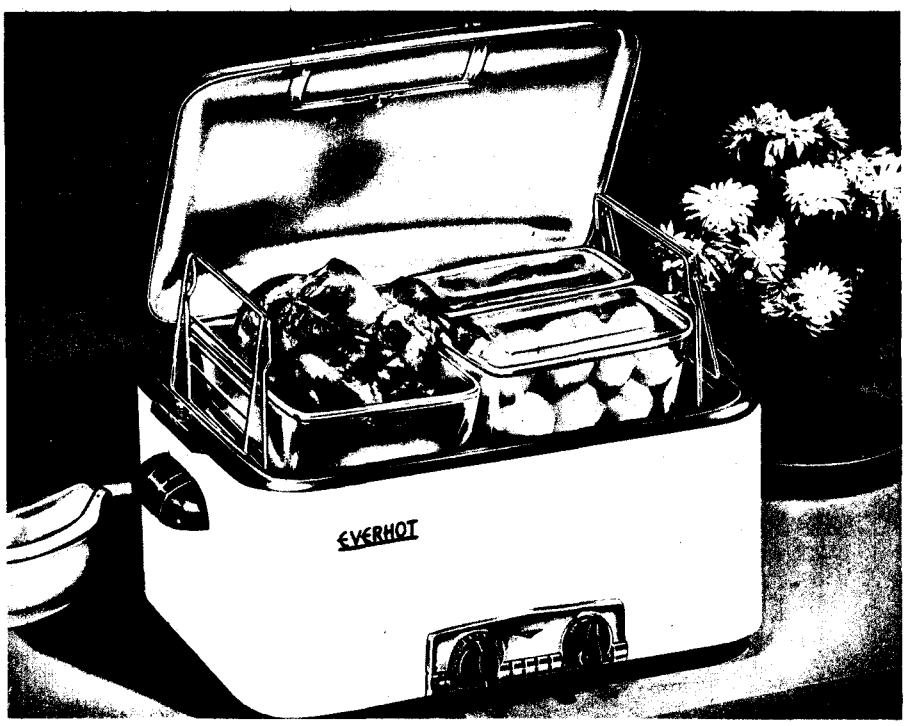
Where His Fans Were Waiting

With the newspapermen asking questions and the guys coming in to shake his hand, it was an hour before he got out of the Garden. Then Robbie drove him down to his dad's place, where there was a big mob and some of them had overflowed to the street.

He was standing there on the sidewalk. They were shaking his hand and clapping him on the back when Lorraine came out. He threw his arms around her and kissed her and together they walked into the crowded, smoky bar. When he came in, they let out a cheer.

"These," his brother Robbie said, "are his fans. These are the guys who bought the tickets for the four-rounders and the six-rounders and the eight rounds at the Broadway and the Ridgewood and the St. Nick's, and they've been with him ever since. These are the most important guys in the world."

He and Lorraine didn't get back to the hotel until 5:30 that morning, and around noon he and Irving went over to the Garden and picked up the check for $9,400. You take out the dough for the training camp and pay Whitey and take out the third for Irving and Jack and it leaves you about half. Three weeks later, if the nose heals all right and Irving can make another match, you take off again for camp. ▲▲▲



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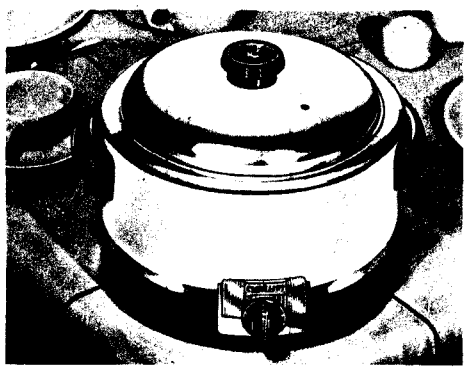

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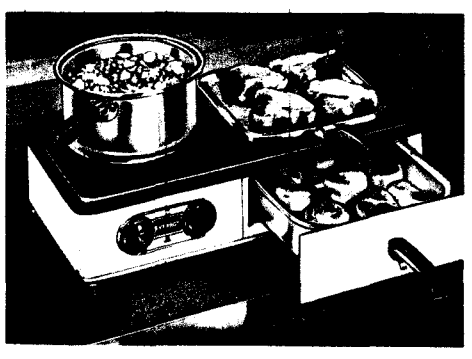

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"You won't mind too much my not having your slippers warming on the hearth for you when you get home, will you?" she said

The Pretty Pink Wife

By LAURA AUSTIN

Alone, uncared for, Tom sat brooding. Had he married an empty-headed silly?

TOM sat smoking, and wondering where Peggy was and what would happen when she opened the door of the dark, lamplit apartment and what would be in the packages she'd be carrying in her small, smoothly gloved hands. He'd been married only six months, but that wasn't the reason he always had a sense of expectancy, a sense of excitement, waiting for Peggy. She was an unpredictable girl, full of sudden whims, some of them outrageous, some of them charming, some of them quite simply hilarious, all of them unexpected. But just when she was about to go too far, just when she almost began to be unnerving, she usually turned up an ace—like the precisely correct and only brierwood pipe. She was not the wife for a nervous man, but Tom was not nervous.

So he sat and waited and smoked his pipe, wondering, among other things, what sort of hamburger she would bring home for supper. Hamburger was the only routine element that he had yet been able to find in Peggy's personality; it was, so to speak, the glue with which she held her household together. Either they ate hamburger, or they ate out. And even when they ate out, Peggy often had hamburger. She loved it; it soothed her, she said. When she had spent too much household money on a genuine Dutch colonial cheeseboard, for which there was no cheese, they ate gristleburger. When she'd been careful and saved a bit, they had ground chuck. When she'd decided to go into debt to next week's food money, they ate chopped sirloin. With any of these, they had a tossed green salad, always with an element of surprise in it—one night anchovies, one night croutons (that was only *one* night), one night an avocado—and so on.

Some men might have objected, but Tom didn't mind. He made himself huge ranch breakfasts of ham and eggs, while Peggy drank her black coffee and ate her half a grapefruit; and he had great heavy lunches at foreign restaurants with the boys at the office. He made out fine, mostly, just fine.

The door blew open with a gust of winter wind, and in came Peggy. She was not carrying the usual number of tidbits, but Tom recognized the white paper bag of the hamburger department.

"Well," said Peggy, stopping in the doorway. She was an astonishingly pretty girl, with an air now of doubtful defiance. "I can start on Monday on *two* jobs if I like!" She stood there, her red head tilted slightly to one side, eying Tom as if she

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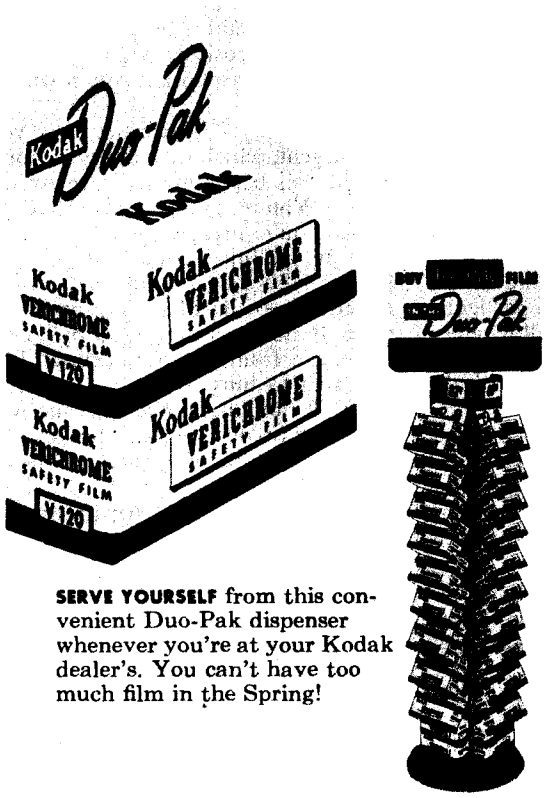

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were a ninepin about to be bowled over by a fast, straight ball.

Tom had learned a certain amount of caution during the past half year, and although properly astonished, he simply took the pipe out of his mouth and said, "That's marvelous, honey. Ah—wouldn't it be better if you began with just one job, for a starter?"

Peggy shrugged her shoulders. "I suppose so," she said. "But I must say I think it's clever of me, just an artsy-craftsy kind of girl, and one who's been job hunting for only half a day." She sat down on Tom's lap, smiling; and Tom couldn't help smiling back.

"Are you serious?" he asked, seriously. Peggy nodded.

"I need the money," she said darkly.

"For something special?"

Peggy nodded again. The last time she had needed the money for something special, they had had gristleburgers for six weeks running and ended up with a hand-blown Venetian Martini pitcher, never used. If she needed money enough to take a routine job—the thought was staggering—she must be after big game. There was no use to ask what, but as usual Tom was spellbound. "I think you're marvelous," he said. "How did you do it?"

"I THINK I'm marvelous too," Peggy said. "And the way that I did it was very simple. Any girl could do it—well, almost any girl. It was a process of elimination. I can't take shorthand, I can't file, I can't work a switchboard, I can't conceive of making out a sales slip, and I think typing is tedious. So? There was only one thing to do. I went to all the places that said simply: *Wanted, Girl Friday*. Remember Robinson Crusoe and Friday? Well, there were two of them, and—"

"Hey, no kidding," Tom said, "that's how the ad read? Wanted, girl Friday?"

"Sure," Peggy said. "Well, there were two of them, as I was saying. The first was an advertising agency—"

"I don't want you mixed up with advertising," said Tom, who was mixed up with advertising.

"And the second was a magazine called Cuisine, the Cook's Companion," Peggy said.

"*You* applied?"

"Yep. I got the job: girl Friday to the food editor. I taste things, appease ancient subscribers, answer easy letters and the boss's phone, and sample new products."

"Holy cow," Tom said. "Did you tell them all you liked was hamburger?"

"Ah—no," Peggy said. "That will appear in due course."

Tom stretched and considered. "Food is a sound subject," he said.

"Long hours," Peggy said. "When they say girl Friday, they mean girl Friday. Did Crusoe ever give that poor man anything, I wonder—calico, beads, anything? Anyhow, you won't mind too much my not having your slippers warming on the hearth for you when you get home from work, will you? It won't be for long."

It was a rhetorical question. Tom, whose slippers had never been warmed, so far as he could remember, said he didn't think he'd mind. But he did point out that if she wanted a job, well, of course that was fine, but it wasn't *necessary*. The budget would balance perfectly well if she'd only stick to the budget, and— So it was decided that Peggy had better go to work. To celebrate, they opened the package from the butcher and had chopped-sirloin hamburgers.

That was Friday. . . .

"There's only one thing I worry about," Tom said on Monday morning, watching Peggy dress for her first day of work. "You're being too amiable. It's eerie."

"Tame a shrew and what have you got?—a contented cow. I can't help it if you and hamburger have made me happy," Peggy said, her mind faraway and her eyes looking back into his eyes from the bathroom mirror.

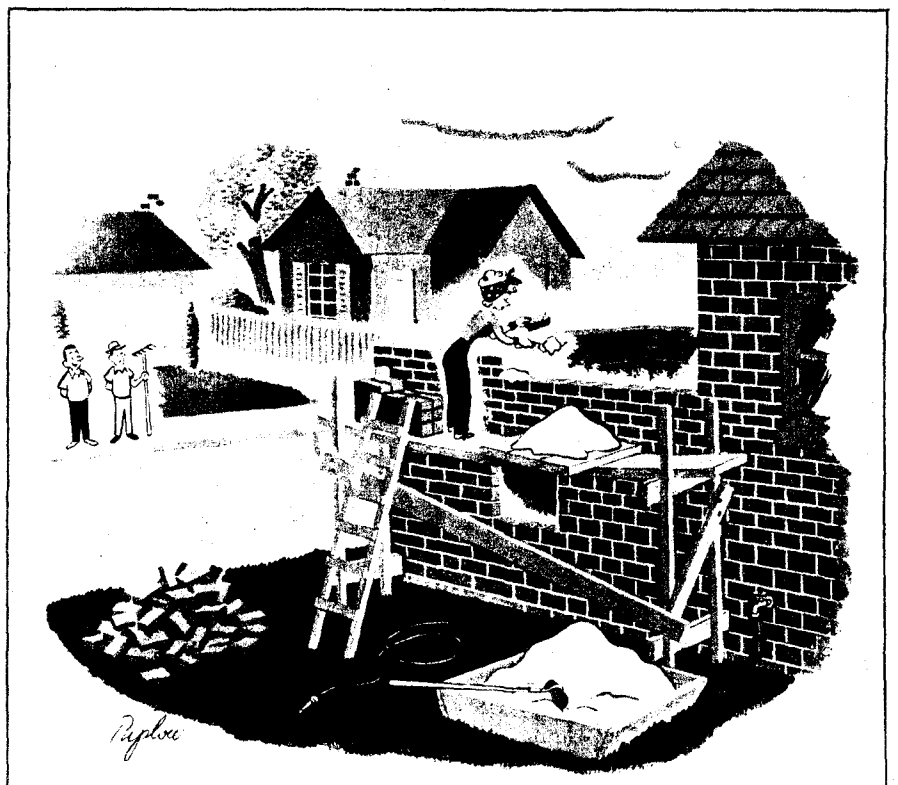
There was no getting around that one, and Tom watched shrewdly as Peggy carefully zipped up the side of a jade-green wool dress that was beginning to get just the least bit comfortable-looking. Tom suffered much from pride of possession.

She put on a tweed coat with a teddy-bear lining.

"Good-by, darling," she said. "I'll have lots to tell you tonight."

"What's your boss like?" Tom said. He was suddenly concerned.

"Oh, she's a jolly Tu-whit-Tu-whoo-has-everybody-marshmallows lady."



COLLIER'S **"She's quite a little homemaker"** BOB PAPLOW

"Well, that's nice," said Tom, relieved. He was only five years older than Peggy, but he often felt five hundred. "I tell you what—meet me for lunch and tell me what it's like."

"Yes! Where?"

"Oh, I can't think at the moment. Call the office when you're ready."

"All right. Good-by," Peggy said and she ran out the door. Then she ran in again to kiss him and out again, and was gone. The project was, of course, absurd; but her excitement was serious, and to Tom this meant a great deal.

TOM cooked himself two thick slices of ham and three eggs and ate them in the dining alcove. He then shaved, dressed, and made his way to the office, where he spent a morning thinking of things to say about oil. The trouble with oil was that there really wasn't very much to say about oil that everyone didn't know already.

About one o'clock he got hungry, and feeling sure that Peggy would call pretty soon, he left a message with his secretary and walked to a new restaurant he'd discovered in the neighborhood, a Swedish one, with excellent *smörgåsbord*. It was, he felt, the proper place to take a staff member of Cuisine, whether *she* felt so or not.

He sat at the bar for a while, not drinking anything, just smoking a cigarette to kill his appetite and waiting for Peggy to show up; but it soon got to be too much for him. He found a table near the door, so that he could see her when she came in, and proceeded to heap a huge plate with all the assorted goodies he could find, and he found at least fifty. He could not mind his manners. He ate with gusto.

"Would you like some more, sir, or shall I bring your coffee?" asked a waiter, who had been watching Tom's performance with some respect. This restaurant promised its patrons all the servings of *smörgåsbord* that they could eat, but *smörgåsbord* is tricky. The whole is sometimes more than the sum of its parts.

Tom considered. "I tell you what," he said. "Take away the remains and bring me my coffee, and I'll ask for another plate if I rally." He was intending to rally and pretend it was the first time around.

"Very good, sir," said the waiter and removed Tom's plate.

The door of the restaurant opened, and in, on a puff of cold air, came Peggy. She looked around rather wildly for a moment, then saw Tom waving and came over to the table. She leaned on it, and it seemed to Tom that she was swaying slightly. Also, she looked different: thinner, and with a particular kind of pallor, a luminous yellow-green pallor, like endive.

"Tom," Peggy said, "do you really love me?"

"Why, honey!" Tom said alarmed. Peggy did not go limp very often.

"Would you mind if we didn't eat *smörgåsbord?* Could we go to a hamburger place or something?"

"Why, sure," Tom said, just as the waiter came up with his coffee. He pressed some money into the astonished waiter's hand and followed Peggy to the door.

Outside, she leaned against the wall, her eyes closed, breathing hard.

"Peggy!" Tom said. "What in the world is the matter?"

"I'm not sure," Peggy said weakly. "It might have been the canned Maine mussels."

"The what?"

"Or the duck cooked exclusively in vermouth."

"Vermouth!"

"Or, on the other hand, the exclusive, imported English toffees. I'm just not sure what it was. I only know I'd like a hamburger."

"You poor baby!" Tom said, thoroughly roused.

"Or perhaps some Cream of Wheat."

So they went to a health bar and had oatmeal and cocoa, Peggy protesting all the while that Tom was too good, that she knew how he counted on his lunches. That was the first day.

TUESDAY evening, as they settled down to their hamburgers in front of the fire, an uncertain peace descended. Things were not exactly the way they used to be—Peggy no longer brought home tidbits bought with saved food money, for example; she was saving every penny for her secret project, whatever it was—but there was peace. Yet Peggy was still the color of endive; and although a girl with Peggy's hair and eyes will always be beautiful no matter what color she is, Tom could not help frothing. It was pride of possession again, he supposed.

He lighted his brierwood pipe and began to ask tactful questions. "How is Tu-whit-Tu-whoo-has-everybody-marshmallows?" he asked.

"Oh, fine," Peggy said. "She's working on an oyster lunch."

"Nothing but oysters?"

"Everything and oysters. It's to promote the oyster industry. Oysters on the half shell, oyster soup, turkey with oyster stuffing, oyster soufflé and for dessert—"

"Stop," Tom said. "I can't stand it. Don't tell me."

"All right, I won't," Peggy said, stretching and hiccuping delicately. A silence fell, broken only by the clicking of coals.

"Listen," Tom said, finally. "I don't like to tell you what to do, darling; you do such funny things. But when it's a matter of life and death—and I do begin to feel that your health may be at stake—I wonder whether whatever it is that you want for the house will be worth all this to you."

"Every job has its occupational hazards," Peggy said. "Silicosis and let me see, well, silicosis is a good example. All I have is dyspepsia. And it was better today."

"But honey," Tom said. His voice was urgent, which he knew was unwise, but he was beginning to be really worried. "You're green, and I like you pink. You're *prettier* pink."

"I'm in fair shape." Peggy said, brusquely. "You should read some of the editor's mail. 'I have just been given three hundred mushrooms by an old and dear friend whose feelings I did not wish to hurt, so I have just eaten them all raw, marinated in white wine. Dear Editor of Cuisine, what should I do?' This on a post card, mind you. Not a telegram."

"Did you get in touch with the family of the deceased?"

"No. That's just the point I wish to make. It doesn't do to be funereal in the fine-food business. I just read all the obituaries in the Times, and not finding our subscriber among them, wrote her a letter telling her to do nothing. Tu-whit Tu-whoo was very pleased with me. She says that I have the proper approach, and besides I'm quick-witted."

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"You are quick-witted, and besides you're pretty and cute," said Tom, laughing. "Only don't, I beg of you, go to the oyster luncheon. I dread the consequences."

"I may not have to go to that," Peggy said, "but I think I shall have to go to the horse-radish dinner."

"Listen," Tom said, "whatever it is you're saving up for, I'll buy it for you. Name it. It's yours. But *please* don't go to the horse-radish dinner."

"It's not till Thursday," Peggy said, dreamily, "and you can't buy it for me; if you did, it wouldn't count."

Tom stood up and knocked the ashes out of his pipe slowly and with emphasis. "Peggy," he said, in a marked manner, "up to now your vagaries have amused me. I am no longer amused. I have eaten hamburgers almost every night for six months. I have stared for hours in hopeless frustration at a hand-blown Venetian Martini pitcher that is too valuable to use. I have ignored the enormous, antique cheeseboard for which no piece of cheese has ever been bought. But I will not, I cannot, allow you to ruin your looks and your health for this mad caprice. Please resign, and at once."

"If I can just stick it out till Friday, I'll have almost enough," said Peggy. She had that air of distrait alarm which usually undid him, but not on that night.

"And the idea of your going out to a large dinner party alone—" Tom said.

"Oh!" Peggy said. She relaxed and laughed. "That's what it is! Don't be silly, darling, it's just a lot of middle-aged horse-radish salesmen and their wives, waltzing about in the Waldorf ballroom."

"Why can't Tu-whit Tu-whoo go?" Tom shouted.

"She's married, and she has heartburn," Peggy said placidly.

Speechless, Tom looked down at his revoltingly pixyish wife and then retired behind the evening paper for the rest of the evening.

On Wednesday there was a certain coolness between them.

THURSDAY evening, when Tom came home, Peggy had just stepped out of the tub and was standing, dressed in a startling black lace chemise, in front of her clothes closet, humming merrily and picking over her old evening dresses. "Hello, honey," she said over her shoulder. "I've brought you home some samples."

"Humph," Tom said, but he could not resist looking over the samples, which were neatly arranged on the end table by the sofa.

"Try the cheese spread; it's new," Peggy called.

"Is there a cracker in the house?" Tom asked pettishly, knowing perfectly well there was, for the good reason that he'd bought some himself for that all-gone feeling he sometimes got at midnight. The cheese spread wasn't bad. But his mood did not lighten.

"How did you like it?" Peggy asked, appearing in a ballet-length black tulle skirt and black turtle-neck sweater and looking entirely too ravishing. "What did it taste like to you?"

"It tasted like Cheddar cheese with port wine in it, which is what it was," Tom said.

"That's all? Not fruity and fortifying as a felled ox, or anything like that?"

"No, just like Cheddar and port," Tom said.

"You'd never get anywhere in the food business. Stick to oil," Peggy advised, drawing on her best white kid gloves.

"I'm sticking," Tom said grimly.

Peggy put on her best black winter coat and kissed him lightly on the cheek. "I'll be home early. I expect it will be an awful bore," she said blithely.

"Shall I have the Pulmotor ready?" Tom asked. And then, in a burst of savage self-pity, he said: "*And* what am I supposed to do for dinner?"

"Why, Tom, honey," said Peggy, wide-eyed and aggrieved, "you make marvelous hamburgers. *Much* better than mine!" And off she went.

Tom was furious. He had a good mind to call up one of his office companions and go off and get drunk, but he felt that would be irresponsible. For all he knew, Peggy might be in a coma by ten o'clock. He didn't dare leave for the evening. He didn't even dare go out for dinner. Why, for that matter, with horse-radish in everything, she might not last through the soup. Grimly he made himself a Martini in the old, non-Venetian Martini pitcher, and finished the port and Cheddar cheese. Then he composed himself to wait.

And all for what? he wondered. What had that mad, determined woman decided that she could not get along without—a hand-blown Venetian-glass charcoal grill for hamburgers? Was it possible that people like his Aunt Mildred, who had said all along that this girl was essentially frivolous, had actually, all along, been right? He was beginning to think it was, when the Martinis overtook him, and he fell asleep in his chair.

IT WAS eleven when the turning of the key in the door woke him from an uneasy dream. Peggy walked in, stumbling slightly and absolutely ashen. "Oh-oh," she said, feebly.

"I knew it," Tom said. "I knew it. You've killed yourself, and all for some silly bauble." He picked her up and carried her into the bedroom. "Shall I call a doctor?"

"It was the salad that did it," Peggy said, "and of course the waltzing between the courses. But essentially the salad; I got through all right until then."

"Do you mean to tell me they put horse-radish in your salad dressing?" Tom said.

She bit her lip and nodded and turned her face to the wall.

"I shall call a doctor," Tom said.

"No, don't," Peggy said in a muffled voice. "I'll pull through. Just take my shoes off for me, will you? I can't bend. And if I can just get to the office tomorrow and last till noon, I'll have fifty whole dollars, and that will be almost enough."

Tom restrained an impulse to pick her up and shake her till her earrings fell off. He looked around the room for something satisfactorily breakable to throw against the wall, but could see nothing except her perfume bottles, which were sacred. Slowly, when the blood had receded from his eyes, he sat down beside her and said gently: "Enough for what, Peggy?"

"Cooking lessons," Peggy said, in a small, strangled voice. "I wanted them to be a surprise." And she burst into tears.

Tom sat quite still for a moment, and then he took off her shoes and set them softly down on the floor. He lay back on the bed beside her and dreamily ran his long fingers through her shining red-gold hair.

"They *are* a surprise, honey," he said to her very tenderly. "Believe me. They are." ▲▲▲

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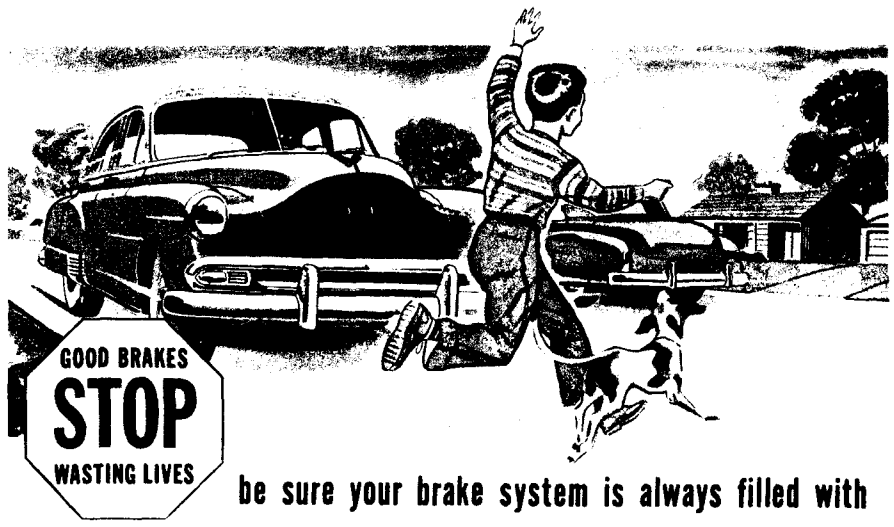

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How to Have Fun with

It's not easy, but Jim West works hard at it—with his 30 autos, four planes, Texa

THERE is a story that when James Marion West, of Houston, Texas, completed his River Oaks Boulevard mansion, he surveyed the six-car garage and saw only five pairs of fish-tails protruding from the stalls.

"Buy me another Cadillac immediately to fill that hole," he instructed his secretary.

The story is a massive understatement.

West has, in fact, 11 Cadillacs for his personal use, but these are only a squadron of the 30-car fleet of pleasure cars he maintains in a midtown private garage. The garage is replete with a staff of mechanics, body men and porters, plus the personnel of West's private radio station, whose spire rises over the sprawling three-story building.

He has Oldsmobiles, Packards, Fords, Plymouths and jeeps from which to pick. The interior of each of them—by the time his mechanics, body men and assorted technicians have finished with it—bears more resemblance to the cockpit of a B-36 than to any known production-line auto.

West feels cut off from the world unless he has four telephone receivers racked under the dash—one for the Houston police wave length, another for that of the Harris County sheriff's department, the other two for each of the wave lengths that he operates himself around the clock. His planes, including a DC-3, a Twin-Beech and two converted trainers, are similarly equipped.

West is a Texas oil and cattle millionaire—one of the richest of the rich in a town where I have heard a man worth only $10,000,000 described as "not poor—middle class, you know." My researches indicate that West is worth easily $100,000,000—which means he's considerably better heeled than most of his fellow Houstonians rate him. Perhaps they underestimate his wealth because of his bizarre façade and behavior: the really *big* Big Rich, like Jesse Jones and Hugh Roy Cullen, are usually models of decorum and retiring sound citizenship.

Jim West is not typical. Nevertheless, he's the embodiment of the legend of the big-hatted Texas millionaire, striding through the world to a clank and tinkle of silver cart wheels, imposing artillery at his waist, laugh booming, the tops of filigreed boots flapping around his calves, extroversion radiating from him like heat from a bonfire.

"Silver Dollar" Jim embodies not *some* of the flashier traits of the legendary Texas millionaire, but all of them, plus a few twists he invented himself. True, he does not drink; thus the traditional effluvium of prime bourbon is missing from his immediate person. But he has never allowed a thirsty guest to stay that way more than a moment, and nothing in his deportment gives away his own abstinence. With a start, strangers realize that he has been sober right along.

West wakes in an outsize bed—he is five feet nine and weighs 210 pounds—in his River Oaks Boulevard mansion. The house is large, but not outstanding on this street of costly castles. The time of his arising may be noon or 3:00 P.M. or 7:00 P.M., for West, an attorney who does not practice law, is Houston's most celebrated crime buff and he scarcely starts living until nightfall.

"In crime and oil," he told me, "everything seems to happen at night. I don't want to be waked up suddenly and hear about a breakdown at one of my rigs."

Through possibly the most sensitive and com-

Multimillionaire Jim West prepares to draw a bead. He wears a diamond-encrusted Texas Ranger's star and enormous gold belt buckle

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100 MILLION DOLLARS

nger's badge and inexhaustible stacks of silver dollars

By JAMES ASWELL

prehensive personal communications system in the world, Jim West keeps in touch with his far-flung drilling operations and with the Houston crime situation. Beside his bed are banked tiers of radio and electronic equipment. He lives in a constant faint murmur of voices, because he never turns the equipment off—only up, when it gets interesting: when the voices are those of the police, oil-well roughnecks, cowboys from his vast ranges, deputy sheriffs, overseers, the voices of his secretaries, executives, partners, relatives, the voices of his pilots, grounded or aloft.

West's first waking act is to switch off the monster siren under the eaves, which has been ready to shriek at the press of a bedside button should his premises be stormed by burglars or assassins as he lies abed. The alarm has gone off only once. Then it was an accident, and its awful howl made his millionaire neighbors mad and brought in so many of his police pals that Houston was defenseless against evildoers for an hour.

As Jim West moves about from room to room, showering, dressing himself, completing his toilet, the murmur of voices from afar never dies out. Equipment duplicating that beside his bed is available at strategic points throughout his mansion. He has 24 telephones in his main house and twelve more in the garage.

He has no valet, nor has he a chauffeur; a Texan unable to dress or drive himself is fit, in his opinion, only for a sanitarium. He dons a flannel shirt, usually deep orange, and affixes to it his gold Texas Ranger's star, encircled by nine hefty diamonds; the special officer's commission he holds in the celebrated fraternity of Rangers is a dispensation reserved for 300 souls favored in the state capital, Austin. He has no formal duties.

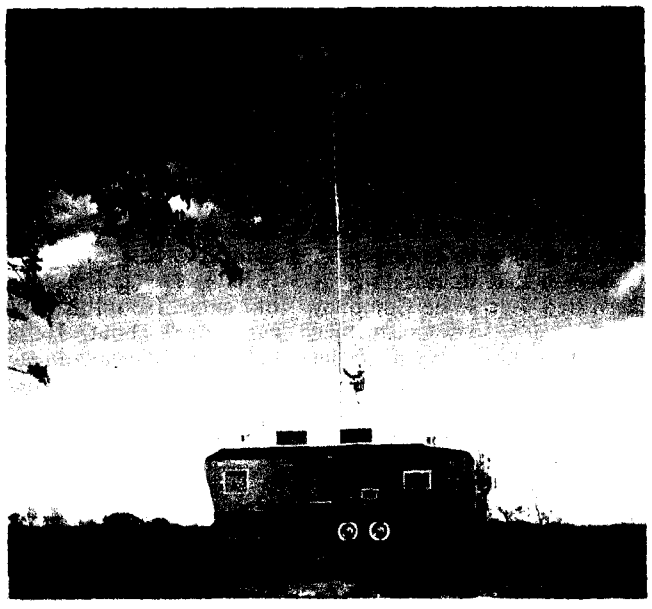
West rarely wears a tie. His trousers are salt-and-pepper tweed, supported by one of several wide belts. The belts are adorned by buckles eight inches long by four high, again of gold and emblazoned with bas-reliefs depicting oil derricks, frolicking steers or hunting vignettes. At fifty-one, with thinning, reddish hair, Jim West somewhat resembles a more dignified Lou Costello. His hat, when he wears one, is the fifteen-gallon Texas economy size.

Dressed, he straps on his artillery, most often a .45 but occasionally, for lighter moods, a .38 Special, or perhaps one of each. The story that Jim West sleeps with his .45 strapped on is false, along with the yarn that he recently refused to remove his armament to be X-rayed, causing the first diagnosis of its kind on record: Colt's disease.

Now for his handsome cowboy boots. West puffs a bit putting on the boots, for his girth is lavish; on occasion he has allowed a friend or an employee to give him a hand—but strictly on a non-valet, comradely basis.

Before leaving, he pats the large forward pouches he has had custom-built into each pair of trousers. Once he's sure he is loaded—with several rolls of silver dollars, twenty to a roll—he is ready for his day (or night). He has already talked to perhaps five people: the foreman at his 60,000-acre Madisonville ranch; a houseboy at his great Eagle Pass Figure 2 ranch of 160,000 acres (where a hunting canine is expecting, and must be flown to the best vet in Houston for the rites of motherhood); to an oil-well foreman on some location about to spud in; to one of his police-captain cronies to ask hopefully about the city-wide crime graph; to Buck Phillips, his personal pilot, to order the DC-3 ready in an hour to fly a party to Eagle pass, or Los Angeles, or Washington, D.C., or wherever. Mrs. West, a charming woman who

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY I. B. LINDENTHAL



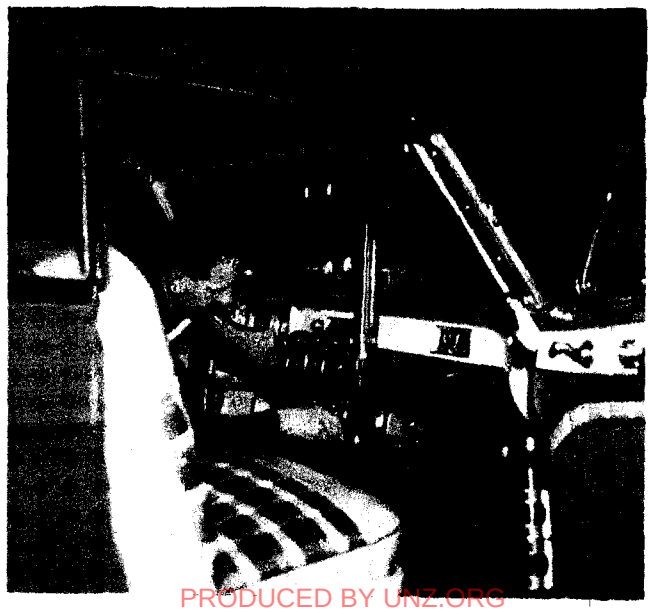
West spent more than $50,000 converting trailer for trips—then he lost interest and never used it

Two-gun West sits at wheel of one of his gadget-laden cars. Other men are police

For deer hunting on his ranch, West assigns guests to jeeps. And the host sees that everyone gets a buck

West is building this house for $150,000. He may use it on week ends once in a while

Chief mechanic Edgar Jones works on one of West's cars. Each mounts four telephones and three guns



Buck Phillips pilots West's private DC-3. Millionaire also has three other aircraft

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The slot machine at Jim West's Eagle Pass ranch always pa

believes in letting her husband amuse himself with his innocent toys, has long since left home for her social and civic engagements.

As Jim West strides through the 225-foot, white-tiled tunnel which connects his home with his garage, he is leaving behind him the most nearly self-contained domestic establishment in Houston. West had a fuss with the city water department and drilled two artesian wells on his lawn. He quarreled with the light company and put in a huge Diesel power plant whose panting has caused neighborly frowns. One of his remarks to me was that he was by no means pleased with the recent deportment of the telephone company.

Duplication of the facilities of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company will, granted, pose some problems; however, West is not a man to let money stand in the way. His present assets include at least 600,000 acres of land; the pools of oil under it; more pools of oil under his extensive leased properties, and thousands of cattle—17,000 head on one ranch alone. In addition he stands to inherit a nice sum from his aging mother, who still has title to half the fabulously multiplying fortune left by timberman Jim West, Sr. Silver Dollar Jim may someday find himself with $200,000,000 or even $300,000,000 to play with; Southwestern Bell had better mind its p's and q's.

Not far from West's mansion is his tennis court. Zoning restrictions in this exalted residential community forbid the erection of such an eyesore as a backstop for a tennis court. West sank a wide, deep slit into his grounds: press a button when you want a game, and the backstop rises majestically into the air; get word of a prowling inspector, and the big slab vanishes, presto!

Pranks at His Swimming Pool

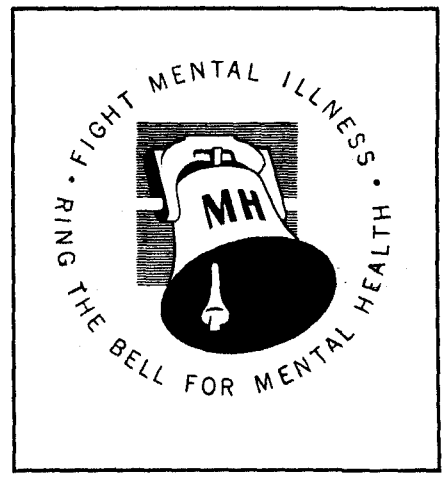
Besides being ingenious about having his way, Jim is a prankster, and many stories cluster about his beautiful blue swimming pool. On the occasion of his daughter Marion's marriage a few years ago, one of these stories goes, Silver Dollar Jim eyed appraisingly a famous and exceedingly dignified surgeon who stood on the brink attired in white tie and tails. "I wonder how that guy would look splashing around in the pool?" he murmured to a cop friend nearby. With two steps and a push he found out. He pacified the surgeon by having a leading Houston haberdasher rush out with a complete new outfit.

Once Mrs. West, attired in a brand-new Christian Dior gown, is said to have gone to the pool to remonstrate with her frolicking husband about being late for a party. You know what happened. But the streaming Alice West, it's said, laughed almost as loudly as Jim did. They are a happy couple. (They have three daughters, Marion, Margine and Bonnie, all married. Bonnie is his child by a prior marriage.)

Jim has a brother Wesley, who lives in a mansion next door and is known as "the conservative one." His dress and deportment are indeed much less flamboyant, although outside Texas he might be considered something of a character in his own right. His parties are glittery affairs; he's likely to fly in big-name entertainers, like singers Mel Tormé and Evelyn Knight, for a Saturday-night jamboree with a few friends. He once ran up $1,000 in fines for parking in a bus zone right near his mid-town office. He quit parking there after the newspapers raised a fuss. Also, he once dug a valley around a country house, so it would be on a hill in the Texas plain.

But Silver Dollar Jim remains the unsurpassed purple patch. At his garage, while he's waiting impatiently for the car radios to warm up (having been without communications for the 225 feet of the house-to-garage tunnel), Jim may reach for a roll of dollars, rip off the paper wrapper with his teeth, and toss out a handful so he can enjoy the sight of the yardmen and porters scrambling for the coins.

Silver Dollar Jim derived his handle, of course, from this habit of sprinkling cart wheels about. He is not the original or only Texan addicted to this sport, although he is easily the most sedulous



and prodigal devotee. Amon G. Carter, of Fort Worth, is said to be a silver-dollar moundsman too, but of late Carter reportedly has confined his tossing to special occasions, such as Presidential inaugurations. Jim flings the silver as the spirit moves him, day and night.

West has been known to cause confusion in swank Houston night spots by starting a hail of dollars around the feet of the staff. The ensuing scramble on hands and knees has sometimes drawn recruits from the paying customers. (West also brings his own butter when he dines out, and hands it to the headwaiter or hostess. It comes from his model dairy, and he will eat no other.)

According to columnist George Fuermann of the Houston Post, Jim tosses from fifty to a hundred silver dollars to porters and limousine drivers at the airport whenever he flies in or out, and he gives the doorman at the Shamrock Hotel three cart wheels for delivering his Cadillac to him—unless the whitewalls touch the curb, in which case the functionary is fined one dollar, receiving two.

Once he's inside his car, Jim West is ready for fun. His consuming enthusiasm is cops-and-robbers; to the right of the four telephones under the dash are gun racks. Standard equipment for all his cars is one 28-gauge sawed-off shotgun; one .30-30 rifle; one Tommy gun. In some vehicles there is a cubicle for tear-gas shells, but there is a report that the cubicle has been empty since several Halloweens ago.

On that occasion, two or three hundred festive kids descended on the West establishment, planning merry taunts and playful knaveries. They were sure that in Jim West they had a kindred soul who would enter boisterously into their mood. They were not mistaken. In fact, they somewhat underestimated their man. When they encountered Silver Dollar Jim returning with a police captain from a hard round of felony-chasing and mobbed the Cadillac in riotous glee, they were met and dispersed by tear gas. Many people, mostly parents, misunderstood this choice of a trick instead of a treat; Jim West was amazed by the criticism.

Keen Memory for Crime Facts

West is almost certainly the nation's number one crime buff. (Started on fires, he says, but not enough action.) He can reel you off the details of all the more sensational slayings and banditries of the last decade and more. Sometimes West gets to the scene of the latest excitement before the law—sometimes before the widow has buried the sashweight and embraced her lover. Now and then he participates in the exchange of gunfire with felons, usually in company with Lieutenant A. C. Martindale of the night detective shift, regarded as his closest friend.

His riding around with Martindale and other cops has evoked considerable criticism from Houston newspapers. Press complaint reached a climax when West and Martindale cornered a robber in a blind alley and the culprit opened up with a shotgun. Martindale was seriously wounded but kept on shooting. So did West. In the melee Martindale was further crippled by a .45 slug in the foot, which some reports said came from West's gun. Martindale stoutly claimed he shot himself, insisting that Silver Dollar Jim, far from being a safety hazard, was a peerless ally during skirmishes with criminals.

The cops love Jim as dearly as he loves cops. At Christmas, Houston police captains receive crisp hundred-dollar bills and lieutenants fifties, while all sergeants get twenty-five silver dollars and every patrolman ten. Jim West also sees to it that no peace officer in the Houston area, of whatever rank or affiliation, finds himself without a friend in a financial crisis. Once, during a cold snap, he ordered a gross of $150 imported sheepskin coats and sent them around to bluecoats and plain-clothes men.

There's rarely a convention of peace officers, whether in Miami, Los Angeles or New York City, at which Houston isn't represented by Silver Dollar Jim and his luxurious DC-3, bulging with favored flatfeet (all expenses paid, sky's the limit). Police Chief L. D. Morrison, who alternately forbids his cops to night-ride with West and relaxes the ban, has been a frequent guest on West's plane himself—but, he says, he picks up his own tabs.

Jim frequently takes a party of friends on plane trips. The destination is most often one of West's ranches—probably the Figure 2 at Eagle Pass, which has a huge ranch house whose modern conveniences include several bars and a dollar slot machine which always pays off. West likes his guests to be happy.

Usually in season there is a deer hunt. Each guest is assigned a jeep and—if he is sissified enough to want one—a driver. He is also assigned a radio call number. West deploys his hunters like guerrillas and orders them hither

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f. He wants his guests to be happy

and thither throughout the day. Regardless of luck or marksmanship, everybody has a handsome buck delivered to him when he gets back home.

By night there are rabbit and coyote hunts in a superduper jeep with 800-watt headlights, a roll-back hard-top, and a high rear seat from which hunters can cut loose at the fauna over the head of the driver. This vehicle has reinforced axles, a four-track generator belt, special springs, a souped-up, completely chrome-plated Ford motor and the usual telephones. It will leap over obstacles like a fawn and go almost instantly from 30 miles an hour forward to 30 miles an hour in reverse.

I know about West's jeep because he took me for a demonstration spin in it through the night streets of mid-town Houston. He spent twenty minutes just showing me how we could run head-on at a concrete curb and leap gracefully onto a lady's lawn. The lady watched us indignantly from her door, in the glare of the 800 watts.

Because Houston papers have treated him to rebuke and satire, Silver Dollar Jim hates reporters and interviews. Nevertheless he caved in and saw me after only a month of siege. I met him in the sprawling three-story garage of shining brick and plaster he maintains near the center of town. Once before, I had prowled there and been shooed off. Now all was courtesy. Two new Oldsmobiles had just come in to be torn down completely and fitted with chromed engines, special carburetors, five radio aerials, telephones and a new coat of paint—probably "West Production Blue," a private mix he stirred up himself. There were many makes of recent years, all agleam, but Cadillacs beamed from every corner. Most of the license numbers were identical—111—but with different county letters.

The Scene of the Interview

Jim, looking like a deputy sheriff out of an old Western movie, arrived soon after, and I stayed with him for four hours. We sat in his small, beautifully appointed second-floor office, amid the ever-murmuring radios. Just outside the office was the interior balcony specially built for him to appear on when the impulse moved him to toss showers of silver dollars down to the help. His desk was stacked with packaged rolls of dollars, which he fingered thoughtfully as he talked.

Just yonder, I had learned, was the very window from which he triumphed over a union in what may go down as a unique episode in U.S. labor relations. While the garage was being built, there was a dispute, and a picket started pacing in front, carrying a sandwich board splashed by bitter words. Jim climbed to the second floor and watched the man reflectively.

Then he broke open a roll of dollars and sailed one expertly at the picket. The picket heard the clang on the sidewalk and identified the missile. Five minutes later, the sign was stacked against the wall and he was scrambling about the street fielding dollars. The game went on for hours, while the whole labor movement tottered.

I had found Silver Dollar Jim unpopular in the city. Unpopular not only because of the hundred million dollars, which would hobble Dale Carnegie in a popularity bout, but perhaps also because Houston—most tolerant, most benign, most warmhearted and exhilarating of cities—is coming culturally of age.

Silver Dollar Jim has begun to grate on Houston as too much the stock figure out of an irresponsibly roistering frontier past. Houstonians are afraid the world will think him typical.

How untypical he is can be seen in the raised eyebrows when he appears in the Shamrock's posh Cork Club and munches soberly through a great mound of chicken sandwiches. Or when he sits in his glass-enclosed royal box at the football games, demolishing 15 or 20 hot dogs with pop to match.

Another Vanishing American?

Still, he is an almost perfect specimen of a type which may be soon extinct in America. Taxes and the future are against him. Perhaps he is the last of the real playboy millionaires, Texas style—wealth beyond the threat of any dreamable impoverishment through prodigal spending, foolishness, self-indulgence; wealth so great that boyhood can be projected forever against adult resistance on every hand: the running to fires and crimes, the cowboy suit, the guns, chases in the night, the gobbling of goodies and always the fistful of gleaming dollars to disarm folks.

"I don't really care what you say," he told me with a sad smile, rubbing his head. "They criticize me because I don't wear a dress suit and go to parties every night. I dress this way because I like it, it's comfortable, and I like to ride around at night and be awake in case there's trouble at a rig."

He looked at me expectantly, hoping for belief.

"I just hate to get letters!" He touched an envelope on his desk. "Man here wrote me from New Orleans and asked for five thousand dollars. Said he'd insure himself for ten and commit suicide in case he couldn't pay it back in a year. That's awful, ain't it? Trouble with the bunk you write, people think I'll send them money—or maybe a Cadillac. Tell them I won't answer."

I said I would. But he did answer one letter last December. An eight-year-old Irish lad addressed a note to "Any Millionaire, Houston," and it was given to Jim. The kid wanted a cowboy suit. Jim sent it, and treasures a photo of the child with brothers, sisters, mother and father—the father a Dublin policeman.

He sighed. "Talk about me riding with the cops. The newspapers holler. But did you know, I save the city of Houston eight hundred dollars a year in oil and gas? Maybe more."

A faint radio voice was murmuring about a robbery in South Houston. Jim reached, turned up the volume, turned it down again, disappointed. "Come on," he said. "I'll ride you in my jeep."

We sat in the jeep inside the garage. Silver Dollar Jim picked up a phone.

"Operation A," he boomed into the transmitter.

The vast steel doors rose slowly.

"I can open that from two hundred miles away," he said proudly. "To close is Operation B."

We rolled out into the boundless night of boyhood. I found myself with a perfectly preposterous emotion. I was feeling sorry for a hundred million dollars.

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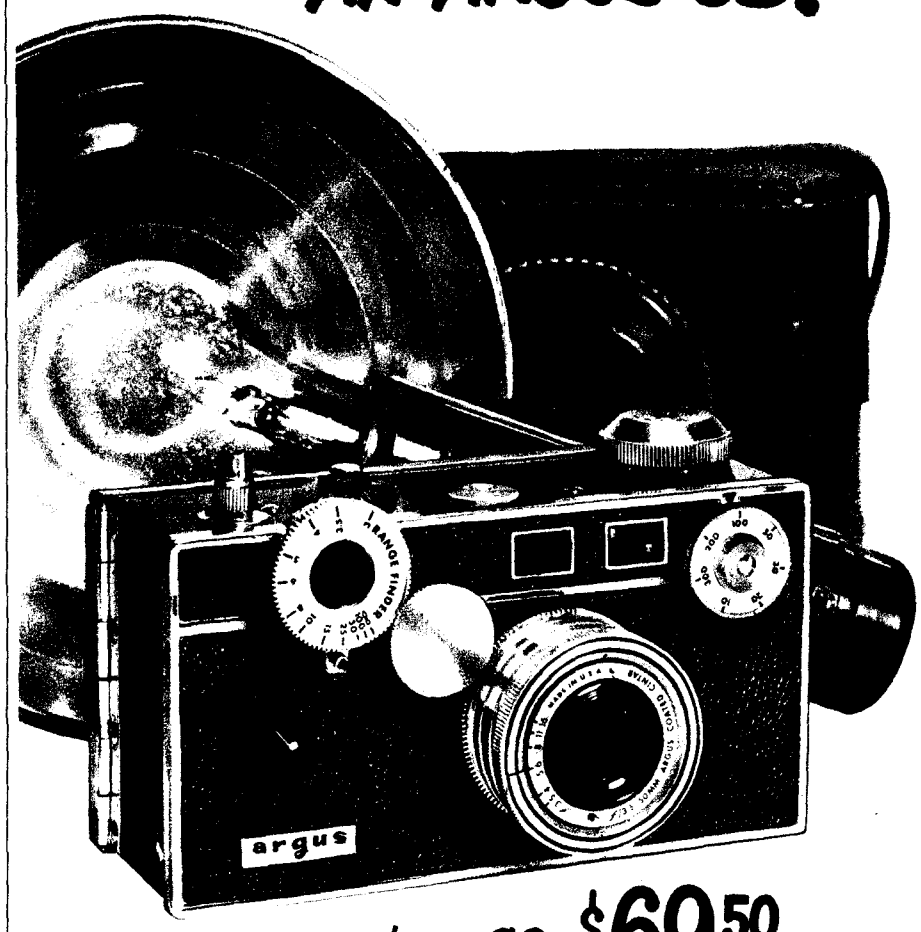

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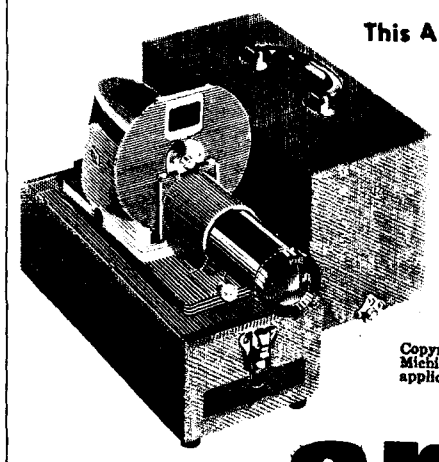

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A Man Who Caught Love Like a Cold

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After days of waiting for Perk to come back, Ann Ruth had to go and find him. He was all right; he was fine. Just one thing wrong: he was in love with another girl

By LIBBIE BLOCK

ANN RUTH BRICKER does not expect anyone to believe this story. The wonder is that she allows it to be told at all; it is both personal and painful and concerns events which she and Perk never discuss. Still she has asked that it be set down, not as inspirational literature, nor as advice to the lovelorn, but perhaps because she no longer believes it herself and is looking for the one or ten persons in the world who may have undergone such an experience. This story, therefore, is in the nature of an "information-wanted" advertisement.

Perk may be very angry at her for telling it, but after lucid thought—and no one is more lucid than Ann Ruth—she has decided to take the risk. She has the unusual character which prefers truth, whatever its cost.

When the story began, Ann Ruth Bricker and Perkins Coyne were engaged to be married. Ann Ruth had a neat little diamond; Perk had plans to buy a house on the GI bill; and they both had warm feelings of contentment and well-being whether they were together, or apart and thinking of being together.

They were a matched couple in the way only unlikes can be; Ann Ruth so steady, literal, and loyal; Perk, full of ideals and fire, a man who could love and suffer on a classic scale. If they had been able to marry last June, this chronicle would have remained unwritten.

But Perk was still a term away from his master of science degree, and Ann Ruth had just been assigned to teach her first class in physical education in the Los Angeles public schools, beginning in September. It would be better, she thought, for them to wait one more year; by next June she would have gained ground professionally and financially; and Perk, free of responsibility, would have graduated *cum* everything. He fought her on the basis of moon and June and live-while-you're-young; but after a while she won, as she always did, because she was always logical, loving and right.

The decision was very painful since it meant they could not spend their summer vacation together. Perk said after all, why not go together anyway, they were grown up, weren't they? Ann Ruth said school boards take a dim view of that interpretation of being grown-up, and as for outraging convention, that might have been a pleasant hobby back in the 1920s, but people are too discouraged for it now. She kissed him, and he grew foolish and said he would die before next June. She pushed back her yearning and said he did not dare to die since he had promised her to live happily ever after.

So Perkins Coyne packed his boots, his shorts and some books; and telling Ann Ruth he would see her a week from Sunday, he went off to a mountain guest ranch where there was no phone.

He did not return to Los Angeles on the appointed Sunday nor on Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday. On Thursday, Ann Ruth telephoned his house, and his mother said he had sent her a post card saying he might stay a while longer. Ann Ruth said that probably meant he was having a good time, and Perk's mother said the card had not mentioned whether or not he was having a good time.

The next day, Ann Ruth borrowed her brother's car and, thankful that she remembered the odd name of the resort, *El Rancho de los Lagartos en el Sol,* went after her man.

She says now that she never doubted that something life-shaking had happened to Perk. And if his life was shaken, so, of course, was hers. It was not impossible that a man like Perk should stay away thirteen days when he had said he would be gone seven. But not to write her, not to tell her, not even to ask his mother to relay the message—it did not make sense. It made fear.

Driving through the little towns among the fruit groves, she tried to draw a picture of the fear. It was this: Perk had discovered he had some dread disease and didn't want to burden her with it. Or Perk had been in an accident; it was not certain whether amputation would be necessary. He would not permit her to marry a cripple.

Driving through San Bernardino she considered again whether Perk might not have sent her a card too, or a letter, that had gone astray. But letters did not go astray, at least not the half dozen or

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more he would usually have sent her in these two weeks.

She picked up speed into Victorville, for she had decided that Perk was being kept prisoner at the Ranch of the Lizards in the Sun, and she wondered how she could have been idiot enough to let him go so blithely to a place neither of them knew.

Ann Ruth turned off the state highway into a road, up and off the road to a trail, and then to a pair of ruts that brought her to the fence, the cattle guard, and the sign of *El Rancho de los Lagartos en el Sol.*

The whole feeling of the place, although it stood on a high, open plateau of desert, was that it was hidden. A half mile past the fence, she still saw nothing, then, scattered, reluctant to be visible, a few adobes, colored like the earth. In the dusk they looked like an assortment of deserted ruins, old beyond time. There was no landscaping, no tree except for the Joshuas, no principal building. She remembered now that this place was part of an ancient Spanish ranch that had been reclaimed for tourists, that it was known to be quiet, to appeal to painters and writers. She felt its mood in the darkening day, lost and romantic, and she knew that it rejected her, Ann Ruth Bricker, who was neither romantic nor lost.

SHE left her car and walked toward a lighted dobe that looked a bit more like a building than any of the other scattered heaps. On foot now, she felt even more keenly the strangeness of the place.

The building she approached had a handwritten card attached to the door. Ann Ruth read: *Arrangements for the Convenience and Comfort of Guests Made Here*—which she assumed to mean *Office.* She opened the door and went inside.

It was a little sitting room, all Indian rugs and black beams. There was a fire in the corner fireplace, and on a three-legged stool before it sat an old lady in whipcord frontier pants, a cowboy shirt and a shawl. She looked up, smiling, at Ann Ruth and said, "Are you going to stay for supper, dear?"

"I guess so," Ann Ruth said.

"*And* for the night?"

"Yes. I—"

"Then you'll tell Manuel, won't you? And you may help him wipe the dishes, unless, of course, you'd rather serve."

"I came to see Mr. Coyne," Ann Ruth said firmly. "Can you tell me where he is? Mr. Perkins Coyne?"

"Perk must be about someplace, dear. They always come home for supper, no matter where they go. Now, I am Cousin Jane, and you must tell me your name."

"My name is Ann Ruth Bricker. Is there a register to sign?" She looked around, longing for some conventional symbol.

Cousin Jane said, "I think you'd like the House Over the Valley to sleep in tonight. You just run along with your nightie and toothbrush, but don't be late for supper, dear."

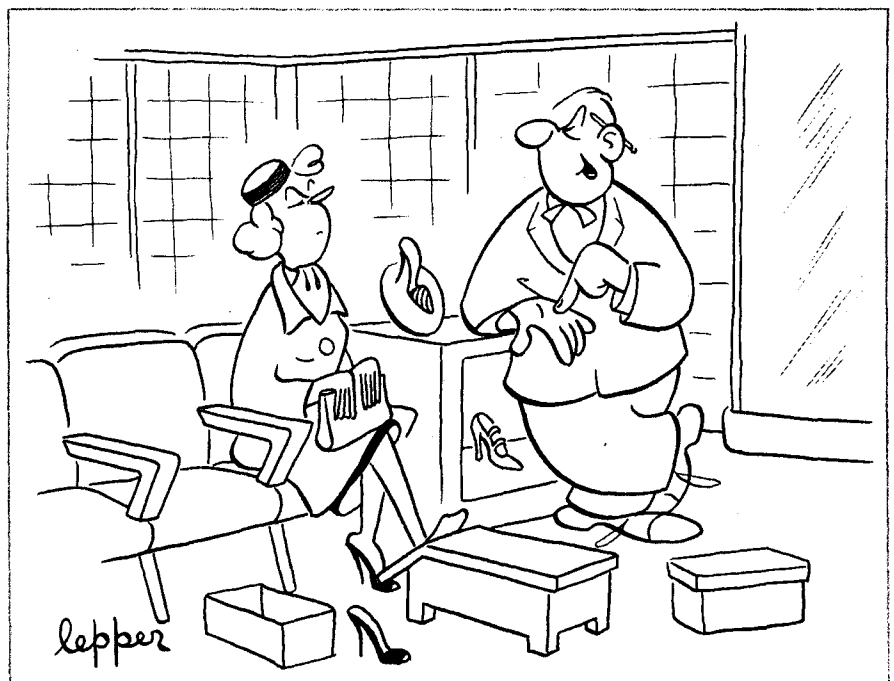
Ann Ruth is a calm girl, not easy to confuse. She found another three-legged stool and sat. "Cousin Jane," she said politely, "can you tell me, please, is Perkins Coyne well? Has any accident happened to him?"

"Why, no," Cousin Jane said. "He's just fine. I believe he did say he was saddlesore one day, but you know how it is when one rides with Mahree. Such a horsewoman. She goes leagues."

The minute Ann Ruth heard the name *Mahree,* she says, she realized it was important to her. What she had come flying from Los Angeles to meet, Ann Ruth says she knew, was not an illness nor a kidnaping, but a triangle.

At once she felt she could not ask Cousin Jane any more questions; she would not pry. So, receiving directions for going the three hundred or so yards to her lodging, she carried her overnight case and flashlight across the dark desert. Not all the hot, electric stars in the sky raised her spirits because it had suddenly come to her, the one worst thing she had never contemplated: Perk was not going to be glad to see her.

The House Over the Valley was simply a rustic hotel room wrapped up in adobe, not part of the old ranch like Cousin Jane's place. By candlelight she dressed for supper, wondering where in this wild acreage was Perk's hut, which Cousin Jane had said was The House that Looks to the East. When



"And now let's see if I've got this right. You want something that's comfortable for work, casual for week ends, and dressy enough for evenings—for under six dollars"

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she was as pretty as a comb, brush and lipstick could make her—and Ann Ruth is very pretty in the clean, tan style of California girls—she set out for the House of Bread and Salt, which was the name Cousin Jane had thought up for the dining room.

This building was old too, a single room, low and dim, with a kitchen attached. It held a big oak table and benches, and near its fireplace a seating area had been arranged. Here a girl sat before an antique tapestry frame, working stitches in red.

"Hello," the girl said, smiling without looking up.

"You must be Mahree," Ann Ruth said sadly, knowing Perk was lost to her. The shine and magnetism of the tapestry girl warmed like the fire.

"Mahree Delstrava." The girl looked at Ann Ruth and said, "You're Perk's fiancée, aren't you?"

Heartbroken, Ann Ruth sat down opposite Mahree Delstrava. Because how could Perk resist such a girl if even Ann Ruth herself could not turn her eyes from this fresh, soft loveliness? "How did you know who I am?"

"Perk has told me all about you," Mahree said in a soft voice which did not quite have a foreign accent. "Really, I expected you yesterday or the day before. But never mind, you came as soon as you could. Have you ever been here before?"

"No," Ann Ruth said. "It's an . . . interesting place, isn't it?"

"I have always wished I had come when it was new. I was invited, but somehow the trip from New York always seemed so difficult. Lola Montez was here, but then of course she was in California on business anyway."

Ann Ruth saw a cocktail shaker on a little table. Although she usually maintained an athlete's training schedule, she felt entitled to a drink. As she poured she asked, "Will you have a cocktail?"

"I stopped drinking years ago, thank you."

Had she stopped drinking as a child then? Or perhaps she was older than she looked, in the late twenties instead of the early. Well, Perk too was nearly thirty. With her drink and her misery Ann Ruth settled down into the silence. She felt Perk's coming before she saw him, but she could not move. Then she saw Mahree's smile like light on a mirror and Perk's answering glance, and there died in her the last hope that she might have been wrong.

Perk had Cousin Jane on his arm; he looked taut and healthy. So much for the horrors which had chased Ann Ruth from Los Angeles; illness and amputation, indeed. "Hello, Perk," she said.

"Ann Ruth," he shouted, and took both her hands, pulling her to her feet. He began a hundred questions, about town, their families, her trip, but he did not kiss her. They had never been a pair for public display, and it was unreasonable of her to wish he had put his stamp of affection upon her here and now.

He introduced her to Mahree, who said they had already become good friends. Perk's quick unhappiness at this was understood by all three women.

Cousin Jane, who had dressed for dinner by adding long pearl earrings to her range clothes, poured more cocktails; and after a few minutes they were joined by the ranch's only other guest, a solid gentleman of sixty or more, a Mr. Portis, whose chins set one within the other like nested cups. Conversation was general and polite, but underneath, between Mahree and Perk, something grew that was not polite at all but strong and rank and beautiful as a jungle plant. Ann Ruth thought: There was never anything like that between Perk and me, and I ought to be glad I realize it. But the only thing she felt glad about was that soon they sat down to eat.

The fabled Manuel, a long and lighthearted boy, had cooked a stew with Mexican influence, and after he served, he sat down with them to eat. The six of them clustered at one end of a table that could have held twenty, and except for Cousin Jane's constant comments they were silent. Mr. Portis spoke only once, lifting his head to say to Mahree, "Ever been in the movies?"

"No," Mahree said, "I've never been in the movies." She smiled at Mr. Portis in a wonderful way, as though she had understood the questions behind his question and was encouraging him. A little as though she had said, "You're getting warm. Try again."

But Mr. Portis did not try again. He shook his head as though to get the puzzlement out of it and was quiet.

Then they talked about their remoteness, enjoying it.

"I want the Ranch of the Lizards to seem far, far away," Cousin Jane said. "I want it to give a feeling of inaccessibility. I sometimes wish there were no road for cars. Everyone would have to come on horseback."

"Stagecoach," Mahree said. "That's what we want! Stagecoaches were uncomfortable and dangerous, but to travel meant to accomplish something. Rough, lonely roads, highwaymen. And to come finally to an inn and rest. Oh, Cousin Jane, I love your place, but no place to me will ever seem so wonderful again as an English inn after a night in a coach."

So she's English, Ann Ruth thought.

AFTER the fruit and cheese, Ann Ruth remembered that she was on kitchen duty, and Perk came along to help. They told Manuel he could go. Ann Ruth washed the dishes while Perk wiped, and since this had been a part of her modest dream of marriage, that they would do the dishes together until they could afford an electric dishwasher, she was sad. It was like having a new dress and never getting a chance to wear it to a party.

"You don't have to help," Ann Ruth said to Perk. "You go on in with—the others."

"Ann Ruth," he said, speaking directly as they always did with each other, "the reason I didn't write was that I couldn't tell you about Mahree. Every day I kept thinking it would be over."

"How can it be over? You love her, don't you?"

"It's so strange, I don't know what to call it."

"It's all right," she said, stolidly, "I don't blame you. I never saw anybody like her. You've got to marry the one you love."

His towel circled one of Cousin Jane's heavy Mexican platters. "It's you I'm going to marry," he said. "I won't throw out our plans for something that happens in a week. What we have, you and I—it's healthy. It's good."

"Not good enough," she said. "Even if you're willing to settle for less than the best, I'm not. I'm going home in the morning."

"Look, dear," he said, "it's true

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something has happened to me. But—I can't explain it to you, it's not real. It's like catching a cold."

"A cold is real enough," she said. She put away the dishpan, bathed her hot eyes in water and, both angry and determined in her martyrdom, went into the other room. A few seconds later she heard Perk come in.

Evidently Mr. Portis had spent all this time drafting another question. He said to Mahree, "Ever been a model? I mean for photographers. Had your picture in the magazines?"

"No," Mahree said. "I'm sorry." And she shook her head as though she were sure Mr. Portis could do better if he tried.

THEN Mahree and Perk and Cousin Jane began, in a sleepy, resort way, to make plans for the next day. They would ride to a ghost mining town nearby. Johnson's Luck was its sad name. Wouldn't Ann Ruth come along?

"I'm going back to town," Ann Ruth said, and there was a large silence where the coaxing and arguments might have been.

After that, Cousin Jane asked Mr. Portis to rearrange the fire so as to save wood, Mahree emptied the ash trays, Perk locked up the House of Bread and Salt and they assembled out of doors behind the rays of their flashlights to say good night.

Perk said, "Ann Ruth, may I walk you down to your place?"

"No," she said. "I was hoping I could go with Mahree."

"Certainly," Mahree said at once. "I left a fire in my house. Maybe we can have one last smoke together. I'd like that."

Ann Ruth felt it again in Mahree's words, the ease, the enthusiasm. This girl was unique. She was—what was it—relaxed? That was it, perhaps; she was more relaxed than anybody Ann Ruth had ever known.

Mahree's adobe was pleasantly warm and bright. From its tiled floor to the dark painting over the fireplace, it was obviously part of the old ranch. Ann Ruth noticed the delicate personal accessories, inhaled the fragrance, so gentle and remote it seemed a new kind of air, and realized what a drab little gym teacher she herself was. She said, "Mahree, what do you do when you're not vacationing at this ranch?"

"I make cosmetics, dear. A certain little cream I learned through a maid of Pompadour's. Very successful."

Ann Ruth thought fatalistically: Of course she would be prosperous, too. "If you think I'm impudent, please answer my question anyway. It's important. Do you care anything about Perkins Coyne?"

Mahree, sitting beside her, did not act as though she thought the question rude; she let her embracing smile open to Ann Ruth. "Indeed I do care about Perkins Coyne."

"Enough to marry him?"

"Enough for that."

Ann Ruth sighed. The verdict was in. "Well," she said, "you may have to work on Perk to convince him he's worthy of you. Otherwise, you're all set."

"Oh, wait," Mahree said. "Don't go. Let's have our smoke." She offered a little silver case, set with old gems.

Holding it, Ann Ruth thought: It isn't true what they tell you, that nobody has everything. Mahree has everything. "It's an antique, isn't it?"

"I've had it about a hundred years," Mahree said.

A girl will sometimes say, "I've had this dress for ages," or "My hat? Heavens, it's a hundred years old!" What Mahree had said didn't sound like that to Ann Ruth. It sounded as though she had had the cigarette case one hundred round, century years.

Ann Ruth is a very literal girl. It is not a trait she admires in herself, but she has to accept it. And she had her own reasons for being interested in everything about Mahree Delstrava. "It's been in your family a hundred years?"

"It's been in somebody's family about three hundred years, I should think," Mahree said, her face shining with merriness and was it mischief? "I've only had it about—well, ninety."

"How old are you?" Ann Ruth asked, much to her surprise.

"Guess!"

"I'd guess about twenty-two from the way you look," Ruth Ann said carefully. "But then you're already a successful businesswoman, so maybe you're twenty-eight or -nine. But from the things you've said . . ." Feeling as though she would fall off a precipice if she said one more word, Ann Ruth went to the door, opened it letting in the icy night air.

"Between twenty-two and twenty-nine," Mahree said. "Heavens, what a careful guess."

The mischief, the mockery forced Ann Ruth along this crazy path. Turning back, she said, "Once you mentioned Lola Montez as though you knew her. Was that *the* Lola Montez?"

"She was married to a man named Heald at the time I knew her," Mahree said.

"And Pompadour's maid—was that *the* Pompadour?"

"Have there ever been any others? But she was a little before my time. It was her maid I mentioned."

"And stagecoaches . . . Well, how old *are* you?"

MAHREE lay on the sofa, bathing in firelight. "I don't know why I shouldn't tell you. Sometimes I enjoy telling. And nobody will believe you, even if you say you've heard it from me. Futhermore, you won't believe it yourself. I'm— Well, I lose track a bit with all the fibs I'm forced to tell. But on my next birthday, sometime along the first part of November, I'll be either two hundred and nine or two hundred and ten."

She said brightly, as Ann Ruth's silence continued, "There! You don't believe me. See?"

"Why not? Some people get awfully old, and some people stay awfully young-looking for their ages," Ann Ruth said, logically. "You just got older than most and stayed younger-looking than most, I guess."

"How can you make it sound so normal?" Mahree said, offended.

"I guess as long as you've started, you'd like to talk about it," Ann Ruth said simply. She came back and sat down near Mahree.

"Well, I think you could at least act more excited," Mahree said. But then she proceeded to talk; as Ann Ruth had guessed, it was a treat she could not deny herself.

It seemed that around 1744, in a French town, a little girl had been born who simply happened never to get old or die. No magic potions, no spell by an old witch. "Just a sport, as they say," Mahree said, "like a sky-blue rose." She outlived all her contemporaries in her home town; then she went to Paris and took another name; and after she'd outlasted an entire new set of friends, she moved to England and

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then to the United States and had done it again. "It took me a full eighty years to lose my accent, but I speak well now, don't you think?"

Ann Ruth said yes. Then she asked, "Why don't you go to some university or clinic and tell them how old you are? You could be very useful to science."

"Goodness, no! Be poked and tested? Frankly I don't care to be useful to anything."

Having once started talking about her fascinating self, Mahree did not stop. She told Ann Ruth it was never hard for her to earn her living. There'd always been some old thing she'd remembered which became new again. Why, in this very century I had all the girls and women wearing patches again—beauty spots we called them this time. I had a little factory. I did quite well. I'm thinking of having women powder their hair again."

Ann Ruth became annoyed. "I certainly will not powder *my* hair," she said. "Does Perk know you are two hundred and ten years old?"

"It may be only two hundred and nine," Mahree said. "No, of course, he doesn't know."

"You've got to tell him."

"He won't believe it. You won't, yourself, in the morning."

Ann Ruth made another of her efforts to be fair and just. "Mahree, look, it's not that I object to men marrying older women. I think there'd be fewer widows that way. But Perk's only twenty-nine. Twenty-nine from two hundred and ten—"

"Two hundred and nine."

"Oh! It's awful."

"Do I look my age?"

"You look younger than I do, I guess. But— Well, you must have been married before. How many times?"

"Only on an average of once every twenty years. Eight . . . nine."

"And Perk would be number ten in the parade."

"I'm sure he won't find it that bad."

"Any children?"

"No. I never seem to have them." She was pleased too with this unusual quality in herself. "Perhaps I am my own descendants."

Ann Ruth had a sudden magnificent vision of a world in which one could be two hundred years old and never age. Suddenly she understood the perfect relaxation of Mahree. What was there to be tense about if you were always going to be young and lovely and everlasting? "Your husbands—do they live on and on too?" she asked, thinking she might get a bonus out of this for Perk.

"No. My condition doesn't seem to be contagious."

So Mahree and Perk would marry, and Perk would ripen and age and be ever so proud of his young-looking wife and then, suddenly, he would be an old man, alone and childless and this —this relic would be seeking another husband to keep her company.

Mahree said in her pleasing, soft way, "I suppose you want to turn in now, Ann Ruth. You'll probably rise early to drive home."

Ann Ruth said, "I won't be going down to town tomorrow. I don't think Perk should marry you, and I can't leave him under these circumstances."

Mahree walked her to the door. "It's always a mistake for me to tell my age," she said, "but do try not to be so conventional. It won't help you to try to spoil things for Perk and me. At least now he has a very high opinion of you; if you tell him I'm over two hundred years old, he'll think you're insane and contemptible, too."

"I'll take the chance," Ann Ruth said. and she went out into the night pleased, somehow, at being really twenty-two instead of perhaps just looking it!

Half an hour later, in her chilly bed, she was not so happy. She no longer believed a word she had heard and not much of what she had said. Since she was half convinced that she herself was demented, certainly Perk would be sure of it. To go to a fiancé and say, "Look here, the woman you're jilting me for is nearly two centuries your senior—" No, it simply wasn't done.

She did not sleep. She watched the night fade and saw the sun rise.

At breakfast she told the others she had not been able to resist the trip to Johnson's Luck, and Cousin Jane said how nice and in that case she would stay home and attend to things and Ann Ruth should have her horse.

Perk asked searchingly whether Ann Ruth and Mahree had had a nice talk the night before.

"Wonderful," Mahree said, and Ann Ruth felt giddy as she remembered it. It just could not have been true.

Everything about Mahree seemed fresh this minute. Her eyes were bright, her hands were dimpled, her neck was set on her shoulders instead of into them. If she had looked twenty last night, today she looked eighteen.

After breakfast Manuel brought up the horses. The group spent a few minutes checking stirrups and saddles, then lifted reins and were off.

While they walked the horses down to the ranch gate, Mahree stayed beside Ann Ruth. She said, "If you stay up all night, you must expect circles under your eyes in the morning."

"You slept?"

"Like a baby. Like myself, in fact."

Ann Ruth looked at the childish little brown hills against the blue. "Tell me, Mahree," she said, "why do you want Perk? There are so many men in the world, richer, more famous. Perk's lively and sweet, but he's really just getting started. Why did you choose him?" For she had not a doubt that, at Mahree's age, it was Mahree who did the choosing.

"I don't know. Perk appeals to me," Mahree said, smiling her clear and untroubled smile.

"He appeals to you! You make him sound like a new dress. Marrying somebody can't be as casual as that."

"Why not?"

And truly, why not, when you knew you could have husbands as most women have dresses—with full credit for exchanges?

Mahree's horse was hard to hold to the slower pace of Ann Ruth's, and once the ranch gate was opened she let him out and he flew ahead into the pink and blue and yellow morning, across the dusty plateau. Perk waited to close the gate behind the party, remounted, and, in a moment, passed Ann Ruth and Mr. Portis the rhythm of his horse's hoofs like that of a racing heart. Ann Ruth and Mr. Portis watched while he caught up with Mahree, and there was something so beautiful about the tiny humans on horses running toward the sky that they both sighed.

"Do you happen to know . . ." Mr. Portis spoke to Ann Ruth, but his gaze was far ahead, still on the horses. "Is she related to anyone in Poughkeepsie, New York?"

"I don't know," Ann Ruth said cautiously.

"I know that face," Mr. Portis said. "Somehow, from somewhere, I know her face."

And why wouldn't you? Ann Ruth thought. She's nearly as old as George Washington! She's —history! But Ann Ruth said, "I think we'd better keep them in sight since they know where they're going and we don't."

Mr. Portis and Ann Ruth found Mahree and Perk waiting for them at the crossing of two old trails. They commenced a downhill winding into the rocky red valley below, and in the shuffle Ann Ruth found herself riding beside Perk. "Let's stop and talk a minute, Perk," she said. "I have something to tell you." A moment before she had not known she was going to tell him. But this was a carry-over of an old, sweet habit: having no secrets from Perk, sharing everything. They got off their horses.

"Listening, honey," Perk said, as he always did.

"It's that— I don't know how to begin."

"At the beginning," he suggested.

SHE studied the flat and fantastic shape of a cactus; she breathed the warm, metallic air of the desert.

"It must be tough to say, this thing you have to tell me," Perk said, sympathetically.

"You know, Perk, Mahree is the most remarkable human being I've ever met. Or anyone's ever met."

"This remarkableness has got me," he said. "I'm not pleased, but I'm—had."

By being frank, as Perk was always frank, he had made it easier for her. "You want to know what it is, about Mahree?" she asked. "I'm afraid you won't believe me, and I don't really believe myself. But I learned it from Mahree herself."

"Is it— I mean she didn't tell you not to tell me?"

"No. She doesn't care whether you know or not. Because, she says, you won't believe it."

"Okay, I will or I won't. But tell me."

"It's that . . ." Her voice fell; she raised it with an effort and spoke clearly over the soft shuffle of the walking horses. "Well, I got Mahree to admit that she is more than two hundred years old."

He laughed, and the whole out of doors picked up his laughter and amplified it into the good humor of giants. "Well, sure," he said. "as old as the Nile, as old as Eve. Why limit it to a couple of hundred years?"

She felt herself stiffen; she put her foot in her stirrup and swung up on her horse again. "It isn't funny, Perk," she said. "You may believe me or not, but it has nothing to do with Eve and Cleopatra. Just the way I'm twenty-two and you're twenty-nine, Mahree is two hundred and nine years old."

He didn't answer as he mounted. In a moment they caught up with Mr. Portis, who was holding his horse, waiting for them, and a hundred yards ahead was Mahree, already dismounted and waving. They had arrived at Johnson's Luck.

EVEN as a ghost town, Johnson's Luck was unfortunate. It was a place of little glamor, a few faded false fronts on shacks, a few planks of wooden sidewalk, a sign *ASSAYER*. There was one short street that amounted now to a few dry ruts. Since it could be reached only on horseback, it had little attraction for tourists, it was merely a goal for a morning's ride, a spot for a picnic.

They walked in and out of the few buildings, amusing themselves, calling to one another from the old saloon, the bank. It was pleasant in a sad way, and through the skeleton of the town they made lively traffic.

On the rotted floor of the saloon lay a heap of junk. Ann Ruth picked at it with her toe. Nothing much was recognizable; time and weather had reclaimed nearly all for the earth. Still, this curved, blackened bit of metal—what had this been? "I wonder what it was," she said, and Perk came to see with Mr. Portis and Mahree. They stood looking at the three-inch bit of metal, and Perk said, "Part of a piece of machinery, probably."

"I know what it was." Mahree sparkled in the dim, musty place like water in a well. "Don't you, Perk?"

"Give up," he said, looking at her and then unable to look away.

"I don't know either," Ann Ruth said, angry with herself because she wanted to break the communication between Perk and Mahree.

Mahree was like a merry child with the answer to a riddle, hoping no one else knew. "Well, then I'll tell you. It's part of an old-fashioned hairpin. If it weren't so black you'd see it's silver. Ladies used to wear them around eighteen seventy and eighteen eighty. Sometimes they were topped with little hearts or crowns."

"Did you wear them?" Ann Ruth asked.

"Of course, darling, jeweled ones too."

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Ann Ruth flashed a quick look at Perk to see whether he had understood that Mahree admitted having worn such hairpins in the period between 1870 and 1880. She could not reach his eyes; they were still, fascinated, on Mahree's wonderful face. Mr. Portis, too, neither reacted nor questioned. Now Ann Ruth could see why Mahree felt so safe in admitting her age. The minds of humans will not accept the impossible. It was impossible for a beautiful young girl to be so old; therefore, no matter what she said, it did not occur to them that she might be.

Ann Ruth left the tilted, tipsy building and went out into the desert. Maybe she ought to stay here, become a few white bones on the landscape. What was there to live for?

WITHIN a few seconds the other three came out. They found a stretch of sand shaded by the remains of a red rock wall, and there they unpacked the lunch basket and the vacuum bottles. They ate and talked of the day, the place, the climate, lazily making sounds without sense to assure themselves they were alive in this dead place.

Mr. Portis suddenly cleared his throat. It was evident he was about to speak importantly. "Tell me, Miss Delstrava," he said. "Have you ever been to Saratoga, New York?"

"Many times," she said, and again she had a pleased, expectant look as though she were saying, "You're getting warmer."

"Saratoga, that's it, then! That's where we must have met."

Mahree said, "I haven't been there in a long time."

Mr. Portis closed his eyes, summoning green Saratoga to this arid place. "I see you there—you wore a pink dress, long, with ruffles, many ruffles. And you had a pink sunshade and a hat with feathers, and you were taking the waters." Mr. Portis opened his eyes. "Good Lord, that was when I was ten."

Mahree laughed. "And you were a little boy with a governess, probably. And you saw the lady on the porch of the United States Hotel, and your governess would not let you disturb the lady and—"

"I wrote a note. I said, *Deepest Regards* and gave it to her—you."

"You were a pretty little boy, slim, with curly yellow hair and blue eyes."

"How did you know?" Mr. Portis said, surprised, as to a fortuneteller.

"Because I was the lady in the pink dress," Mahree said, teasing, yet not quite.

With a quick thrill Ann Ruth thought: It's true. Mr. Portis saw her when he was a child, and he's been trying to recall her face ever since he met her here, at least fifty years later.

The comedy continued. "And you had a way," Mahree said to Mr. Portis, "a sweet way of leaning over the balcony until your adored lady went to the dining room and of remaining there until she left."

"But that beautiful girl at Saratoga," Mr. Portis said. "She must have been your mother—no, your grandmother."

"Are you sure it wasn't I?"

Mahree was laughing now, openly, and Ann Ruth's eyes swept to Perk to see how much he understood of what was happening, how much he believed of what she had told him.

But Mahree looked at Perk too just then, intercepting Ann Ruth's questioning glance, and at once, seeming to understand that she might be going too far, stopped her sport. Unsmiling, she said to Mr. Portis, "Are you flirting with me? I think I've had about enough of this."

Mr. Portis blushed. "I assure you," he said stiffly, "I did not intend to be impertinent. It was simply that your face seemed so familiar to me that in an attempt to place it, I—"

"Your guessing game is over," Mahree said. "It bores me." Mr. Portis seemed to have been rubbed off a blackboard. "Come on, Perk," she said, as though they were alone, "let's pack and start back."

Very soon Mahree and Perk were mounted and on the way. But Ann Ruth waited while Mr. Portis, perspiring and wounded, composed himself enough to leave. In silence and single file they went up the trail to the plateau. They saw the silhouette of Mahree and her horse in full, free flight away from them. But Perk was waiting.

Mr. Portis spoke for the first time. "If you'll excuse me," he said, "I feel the need of a run." And he went off, not like Mahree, not like a bird, but like a rider on the merry-go-round, lively and sedate.

And Ruth and Perk, walking their horses, were alone now under the hot bowl of the afternoon sky.

"Ann Ruth," Perk said, "how do you feel about me?"

She said, "Just the way I felt yesterday and last week."

"I don't deserve it," he said. The leather of their saddles creaked; that was the only sound. Then he added, "I'm over it. I'm over my cold."

It was finished—that was what he had said. He had recovered from Mahree. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. I've—told her. She didn't seem to mind."

Ann Ruth could understand that. Losses which were tragic to those who would only live threescore and ten were no more than headaches to one who had all the time in the world. "Perk," she said, "I feel wrong about one thing. I took unfair advantage of Mahree by telling you her age."

"Ann Ruth," Perk roared with a return of high temper that assured her that he was himself again, "I forbid you ever to say another word about that age nonsense! You were taken in by one of Mahree's jokes; you've got to get it out of your head."

"After today I'll never mention it again," she said. "But that's what cured you, isn't it?"

HE TURNED on his saddle. "There is something about Mahree that drives everyone a little nuts," he said. "First me, then you on the subject of her age, and even old Portis. But it was Portis who cured me; Mahree was cruel to him, Ann Ruth. A guy couldn't love a girl as ruthless as that, Eve or Cleopatra or a sub-subdeb. At least I can't. Now skip the stuff on her age—if she's lived two hundred years with that disposition, then, Lord, let me die young. While I'm living, let me live with you."

With a bow he accepted the grateful smile she sent him. He said, "When I can get closer to you, I intend to apologize in full. May I have the next gallop?"

And they ran.

They're going to be married within a few weeks, and Ann Ruth, forbidden to mention Mahree's age, cannot dismiss it from her mind. Was it true that she met a beautiful young woman who had been born around 1744? Did she imagine it? Does anyone know? Did anyone ever meet Mahree Delstrava by that or any other name? Ann Ruth Bricker, who has always been such a sensible girl, would be pleased to know. ▲▲▲

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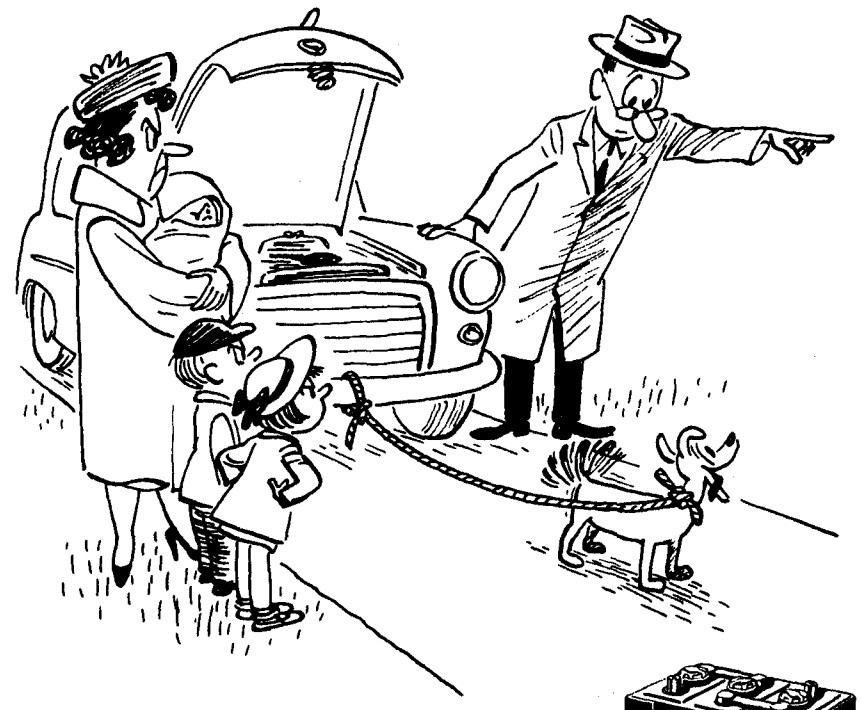

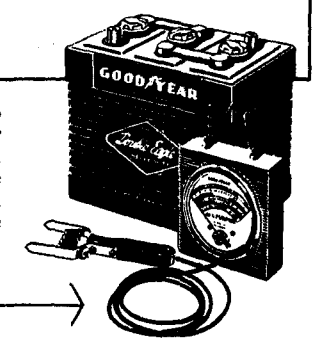

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Ike Counts on "Mr. Hum"

By SAMUEL GRAFTON

Who's the man to watch in the new Cabinet? Insiders say it's the little-known Secretary of the Treasury, George Humphrey. Even now the President says, "When he speaks, we all listen"

WHEN the news came out that George Magoffin Humphrey had been appointed Secretary of the Treasury, most folks in Cleveland, a city in which he had lived for 35 years, said: "*Who?*" Clevelanders were naturally pleased to have a fellow townsman in the Cabinet (the first since Newton D. Baker was Secretary of War in Wilson's second administration), but the man in the street found Humphrey's appointment a little embarrassing: his was an unfamiliar name.

Reporters knew he was chairman of the board of the M. A. Hanna Company—a house specializing in digging iron ore and coal and carrying both commodities in Great Lakes steamers, but they knew little else; they raced to their files, to find only a slim handful of back clippings about a quiet local businessman, aged sixty-three, with a deep interest in hunting and horses.

A small group of top Cleveland executives recovered from the general astonishment first. Not long after the news came out, one could hear it being said in Cleveland's inner sanctums: "Why, of course! George Humphrey! That's the right man."

There was impressive evidence this group may have been correct. Eighteen days after the new secretary took office, Roscoe Drummond, distinguished chief of the Christian Science Monitor's Washington News Bureau, declared that George Humphrey was "the real sleeper" in the Cabinet and, along with Secretary of State Dulles, one of its two most influential members.

A short time later President Eisenhower told associates it was a lucky day for the country when Humphrey joined his official family. "When George speaks, all the rest of us listen," he said.

* * *

It does not startle close friends to learn that Humphrey has taken only a few weeks to win high praise in Washington. It doesn't take him long to do anything. The Cleveland saying about him is that "two minutes with George Humphrey are as good as a half hour with somebody else"—to which one man adds, "and a half hour of Humphrey's time is worth five thousand dollars to any man with a real problem on his hands."

Whether it's two minutes or half an hour, it's a safe bet that Humphrey will spend most of the time just listening. But being listened to by Humphrey is, to hear Clevelanders tell it, an experience which can scar the soul of a man. "If you say anything vague or confused, it sounds just awful when you say it to him," one fellow told me. "He listens, then, in a few words, cuts right to the meat of what you've been babbling about. You suddenly see there's only one answer."

George Humphrey is a professional problem-solver. He loves problems and studies them with the same pleasure another man might apply to the study of butterflies or orchids. But when people try to explain what magic Humphrey uses, they sound baffled. Apparently all he does is clear his own emotions out of the way. ("If you let your emotions get the better of you," he says, "you are apt, because of fear, to be too slow; because of anger, to be too quick.") He then learns all he can about the facts involved. ("When you get all the facts," he says, "you are forced into one or two channels. Then it's easy.") After he has the facts, he tries to pick the right moment for applying a solution. ("Get your ducks in a row," he says.)

BUZZ BROWN

Now sixty-three, Humphrey was president of the big M. A. Hanna Company in Cleveland before he was forty

By following these deceptively simple principles, George Humphrey has amassed a fortune which must be in the neighborhood of $20,000,000. But because ours is an age rich in unexpected problems, George Humphrey finds himself—at a time of life when he had hoped to have nothing harder to solve than how to get a duck in the sights of his shotgun—at the head of the Treasury's 88,775 employees, with such matters in his care as the country's debt, its taxes, protection of the President (through the U.S. Secret Service), narcotics enforcement, the Coast Guard, the detection of counterfeiters and the collection of customs duties.

Cleveland has a private chuckle when it thinks of Humphrey among the Washington bureaucrats. "I'd love to be a little bird on the Treasury window sill," said one Cleveland businessman, "the first time some official brings him a long, complicated report in government gobbledygook." At the Hanna Company, Humphrey always refused to read any report or letter longer than one page; he'd return the offending document to a subordinate with the penciled notation: "Tell me what this means."

Humphrey's absorption in problem solving, and his avid pursuit of facts, might seem the marks of a cold personality. He isn't. Clevelanders try to put the paradox into words: "He's a very warm person with a very cold, factual mind," said one. "He's a rare bird," said another; "he knows finance—and people."

"After you've made a mistake," said an employee, "he forgets it. You go out of his office feeling you're only that high, but it'll still be all right between you, as people."

* * *

I called on Humphrey at the Treasury with some trepidation, trying to boil my questions down to one page. The new secretary, a big man with a wide, full-measure smile and an outdoor look, sits under a painting of his famous predecessor, Andrew W. Mellon. "It's a lot of comfort having him looking over my shoulder," he says. "Any time he coughs, I look twice."

Humphrey's office in the tremendous old Treasury building has a federal ornateness, quite different from the unadorned premises of the M. A. Hanna Company in Cleveland's Leader Building. Life in Washington is different for Humphrey in many other ways, too. He finds he can't live 25 miles out in the country as he did in Kirtland Hills in Ohio, and has rented one of the most famous houses in Washington, the beautiful old Brady mansion overlooking Georgetown. It was occupied by W. Averell Harriman during the last administration; Harriman put Humphrey on to leasing it for himself.

In the contest between what might be called the Washington spirit and the Cleveland spirit, however, the Cleveland spirit is making certain gains. Humphrey won't, for example, "co-ordinate a memo." "Co-ordinating a memo" is a standard Washington practice in which a departmental paper passes slowly from executive to executive, to be enriched en route with comments, suggestions and objections. Humphrey prefers to get the three or four men involved into his room for a few minutes of talk, during which everything is "co-ordinated" verbally and on the spot.

Humphrey seemed surprised that I thought of him as a problem-solver, but he was willing to discuss it; he did so objectively, as a surgeon might in discussing his technique with the blade.

"The most common fault in making decisions," said Humphrey, "and it's very easy to make, is to jump at conclusions before you know what the facts are. If you actually spend enough time so that you will get the facts—all the facts—most of the time you will find that you haven't got a problem—that it answers itself."

It seemed to me there must be more to it than that, and he grinned. "Sometimes you just can't get all the facts," he admitted. "You have to make a

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guess. But your impulse is always to guess when the facts are hard to get. You guess before you have to. That's the trouble."

In Cleveland, I had learned that he depends on others, with full confidence, to get facts for him. I asked about that and he replied:

"I'm a sucker for being fooled once. I rely on other people and consider them good—until I get fooled once. If I get fooled twice—that's my fault."

Bonuses Voluntarily Given Up

The Senate Finance Committee, that met during January to decide whether to recommend Humphrey's confirmation as secretary, had a superb opportunity to observe his ability to strip problems down to the bare bone. When the committee asked Humphrey about his salaries and bonuses, which amount normally to some $300,000 a year, Humphrey remarked briefly that he had resigned his four corporate chairmanships, a presidency and eight directorates. "My bonus stopped with December 31, 1952," he said. "I have no bonus, I have nothing. It is all cut off."

Some of the committee members seemed perturbed that Humphrey proposed to retain his stockholdings in M. A. Hanna, which, with his family's, come to something under 10 per cent of the company. Humphrey pointed out the alternatives. If he sold his stock for cash and put the money in a bank, he said he might, as top Treasury official, be accused of favoring the bank. Or suppose he put the money in government bonds: "There is nothing," he said, "that the Secretary of the Treasury could so influence by his conduct as government bonds."

Humphrey ended by promising that his subordinates would settle all Treasury questions relating to the Hanna interests. When a committee member suggested that his subordinates might be prejudiced in his favor, Humphrey, in some surprise, replied that he had deliberately picked a staff of men who did not think that way.

The session with the committee did not disturb Humphrey unduly and it apparently impressed the senators. His relations with Congress are described today as the best in the Cabinet.

* * *

Through the Hanna interest in the Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company (the world's largest soft-coal producer, created by Humphrey a number of years ago), the new Secretary of the Treasury is a veteran of many protracted and sometimes tense contract negotiation sessions with John L. Lewis, chief of the coal miners' union.

His ability to get his emotions out of the way in solving a problem was shown in 1947 when he stunned other coal men by suddenly settling a contract dispute with Lewis—by giving the miners a pay increase of $1.20 a day. I asked the secretary about the incident and was given another helping of Humphrey logic.

"There was every reason for a coal settlement," he said. "The miners were entitled to some increase. The problem was only how much. We had a shortage of coal, it was hard to get, it was high in price. If there had been a strike, the shortage would have grown worse, the price would have gone still higher, and the longer the strike, the worse it would have been.

"We'd had a pretty continuous experience in this field; when the pressure got great enough, the government stepped in. Every single time, they gave the union more than it had originally asked us for. The history was that if we had a long strike, we'd have had a shortage, and then paid the same in the end. It was better for the economy not to lose that production, and to keep the men working. It was not any more than we'd have had to pay them in the end, and we saved having the shortage, higher prices and loss of wages." He grinned. "This was exactly the way it worked out."

Humphrey is a curiously selfless man. He was much more interested in my management of my notes, and how I went about questioning people for an article, than he was in what I was going to say about him. "He never thinks about something else or somebody else when he's with you," his associates say. "Even if he has only a minute for you he's with you all the way for that minute."

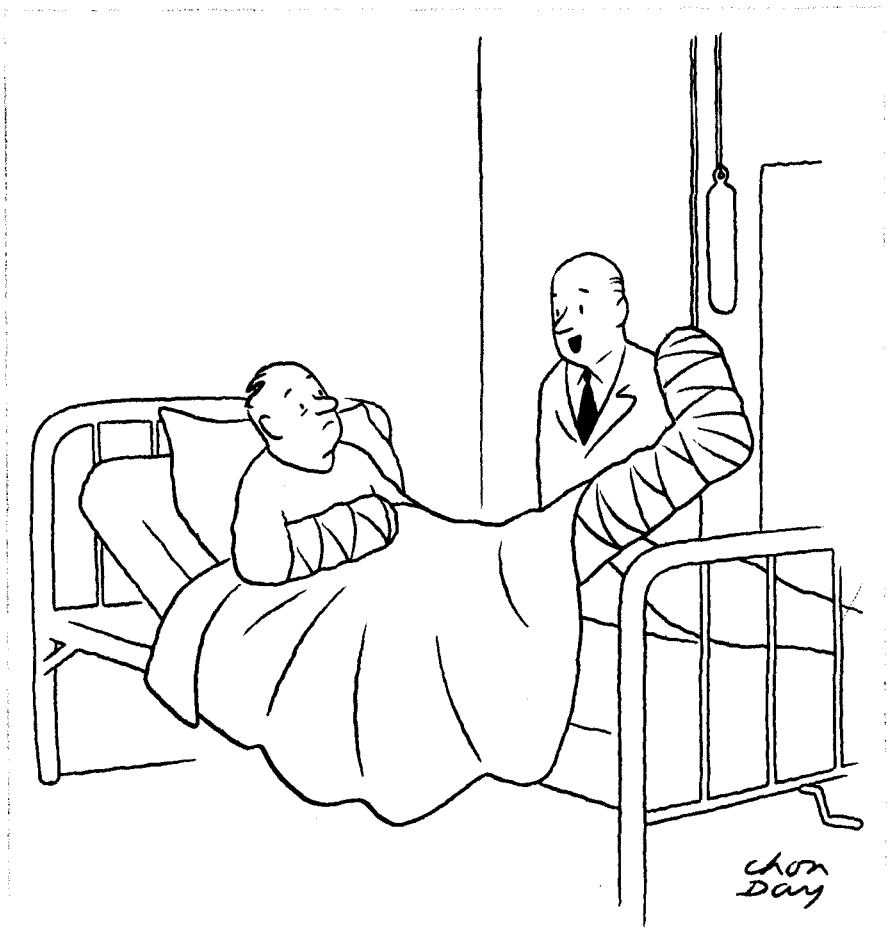
He avoids executive tantrums and other unpleasant mannerisms. In conference, he may sense something wrong in a situation and cross-examine an associate with devastating logic to try to uncover the weakness. "He'll keep pressing and pressing," said a friend. "But having done that, he'll walk out with a purely objective point of view—and if he's pushed you too hard, next day he'll tell you."

The feeling I had in following the Humphrey trail through Cleveland and Washington is that he has made himself an instrument for accomplishing a certain purpose, and has cut away all the normal irritability, petulance and pride that might make him a less effective instrument than he wants to be.

He is very fond of younger people, perhaps because it is from them that his sensitive antennas first pick up indications of change in the world in which he operates. "When change really becomes necessary," said a Cleveland businessman, "the need for it seems more emphatic to George than to the rest of us."

After the war, when America's better-grade iron-ore reserves in Minnesota began to look depleted, Humphrey became the first American to join with Canadian interests in tackling the spectacular but wholly undeveloped iron-ore deposits in the wilderness of Labrador. One of the problems involved was raising $200,000,000 to get the Iron Ore Company of Canada started, and another was building 360 miles of new railroad over some of the worst territory in the world. But ore will be shipped by next year, and the first carload will signal the success of what is perhaps the most important single defense measure for America ever consummated by a private citizen.

COLLIER'S **"Which way did they go?"** DICK CAVALLI



COLLIER'S **"We passed the hat at the office, Frank, but what would you want with a lot of old rubber bands and paper clips?"** CHON DAY

Wife Likes to Travel with Him

Mrs. Humphrey—the former Pamela Stark, his high-school sweetheart, whom he knew he was going to marry even at the age of sixteen—went along with him on many of the early, rugged Labrador plane trips. She travels with him constantly and calls herself his hitchhiker. "She stands in the door as I go out," says Humphrey, "and thumbs her way."

Humphrey has always been a great traveler. The Hanna Company kept two airplanes for him—a twin-engine Beechcraft and a Ventura PV-1, a made-over Navy light bomber. It was not unusual for Humphrey to fly to Pittsburgh of a morning for a meeting of the Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company, then hurry off to New York for an afternoon session with Phelps Dodge, of which he was a director, then return to Cleveland for a late-afternoon meeting at his own offices. After covering three cities in one day, he would, like as not, act as master of ceremonies at the Chagrin Valley Hunt Club the same night, and enjoy himself hugely.

In the early years, Mrs. Humphrey used to urge him to cut down on his traveling. He started using private planes so he could spend more time at home, but the only result was that he took more trips.

Yet somehow, he always found plenty of time for his three children and their

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ngress? The best in the Cabinet

schoolmates. His son Gilbert—who is now, in his late thirties, a lawyer and a Hanna vice-president—says, "He would always talk with my friends when I was younger, and keep older businessmen waiting." The secretary's two daughters, the present Mrs. Royal Firman, Jr., wife of a Cleveland real-estate executive, and Mrs. John Butler, whose husband is a Cleveland bank official, remember that when they were children Humphrey always was available to them. "Everything we've done, he's always taught us. It was extraordinary how he used to find time."

The children recall lengthy lessons in horsemanship, one of Humphrey's greatest interests. On long drives into the country, Humphrey would give his youngsters arithmetic problems to solve. "For forty-five minutes," says Mrs. Butler, "he would say to us: 'Take two, add six, multiply by four . . .' We really learned our mental arithmetic."

After his own children grew up, Humphrey turned to his eight grandchildren. "He's exactly the same with them as he was with us," says Mrs. Firman. "He spends hours teaching boy-scouting, how to tie knots." In Washington, Humphrey sees his grandchildren less often, which he regrets; but on Washington's Birthday the new secretary took two of them to the Smithsonian Institution and to the movie Peter Pan. "They all had a great time," says Mrs. Butler. "He knew what the exhibits were all about and made a fascinating running story out of it for the children."

Humphrey doesn't carry the office home. "He never mixes things up," says Mrs. Firman, "or shows pressure. He'll chat with you, then go into the next room to make an important phone call, come back and pick up where he left off, with no sign of anything else on his mind."

She was driving through Washington recently with her parents on the way to a speech Humphrey was to make. Her father fell silent and didn't talk for ten minutes. "He was thinking about his speech," she said. "Until he got it thought out, he just wasn't there. But it's unusual for him to be silent with others."

Sometimes, driving his car, he gets to thinking about a problem, takes a wrong turn, and gets lost.

Humphrey does what he has to, when he has to do it. When he goes to his 3,000-acre farm, Milestone, at Thomasville, Georgia, as he does for three to five weeks a year, he conscientiously sleeps fourteen hours a day for the first two or three days. And as that is the business of the moment, Humphrey does it with full absorption.

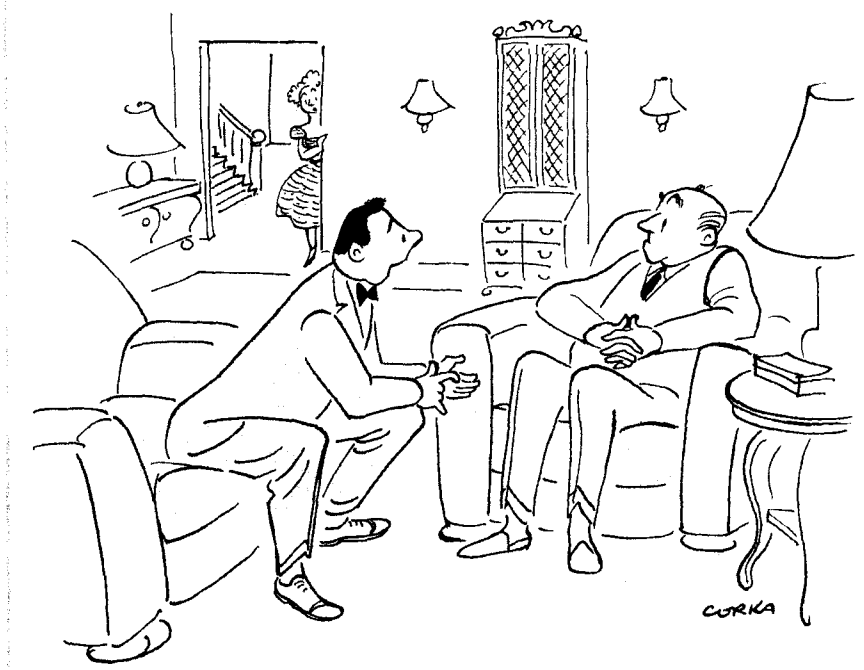
* * *

Humphrey's story is not that of a poor boy who became rich. He was born in Cheboygan, Michigan, and grew up in Saginaw, the son of a prosperous lawyer, whose office he entered after leaving the University of Michigan. By his middle twenties he had a good law practice, operated a lumber business and was scheduled to become president of a local bank in a year or two. (Humphrey, as usual, did it quickly.)

Then, because he happened to meet the general counsel for the Hanna interests, who had married a Saginaw girl, Humphrey was hauled off to Cleveland in 1917 as a Hanna lawyer.

In 1922, at the age of thirty-two, he was a vice-president of Hanna, and in 1925 became executive vice-president. (President Howard Hanna used to call him "the Hum.") He was president before he was forty. A man who loved facts could hardly have been in a happier spot: there were so many of them to learn at Hanna, with its iron-ore holdings, lake steamers and coal.

Under Humphrey's guidance, the



"You figure it has been costing you $3,000 a year to support Eleanor. Right? Well, now, if we add just *half* of that to my salary . . ."

COLLIER'S — CORKA

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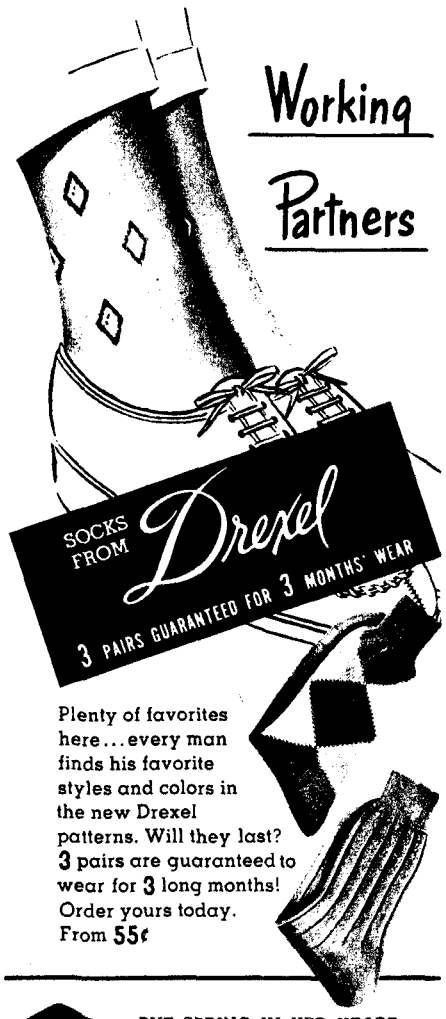
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AERO SHAVE
Only 59¢
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The Treasury needs "a new and constructive approach," he says

Hanna Company pushed out. It organized the National Steel Corporation and the Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company; it bought interests in Phelps Dodge, which meant copper, in Industrial Rayon and in the National City Bank of Cleveland. Humphrey's rule was that Hanna acquire interests only in companies in which it could participate actively.

Hence the two airplanes, which enabled Humphrey to visit the Hanna holdings. Hence, also, the impressive list of corporate titles which he resigned when he went to Washington.

But Humphrey never became well known to the public, even the Cleveland public, because the Hanna Company doesn't deal with the general public.

Even among the rank and file of Cleveland Republicans, Humphrey was an unfamiliar figure, although G.O.P. leaders knew him as a man who could usually be depended on to help round up money to pay off party deficits, and as an admirer of Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio.

Humphrey's appointment to the Treasury was widely considered a pro-Taft move. Actually, it seems to have come about through an endorsement by General Lucius Clay, former U.S. Military Governor of Germany. Clay was greatly impressed by Humphrey when the Clevelander led a committee of industrialists (including Charles E. Wilson of General Motors, the present Secretary of Defense) to consider the problem of dismantling Germany's industry after the war.

Salvaging German Industries

It was indeed a problem for a professional problem-solver. Conflicting pulls were enormous. One school of opinion wanted to "pastoralize" Germany by flattening its factories; another believed that the Germans would have to make and sell a few products if they were to eat. Some dismantling had begun and could hardly be reversed. Humphrey worked out a plan for continuing the dismantling which had started, while saving much of German heavy industry in a balanced setup, and won Clay's profound admiration.

After the German trip, Humphrey made plans for a pleasant way of life; always interested in horses, he had acquired a racing stable and was going in for breeding thoroughbreds—when he was called to the Treasury.

Humphrey considered the Cabinet job offer as a problem. After he had studied the facts and discussed them with his wife, he came to the conclusion that "we really had no decision to make, that when we were asked to try to assist in this program it was a duty and a responsibility that we could not refuse." He sold his stable to his daughter, Mrs. Firman, and went to Washington.

* * *

What kind of Treasury chief is Humphrey?

He feels that former Secretary John W. Snyder was "a good operator," and that the Treasury was "one of the better-run" departments under the Democrats.

"We disagreed with many administrative policies in the department," he says. "But there are a lot of fine people here. Broadly speaking, the department is not overmanned. In certain divisions, like the Bureau of Internal Revenue, dishonesty and great laxity had crept in. We hope to make some substantial improvements, particularly improvements in policy.

"Our main purpose is policy change—a new and constructive approach to our problems—a looking forward and building up, a development program rather than just a housekeeping job. When a business gets in bad repute and needs reorganization, you don't complete your job by merely firing a stenographer. It's the adoption of constructive policies that really makes the difference."

He hates and fears inflation; in an interview he once said that the ideal situation would be if there were "just one dollar less than enough to buy all the goods that American industry can produce." Such a situation, he felt, would stimulate the ingenuity and effort that have made the country great "by continually producing better goods for less money, competing for the buyer's dollar."

As a businessman, Humphrey places a high value on full production. Two years after he settled the coal dispute with Lewis, Humphrey blasted the miners' chief when Lewis proposed a three-day work week. That was a proposal to reduce production. Nothing could annoy Humphrey more.

He likes to say: "A contract that isn't good for both sides isn't worth the paper it's written on." His son Gilbert says of Hanna's operations, "In a contract around here, you figure what you're entitled to before you go to see a customer. You figure in advance what's right, and if you can't make a deal on that basis, you forget about it. He objects to people who ask twice as much as they're entitled to for bargaining purposes. He doesn't want us to ask for more than we're entitled to in a company contract with some other firm; he doesn't think that's a sound basis for a long relationship."

Humphrey's friends in the Cleveland business world liked his straightforward business dealing, but some of them do not find his brilliance altogether reassuring. They are a little disturbed by a mind which is likely to go anywhere in pursuit of the facts, and to accept any conclusion on the sole condition that it be reasonable. They remember the coal settlement with John L. Lewis, which startled them. They note that Humphrey has come out for the St. Lawrence Seaway, a highly controversial project which would improve Great Lakes transportation but which would also mean an increase in government-owned water-power facilities.

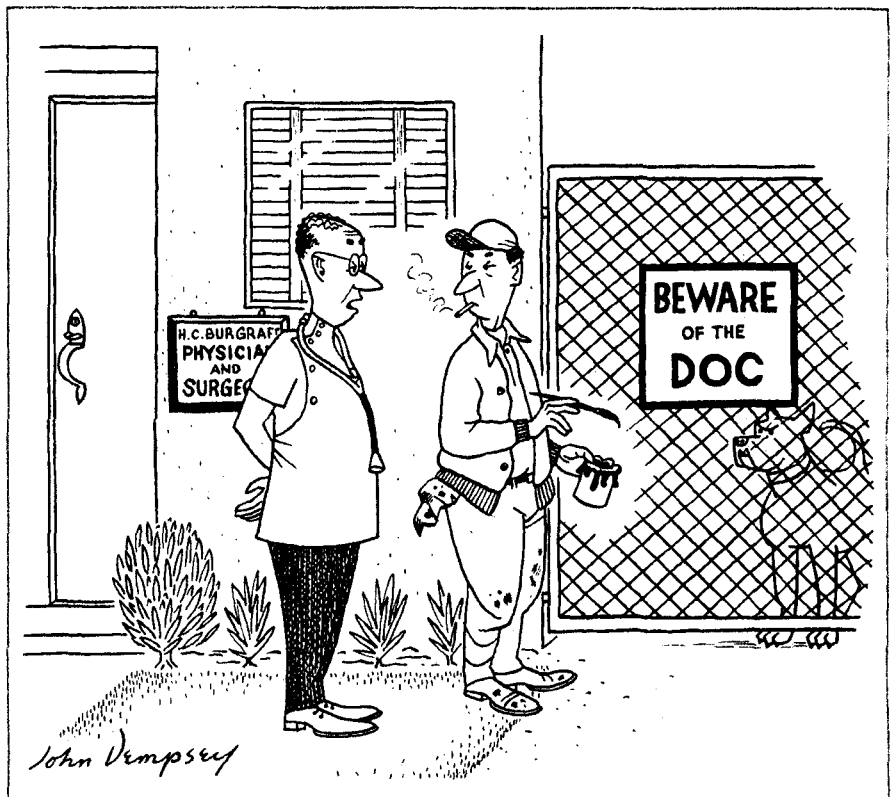
Change of Opinion Explained

I questioned the secretary about his stand on the seaway. "I was opposed to it for a long time," he said. "I couldn't see any volume of business to move over it of sufficient importance to do any good, or to justify a large expenditure. Since then there has been the development of Labrador iron ore. When the facts changed—and if you don't change with the facts, you're just foolish—I became an advocate of the seaway because the facts became an advocate of it, just as they had refuted it before. The discovery of ore in Labrador changed the picture. It provided the volume of tonnage to justify it."

Some Senate Finance Committee members were concerned lest Humphrey use his new office as a high rostrum from which to campaign for the disputed seaway project. Humphrey cut through the dilemma. He said he would reserve the right to advocate the seaway at Cabinet meetings, but would not make public statements for it.

"He's a cold analyst," said a Cleveland businessman. "Sure, he's for cutting taxes. But he'll get the facts. Maybe there'll be some facts we don't know about, and he'll make up his mind on the basis of those. If the facts change, he'll change his thinking.

"And if he decides taxes can't be cut," finished his friend somberly, "he'll just come out and say so." ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S **"Could you make the G look more like a G?"** JOHN DEMPSEY

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Mail Call

By STAN HUNT

Nothing may stay the mailman from his task. But sometimes he should have stood in bed

P.S. Mother says to remember her to you. P.P.S. Don't forget to put the trash out Tuesday! If you forget it last time, you'll have to put up the card game again. P.P.P.S. If the milk is all gone at Margaret's, did you remember?!? — I hope!! P.P.P.P.S. Thursday?? P.P.P.S. Don't show Mama's letter to Papa. She'll cry. Because he won't stop!

P.S.

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Inside job

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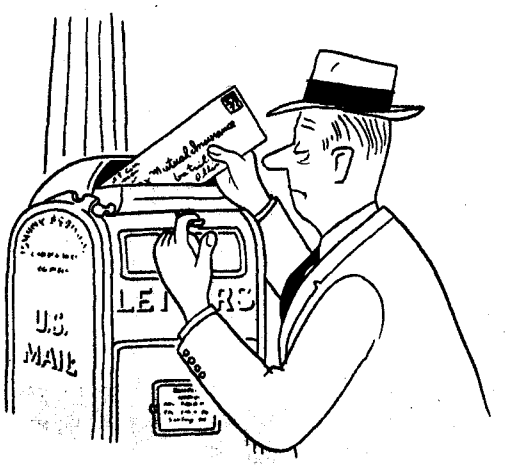


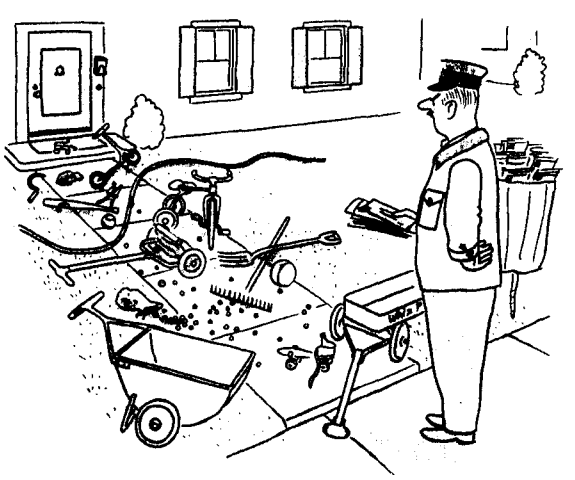
End of 30-day grace period

That horrible feeling that you've mailed the right letters in the wrong envelopes

"Three bills, two circulars, a seed catalogue, and the wife's H.S. alumni letter"

The old seal-tight-forgot-to-enclose-check routine

No comment



The mail must go through (?)

Send no money! Mail coupon now!

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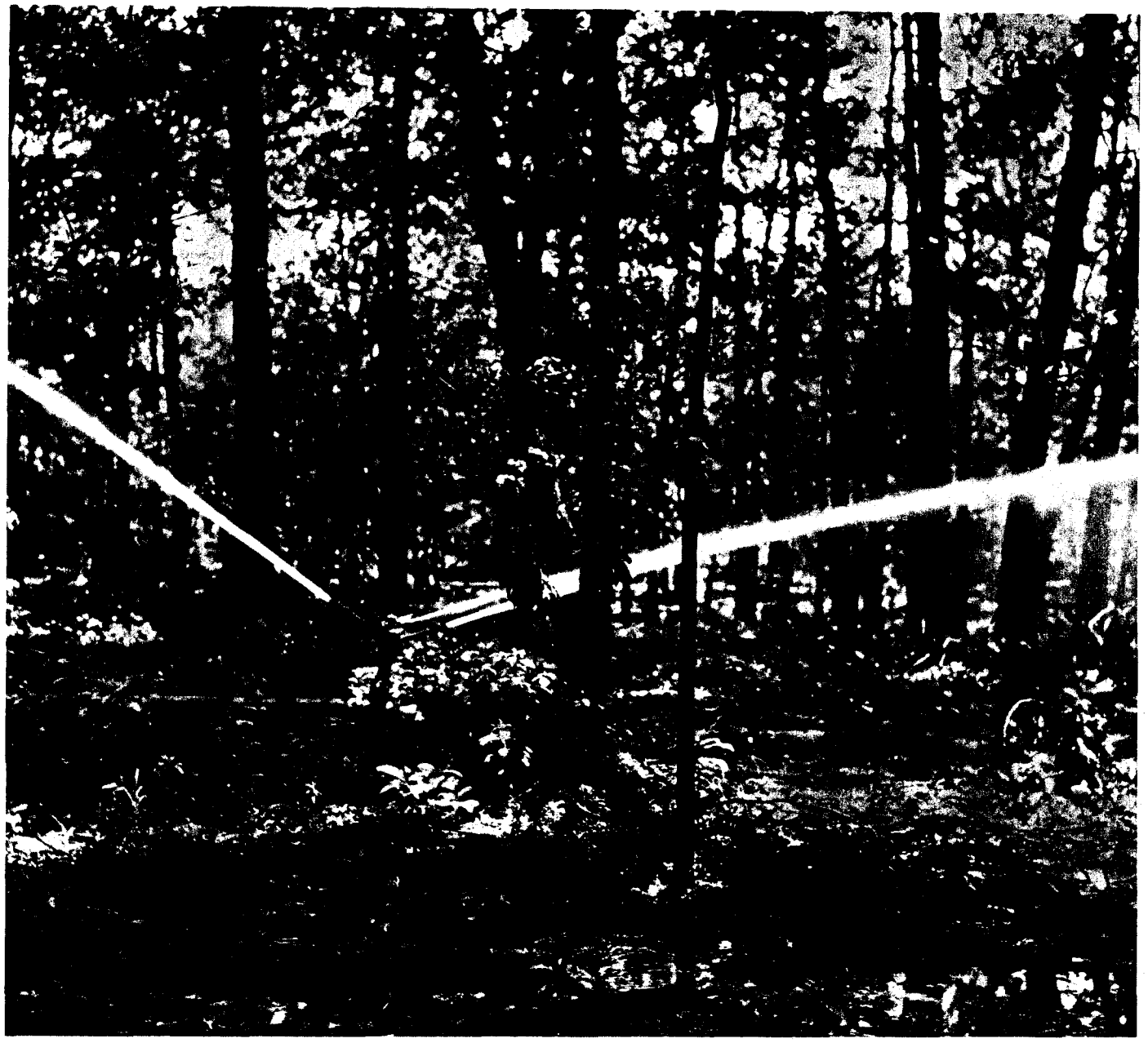
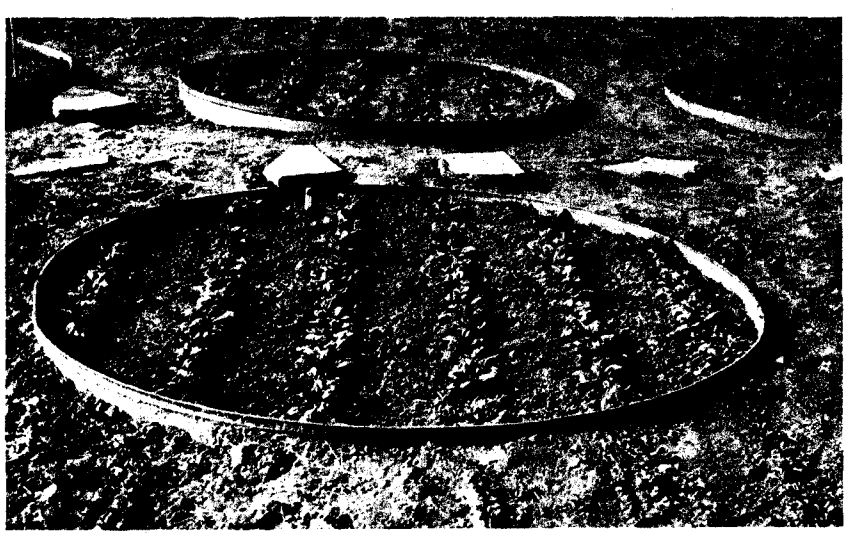


Seabrook, N. J., woods looked like this when scientists began emptying waste water in them in 1950

Today the woods are a t

Why Grow a Jungle in Jersey?

The researchers dumped millions of gallons of water in a wood patch. What happened n



Spinach gets all the water needed in circular evapos, so plants reach maturity faster than those in the surrounding open fields

THERE is a jungle as thick and lush as some in the tropics within a two-and-a-half-hour drive from New York City's busy Times Square. It is a morass of creeping vines, towering trees, eight-foot weeds and massive shrubs—so dense in sections that you need a machete to hack your way in.

Yet only three years ago this 58-acre wilderness at Seabrook, New Jersey, was just an ordinary scrub-oak woods. Its amazing transformation has opened up new lines of research for a group of Johns Hopkins University scientists to follow in their search for ways to improve our agricultural methods. Dr. C. Warren Thornthwaite, head of the university's Climatology Laboratory at Seabrook, believes that the knowledge already acquired from the jungle's growth will enable us to reclaim vast wastelands of the nation to grow food —and to produce bigger and better crops faster on the existing farmlands.

Even before the jungle began to add its lessons to the laboratory's know-how, however, Dr. Thornthwaite and his aids had made long strides toward these goals. They had found ways to measure exactly how much water a crop needs, tell when the water should be applied, and predict months ahead the day on which a crop should be harvested at peak maturity. Tested on farms in various parts of the world, the new methods have as much as doubled the crop yield per acre.

For the farmer, the back-yard gardener and the housewife, the experiments promise bigger, tastier and cheaper fruits and vegetables, fewer crop failures, millions of acres of new farmlands, and bumper crops year in and year out.

A university publication recently described the laboratory's work as "one

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gle. Note man near center of photo, almost hidden by growth

By HILLEL BLACK
and ROBERT SHELTON

ll help all farmers to get bumper crops

of the first truly revolutionary movements in agriculture since the tractor displaced the horse." In fact, the scientists' findings may help put off indefinitely the day when American farmers will have to call on foreign countries for aid in feeding our expanding population—a day that scientists have said might come within 25 years.

The jungle which plays such a major role in Dr. Thornthwaite's work came into being by accident rather than design. It had its origin in the desire of the people who run the nearby Seabrook Farms' frozen-food plant to dispose of their refuse-laden waste water without emptying it into neighboring streams. They called on the Climatology Laboratory in 1950 for help.

Dr. Thornthwaite and his co-workers got some giant sprayers and tried emptying the waste water on a sandy clover field. They hoped the water would irrigate the field. Instead the earth turned to mud.

Then the scientists moved the sprayers into a nearby scrub-oak woods and turned on the water again. The results surprised them. No matter how much water was poured on the forest floor, the soil drank it up. Three days later, the scientists stepped up the flow to monsoon proportions, raining down 50 inches of water in 10 hours. Still the soil acted like a giant sponge.

Ultimately the climatologists discovered that the woods would absorb up to 1,200 inches of water yearly. By comparison, the heaviest 12-month rainfall ever recorded was 905 inches —at Cherrapunji, India, in 1861.

As the man-made downpour continued, the Seabrook woods began to turn into a jungle. Seeds that had lain dormant started to germinate. Shrubs and weeds shot up at a tremendous rate

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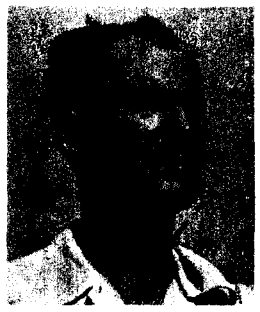
How much water do plants really need

among the trees and are still growing.

The laboratory people began to take stock of their creation. Perhaps this surprising growth had a lesson for food growers. If ordinary shrubs and weeds sprouted at such a prodigious rate when they were heavily doused with water, what would happen if food plants were scientifically supersaturated?

Saturated Soil in Oil Drums

The scientists experimented. They filled huge oil drums with earth and planted them with pea and potato seeds. After saturating the soil in the drums with water, they discovered that the pea plants yielded more and tenderer peas, and the potato plants continued growing after potatoes in other fields had matured. Only the autumn frost halted the process.



Dr. Thornthwaite

Dr. Thornthwaite predicts—on the basis of the experiments—that scientific irrigation could make the nonarable regions of southern New Jersey into a Garden of Eden. "If this waste area, which now produces nothing, were reclaimed and planted to potatoes," he says, "it could easily produce 500,000,000 bushels a year—more than has ever yet been produced in the whole United States."

Reports of Dr. Thornthwaite's jungle and other experiments have spread around the world, and his Climatology Laboratory, a one-story gray building that looks like an old-fashioned railroad depot, has attracted scientists from every continent. After studying at Seabrook, they have returned to their homelands to apply the Thornthwaite theories. The result: in some countries, people who a few years ago were still using primitive methods have become twentieth-century farmers almost overnight.

The main scientific theory guiding the lab's research is surprisingly simple for an era of jet propulsion and atomic fission. Dr. Thornthwaite and his staff investigate the earth's climate and the ways in which it influences plant growth. They determined early that even in rainy climates plants frequently get only enough water to achieve 35 per cent of their potential growth. The next problem—one that took 20 years to solve—was to find out just how much water a plant needs in order to develop fully.

As Dr. Maury Halstead, one of the young scientists at the lab, points out, it is easy to figure out the amount of rain that falls on a crop.

"You just put a couple of tin cans in the field, then take out a ruler after a rainstorm and measure how much water has collected," Dr. Halstead explains. "But to know how much water a plant uses in growing is something else. The evaporation or water usage is invisible."

Dr. Thornthwaite nevertheless developed in 1946 an instrument that measures the invisible. The apparatus, which determines the water needs of plants, looks like a Rube Goldberg creation. Called an evapotranspirometer—more popularly, an evapo—it consists of a steel tank, pipes, a water gauge and a group of metal containers.

The tank is sunk in the earth and filled to ground level with soil in which plants are set. A uniform water level is maintained, the water used by the plants being replaced from a storage tank and by rain. The gauge measures the amount of water used. After that, it's quite simple to figure out how much water the plants should be given by irrigation.

A simplified evapo also has been built to help even untrained farmers produce bumper crops.

As designed by Dr. John R. Mather, another young Hopkins scientist, the modified version is made from a 50-gallon gasoline drum, connecting pipe, an old metal chimney and a five-gallon oil drum.

Using evapos, the Hopkins people worked out an irrigation schedule for a New Jersey farm which increased the potato yield from 300 bushels per acre to 650. In experimental fields, the scientists also increased the snap-bean yield from 200 bushels per acre to 500, and more than doubled the spinach yield.

Evapo experiments are now being conducted on a global scale. Simplified models have been installed in eleven countries, including one in Trinidad in the tropics and another in Canada on the Arctic Circle.

But scientific irrigation is needed in the United States fully as much as in any other country. Almost all our immediately available farmland is already under cultivation. Our population grew from 75,000,000 in 1900 to 150,000,000 in 1950. By 1975, it probably will approach 200,000,000. If so, we will have almost 50,000,000 more mouths to feed than at present.

Dr. Thornthwaite and his associates believe scientific irrigation will help us meet the challenge by perhaps doubling our crop yields. If not, we may well become a nation dependent upon others for our basic food needs.

Smoke Rings Solve a Problem

The Hopkins scientists have invented other devices, too. Dr. Halstead got his inspiration for one gadget from a cigarette sign in Philadelphia that was blowing smoke rings. As he watched the huge circles of vapor disintegrate, Dr. Halstead thought he saw the answer to the problem of how to tell whether conditions are favorable to dust crops with insecticide. Too often the bug-killing dust would be blown away by low-moving air currents before it could begin its lethal work.

The scientist returned to the lab to build what he now calls a "smoke puffer." In a neighboring garage, he found just what he needed: a battery, a coil, a spark plug and a charge of black gunpowder. He assembled his machine and took it out to a field that was being dusted.

After firing a puff of smoke, the young scientist timed the disintegration of the smoke cloud with a stop watch. Thousands more test puffs followed. He found that if the smoke took more than 30 seconds to disappear, the air currents near the ground were calm enough for dusting with insecticides. The "smoke puffer" was so successful that the Navy is now using a similar

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ach their full growth? It took scientists 20 years to find out

device to test air turbulence in the upper atmosphere.

Still another invention of the Hopkins people that is sure to delight farmers is a cropmeter. With a flip of its dial, a farmer can become an agricultural prognosticator. Although the meter consists of only a cardboard disk marked with numbers and two adjustable pointers, even an untrained farmer can figure out in a few seconds the sequence of next year's harvest dates for months in advance.

Heat Quickens Plant Growth

The cropmeter is based on a simple climatic fact: plants grow faster in the summer, when it is hotter, than in the spring or fall. The greater the energy taken in from the sun, the greater is the plant's water use and the more rapid its growth.

For example, seed catalogues say that Alaska peas take 57 days to mature. However, if planted at Seabrook on March 1st, Hopkins scientists discovered, the peas shouldn't be harvested until 96 days later—June 5th. On the other hand, if the peas are sown on June 15th, they mature as early as July 19th—34 days later.

To predict when a plant will fully ripen, Hopkins investigators first had to find a way to measure its rate of growth under different climatic conditions. They eventually found that the common pea plant could be used as nature's yardstick. As the pea plant grows, it sprouts a series of nodes or leaves, and the intervals between them can be easily measured.

The Hopkins staff plotted the pea plant's daily development throughout the year. Then, using the pea plant as the yardstick, the climatologists made growth-rate charts for sweet corn, snap beans, lima beans and spinach. The charts in turn were converted into cropmeters which show the exact number of days it takes under varying conditions for a crop to mature.

The cropmeter tells farmers months in advance the day on which they should harvest a crop at its peak quality and enables them to schedule crops to mature in rotation. The cropmeter will tell a farmer how far ahead to plant to avoid killing frosts. It will enable back-yard gardeners to plant their vegetables so that none will mature while they are away on vacation. Home gardeners, too, can figure out almost to the day when different flowers will begin to blossom.

During all his scientific career, in fact, the deliberate, tall, spare, balding Dr. Thornthwaite has been struggling diligently to take the guesswork out of agriculture.

Still bitter in the fifty-four-year-old scientist's memory is a bean crop that failed on his father's cutover stump farm in Michigan. "The land was good Michigan soil," he says now, "but it had to be cleared before the crops could be planted. We finally got a field cleared in the first year and planted beans. But we planted too late The crop froze before it was ready to be harvested. If we had known then what we know today, we would have had a good harvest by planting a different crop and saved the bean seeds as well."

This boyhood experience—and the knowledge that thousands of farmers have suffered similar losses—partly accounts for Dr. Thornthwaite's dogged persistence in seeking solutions to some of agriculture's toughest problems.

Dr. Thornthwaite specialized in geography during his college years and won a doctorate in philosophy in the subject at the University of California in 1930. But he early saw the close relationship between geography and climate and their application to agriculture. In 1936, he became the head of the Climatic and Physiographic Division of the Department of Agriculture.

While he was on a field trip to Mexico in 1946, his office in Washington received what seemed like a routine request. Seabrook Farms, operators of the world's largest integrated farming-freezing operation, had 4,000 acres of land under irrigation. John Seabrook, in charge of farming operations, and son of Charles F. Seabrook, the founder, wanted to know if there were any way of irrigating the fields more scientifically. When Dr. Thornthwaite heard about the request, he immediately became interested; the 4,000 acres represented 10 per cent of all the land that was then under irrigation east of the Mississippi.

After talking with Dr. Thornthwaite for two hours, Seabrook wanted to hire the climatologist on the spot. But Dr. Thornthwaite turned down the offer. He felt that if he were going to leave the Department of Agriculture, he could work best in the experimental atmosphere of a university.

Agriculture Expert's Paradise

A few months later a compromise was worked out. The Climatology Laboratory was founded, with Seabrook Farms supplying the building and Johns Hopkins University the staff and equipment. The arrangement was a happy one. Dr. Thornthwaite was left free to experiment as he wished—he could test his theories on one of the world's largest truck farms. With a twinkle in his eyes, he says: "I used to indulge in home gardening; now I have a 19,000-acre garden to experiment with."

In the last seven years, he has built a staff of 32 assistants, a library of more than 10,000 specialized volumes and papers, and a world-wide reputation. His authority in his specialized field won added recognition recently with his election as president of the United Nations Commission for Climatology. Delegates to the commission from all over the world met two months ago in Washington D.C., and under his direction began to codify the earth's climatological information.

The promise is great. The man who has shown the way to bumper crops says simply: "Putting one's ideas into practice doesn't take very long. It's like an apple falling from a tree. The fall is instantaneous. But it took time for the apple to ripen enough to fall." It'll take time for all the Hopkins laboratory's experiments to "ripen," but they already are pointing the way to a future world of plenty. ▲▲▲

Next Week in Collier's

WILLIAM SHARP

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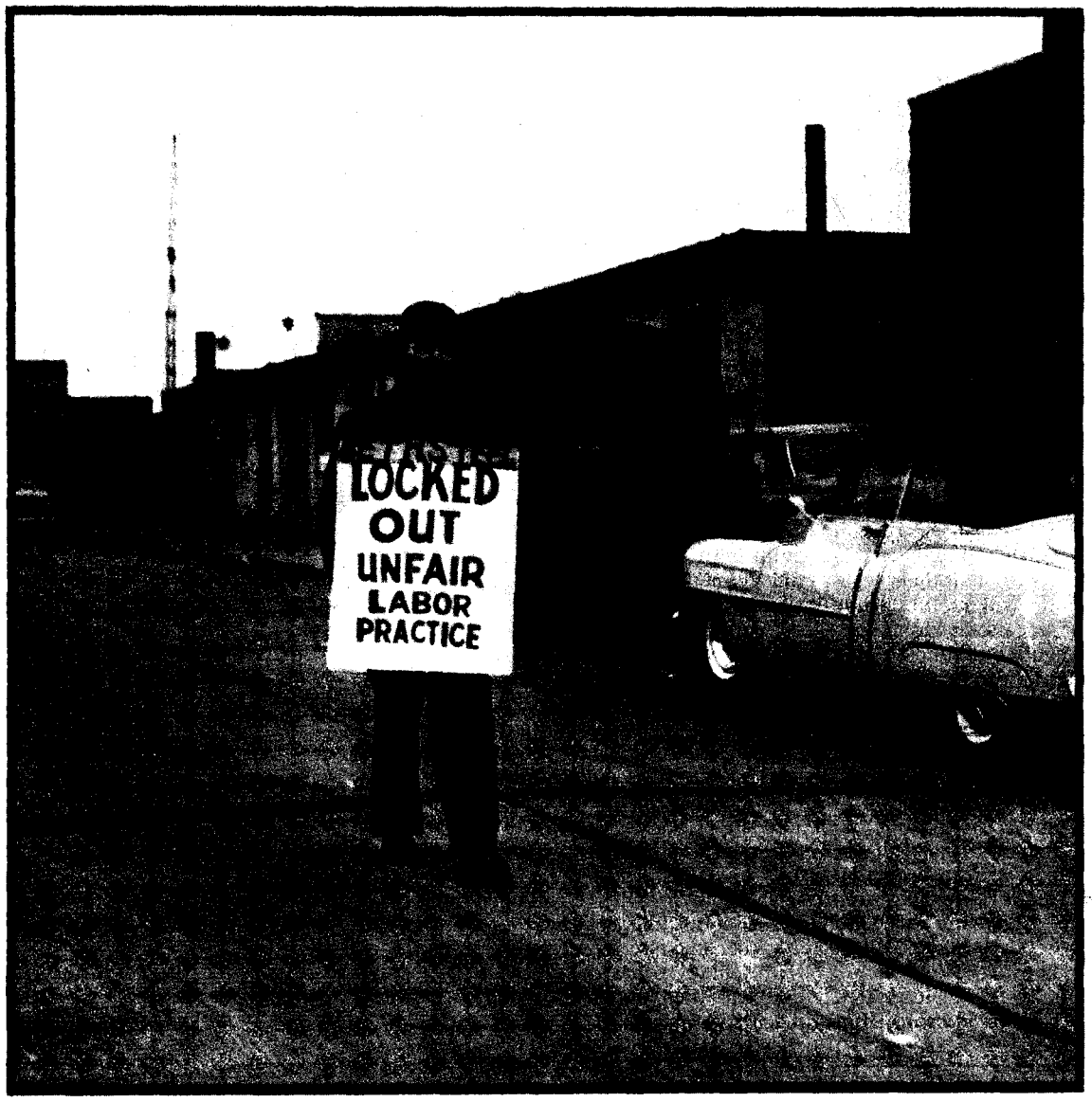

WIDE WORLD—VAN STEEN

Costing His Pals Their Pay

ABOVE IS A PICTURE of a one-man picket line at a shipyard in Brooklyn, New York. The striker, an employee of the Bethlehem Steel Company, had been suspended because, the company said, he had led a work stoppage in violation of an agreement between the company and the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America (CIO). The union said the strike was unauthorized, and did everything in its power to stop him. But the lone picket kept on picketing, for two and a half days.

Now, what the picket did is not unusual. A couple of weeks later, an unauthorized strike of railroaders in Pittsburgh, involving the suspension of two men, closed four steel mills and threw 30,000 persons out of work. And we certainly don't quarrel with the man's right to go on strike if he wants to, any more than we quarrel with the company's right to suspend the worker if he violated his union's agreement. Our point is that this one-man picket line kept 450 people from their work and their pay because of a matter which did not directly concern them. And we cite the incident as a recent example of the overemphasized "sanctity" of the picket line.

This overemphasis points up what seems to us the extreme good sense of the Supreme Court in upholding the constitutionality of the Commonwealth of Virginia's Right to Work statute. The gist of the statute is that a person's right to work shall not depend on his membership or nonmembership in a labor union, and that this right shall not be denied on such a condition. The law provides that a worker can recover damages for violations by either union or management, or by a combination of both. Thus it is a two-edged weapon which not only strikes at the closed shop and the union shop, but also at the employer who makes nonmembership in a union a requirement for getting or keeping a job.

The Virginia statute seems to point toward a saner balance between employer and employee than has existed for a long time. Twenty years and more ago, the advantage was pretty much on the side of the boss man. Later, under Messrs. Roosevelt and Truman, the desire to correct the inequities and also to woo and hold the labor vote swung the advantage to the other extreme. Toward the end of Mr. Truman's last term, the power of organized-labor officials over domestic policies, particularly in last year's steel strike, was naked and unashamed.

So we think the Right to Work statute is a good law, and we believe the Supreme Court's support of it is particularly timely. In saying this we are not being antilabor, but quite the opposite. The right to strike is a necessary and hard-won part of the life of free Americans. But it is a right which entails sacrifice and economic hardship, and often that sacrifice has been pointless and useless, as in the case which we referred to at the beginning of this piece.

Vast sums of money have been lost to workers over the years through jurisdictional strikes and similar stoppages which have no direct connection with the men called out, or with management involved, or with the public. Violence as well as coercion has often been used to prevent men and women from going back to their jobs through picket lines when they wanted to.

Freedom of choice is, or should be, one of the cherished privileges of an American, and it deserves to be protected more carefully than it has been in the recent past. Freedom of choice includes, or should include, the right to take a job or to leave it (except in the event of national emergency), the right to join or not to join, the right to work or to strike. We do not think a person should be forced to join an organization as the price of employment, or forced to stay out of an organization for the same reason. Nor do we think he should feel compelled to leave his job and lose his pay because of an unauthorized work stoppage.

We do not believe that the picket line is more sacred than the inherent right of a citizen of the United States to think, act and live freely within the bounds of just and reasonable laws. Now that Virginia and the Supreme Court have pointed the way, we hope that Congress, in amending the present national labor-management law, will work intelligently and earnestly to preserve the freedom of the individual as well as of the organization. Those two freedoms should be inseparable, not incompatible.

Call It *Human Freedom*

WE SEEM TO RECALL that the late Will Rogers once wrote a book called The Illiterate Digest, and that the late Literary Digest brought action against him for infringement of copyright, or some such. And we also seem to recall that Mr. Rogers won the case with a defense based on a hilarious and devastating rebuttal which contended that the plaintiff's charge was as incongruous and inconsistent as a suit might be in which the publishers of a magazine called Yes were to sue the author of a book titled No.

We were thinking of this bit of fairly ancient history the other day when a friend suggested that it might be well if Americans talked less about *democracy* and more about *human freedom*—particularly for propaganda purposes. He quoted to us the opinion of a Frenchman who said that the word *democracy* is no good in Soviet territory: the Russians use it all the time, and a lot of captive and neutral people don't care much for what the word connotes after seeing the Red concept of "democracy" in action.

No doubt our friend has a point which the American government's bringers-of-light-to-benighted-lands might ponder seriously. For it is true that the Soviets have stolen and poisoned some of our most cherished words in what might be called a semantic germ warfare. Russian "democracy" is to American democracy as illiteracy is to literacy or no is to yes. But the Reds have hollered the word so loudly at so many people that maybe half the world now has the wrong definition.

This semantic warfare isn't confined to the international theater, either. Here at home such words as *liberal* and *progressive* certainly don't mean what they did 25 years ago. Come to think of it, even the cool, precise and scholarly word *investigation* has lately come to take on a rather sinister sound and meaning.

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